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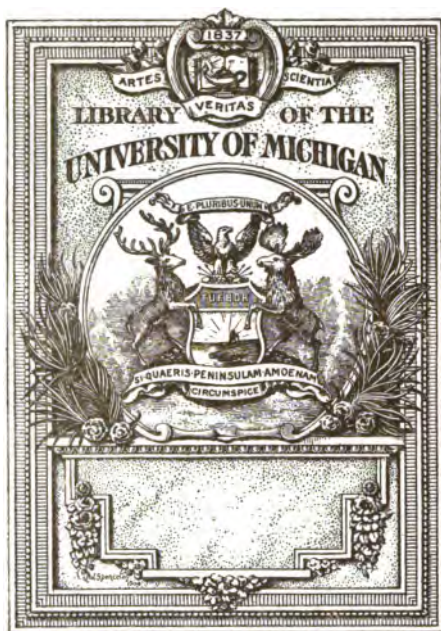
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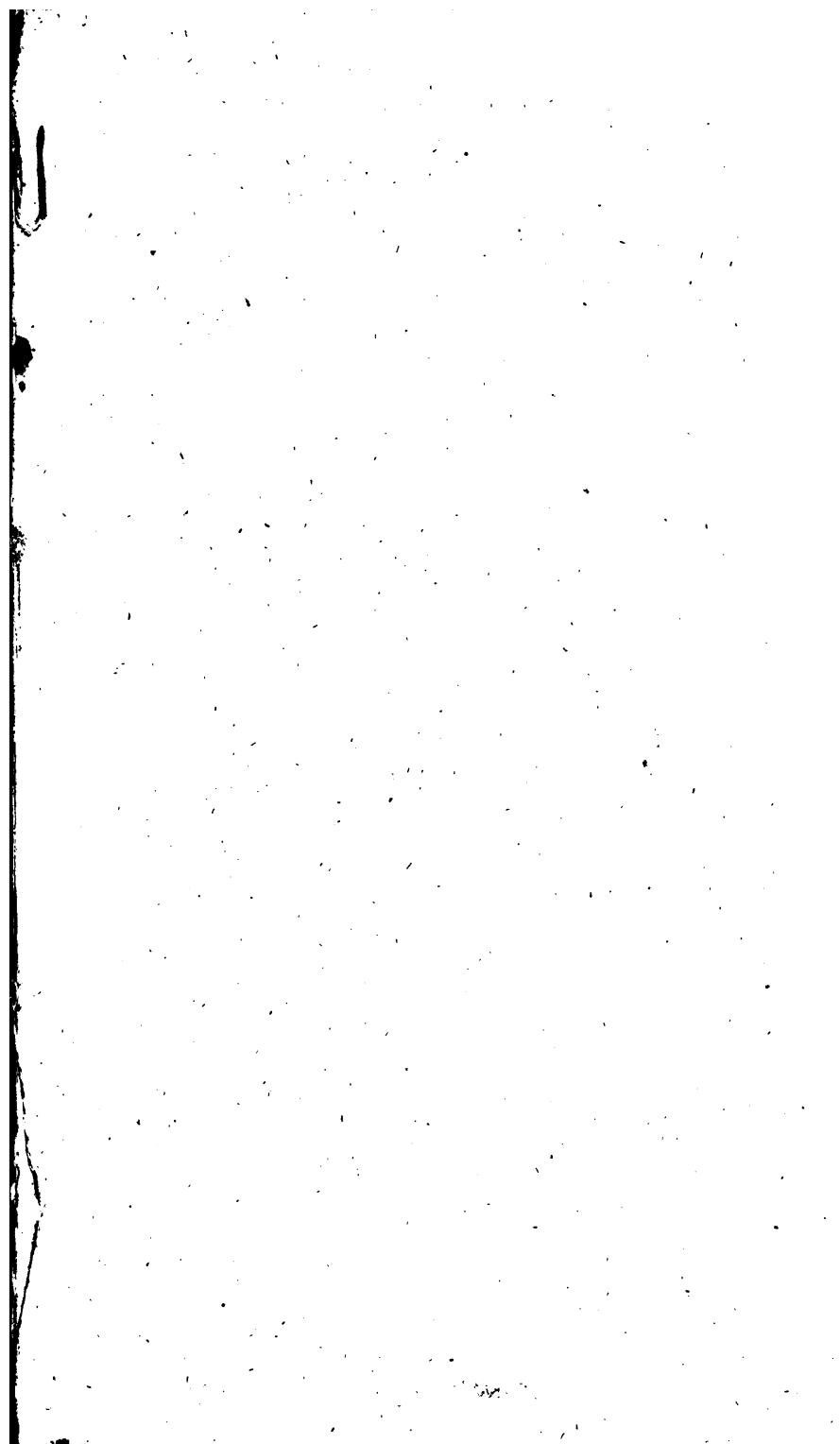
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THE
MONTHLY
M I R R O R:

REFLECTING
MEN AND MANNERS.

WITH
STRICTURES ON THEIR EPITOME,
The Stage.

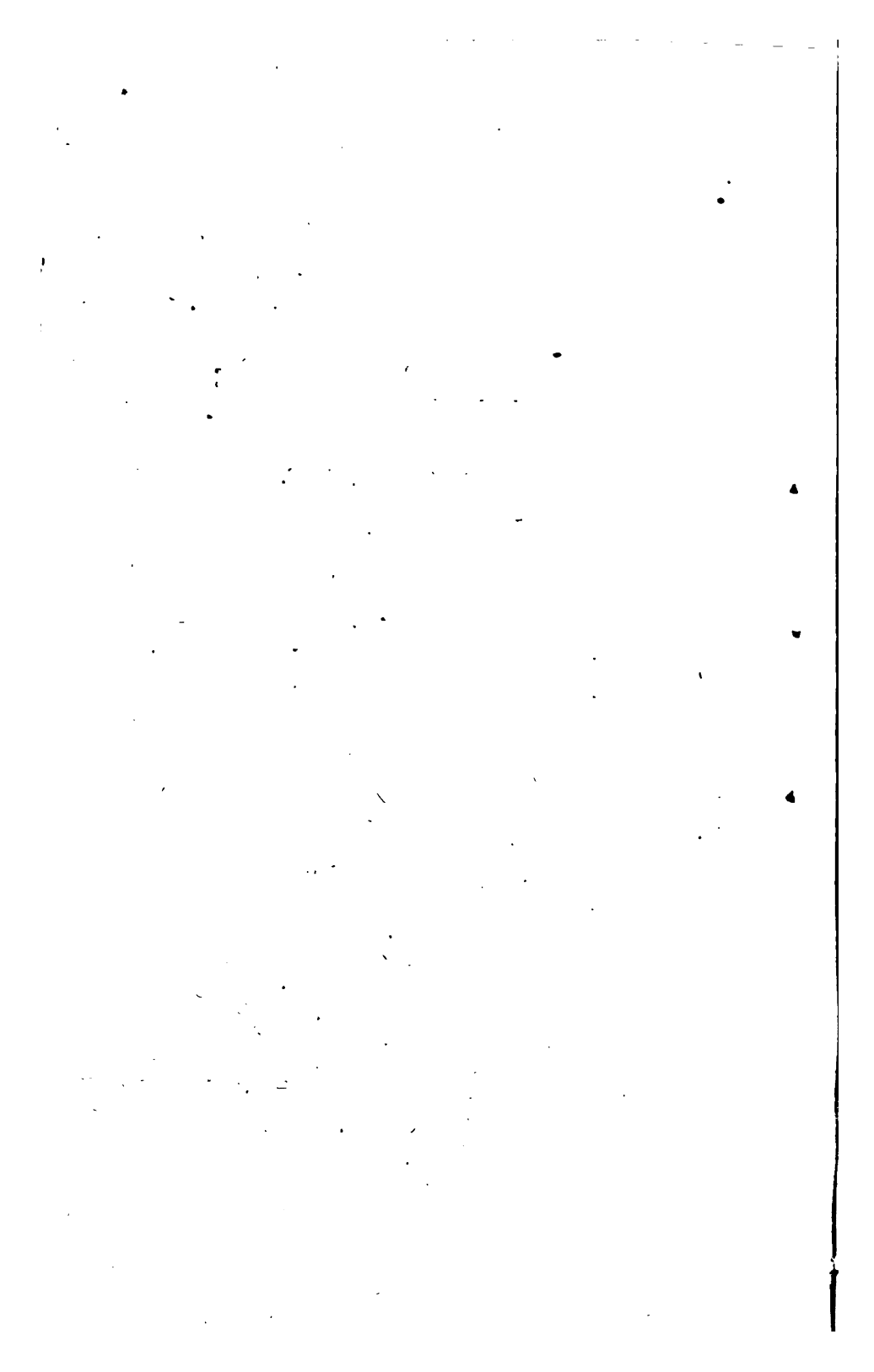
To hold as 'twere the MIRROR up to Nature.



VOL. XV.

Embellished with superb Engravings.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
By J. Wright, Co. 20, Denmark-Court, Strand.
And Published by VERNOR and HOOD in the Postlry;
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Great Britain and
Ireland.



THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
JANUARY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF JAMES COBB, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE ORIGINAL
MINIATURE.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Preface,	4
Biographical Sketch of James Cobb, Esq.	5
Samuel Paterson, the Bibliologist ..	9
Tasso and Boileau	12
Series of Select Poems by Ladies— No. XX. Anne Dowriche	13
Chatterton	14
Olla Podrida—No. III.—Drum- mond of Hawthornden	17
Truth, an Indian Tale	20
The first Translator of Homer	24

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GENERAL.

Campbell's Journey from Edin- burgh through Parts of North Britain containing Remarks on Scottish Landscape, and obser- vations on Rural Economy, Na- tural History, Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce, &c. ...	25
The Complaint of Scotland, written in 1548, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary, &c. Continued	28
An Astronomical Twelfth Cake ...	34
Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems	35
Corry's Memoirs of Alfred Berk- ley, or the Danger of Dissipa- tion	38
Corry's Satirical View of London	39
Moir's Parish Church	ib.
The Museum of Wit	40
The Vale of Conway, a Novel ...	ib.
Mrs. Sheridan's History of Nour- jahad	ib.
Owen's Cambrian Biography	ib.
Simons's Moral Education the one Thing needful	41

DRAMATIC.

A Tale of Mystery, a Melo-Drame 41

BRITISH STAGE.

Cursory Remarks on Shakspeare ..	42
On theatrical Schools. By Madame Hyppolite Clairon	43
Cata	46

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sonnet, on receiving, as a posthu- mous Memorial, a Pair of green-glass Spectacles, which had belonged to the Author of "The Task"	47
An Eclogue, in the Yorkshire Di- alect	ib.
Lines to a Young Woman. By George Bloomfield	50
Sonnet, by H. K. White	52

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Drury-Lane	52
Covent Garden	54
King's Theatre	57
Theatrical Chit-Chat	ib.
Memoranda Musica	58
Foreign Theatricals	59
History of the Stage	61

ROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Wolverhampton	64
Hitchin	65
Plymouth	ib.
Private Theatricals	66
News, &c.	67

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1802.

PREFACE
TO
THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

WE beg to renew our grateful acknowledgments for the liberal patronage which has been so uniformly extended to this work. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of periodical productions that have lately started into existence, with various pretensions to public notice, the MONTHLY MIRROR still continues its triumphant progress, and is enabled to set the most powerful competition at bold defiance.

This confidence in our strength will not relax our efforts to please. To our collection of PORTRAITS of eminent public characters, which, as a series, have never been equalled in a work of this description, and which, as we know the value of our peculiar resources, could not have been procured by the most respectable of our rivals, we have recently made several important additions: and, in every other department of the publication, we shall exert our best ability to support the credit which it has so long maintained in the circles of taste and literature.

 The portrait of JOHN ADOLPHUS, Esq. F. A. S. intended for the present time, shall appear in our next.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR.

FOR
JANUARY, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES COBB, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

MR. JAMES COBB, whose portrait is given in our present number, has peculiar claims to the notice of a publication, whose avowed province is to hold the dramatic mirror up to nature ; since, even from his boyish days, he has uniformly evinced a strong and unconquerable attachment to the drama : few authors have taken more ardent pains to deserve success, and very few indeed have been more fortunate in its attainment.

This gentleman's first allurements to the stage, and perhaps the circumstance which attached him so strongly to dramatic pursuits, was an introduction to that admirable actress, and amiable woman, Miss Pope, for whose benefit, in the year 1773, our young candidate for fame, sent, anonymously, an occasional prologue. These annual addresses were, at that time, expected by the public from actors, as a kind of acknowledgment for past favours, and a promise of future exertion.

This poetic effort was the fifth this lady had been favoured with that season, and, amidst a "choice of difficulties," she laid the whole of them, with all their imperfections on their heads, before the scrutinizing and critical eye of Garrick. Mr. COBB's was the chosen address, and a line, altered by the pen of our immortal Roscius, we understand, he still preserves as a precious relique.

His first regular performance, submitted to the awful tribunal of an audience, was a farce, or rather petit comedy, called the CONTRACT, or FEMALE CAPTAIN, represented at Drury Lane in 1779, and twice, we believe, at the Haymarket the following year. This piece was written for his friend, MISS POPE's benefit, and introduced Miss Walpole in REGIMENTALS ; no particular hopes of its lasting success were entertained by the author—the FEMALE

CAPTAIN performed her exercise with applause, and was then suffered to *stand at ease* upon the prompter's shelf.

Next came the WEDDING NIGHT, a musical piece, translated from the French, and set to music by DOCTOR ARNOLD. With this entertainment Mr. COLMAN the elder was infinitely delighted : he never missed a single rehearsal ; and on the heroine, Miss TWIST, not answering his expectation, MRS. CARGILL was engaged upon the spur of the occasion, not more than four nights preceding the performance. The quaintness of this French piece was *Caviare* to the general. The hisses of the audience nearly put the bride into fits ; and the writer of this article well recollects the author's declaring, in a moment of conviviality, that, on walking home that night to *Stratford Green*, where his family then resided, he took every gust of wind through the trees for a *cat-call*, and every whisper among the leaves for a *hiss*.

The farce of "*Who'd have thought it,*" produced at Covent Garden, in 1779, for the late Mr. WILSON's benefit, and afterwards at the Haymarket in 1780, experienced a better fate, and we are astonished that the manager of Covent Garden has never *thought* of its revival. In speaking of this piece, we cannot refrain from inserting a song, sung in it by Charles Bannister, which at once proves the genius and the philanthropy of its author.

I.

When in war on the ocean we meet the proud foe,
Though with ardour for conquest our bosoms may glow ;
Let us see on their vessel's old England's flag wave :
They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

II.

And now, boys, their ensigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcomed by each British tar,
While the Genius of England still bids us advance,
And our guns hurl in thunder defiance to France.

III.

But mark our last broadside—see she sinks—down she goes,
Quickly man all your boats, boys, they no longer are foes,
To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
Is worthy of Britons who conquer to save.

IV.

Happy nation to boast in defence of thy rights,
A prince who the man and the hero unites ;
The friend of the wretched, the boat of the brave ;
Who lives but to conquer, and conquers to save.

The additional verse, it is said, was written at the desire of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, in honour of the Duke of Clarence, and sung before the Royal brothers at the *Beef Steak Club*, of which select and convivial society Mr. Cobb has long been a member. In the year 1781, our author indulged his Muse with a promenade in KENSINGTON GARDENS, performed, we believe, for Wilson's benefit. It aimed at the fashion and follies of the day : when they *dropped*, of course the piece, in its turn, dropped with them.

Four years after this, Mr. COBB, profiting by time and experience, launched his HUMOURIST at Drury Lane ; a piece which at once fixed his own fame, as well as that of his ingenious friend, Mr. JOHN BANNISTER, whose performance of *Dabble* affords the *ne plus ultra* of caricature. *Dabble* was evidently a good humoured hit at Mr. PATENCE, the advertising dentist, nor was the picture at all overcharged. To sum up Mr. P.'s whimsicalities at once, we have only to state, and we vouch for the authenticity of our anecdote, that he presented a piece to the managers, in which there were no less than fourteen dinners, and as many suppers ; " for my dear Sir," observed Patence, " how can you expect *good things* in common life, without *plenty of eating and drinking*."

The same auspicious year, 1785, produced, at the express requisition of Mr. Sheridan (to whom our author had been previously introduced by Mr. Burke) the STRANGER AT HOME, a comic opera, with much charming melody by Linley, and with it came an actress, who, we trust, whilst her health and spirits remain, will never be a STRANGER to dramatic truth and nature :—it was *Rosa* that first introduced Mrs. JORDAN as a singer, and in an ORIGINAL character.

In 1787, an interlude called ENGLISH READINGS, was sent to the elder Colman anonymously. The bantling, happily conceived, and neatly executed, was received with delight—nursed with care—fondled by the audience for five nights, and strangled on the sixth by a party of desperadoes from Coachmaker's Hall, and other as respectable places, dedicated to the practice of *English Readings*.

The FIRST FLOOR, in 1787, made ample amends for the fate of CROSS READINGS. Mr. Bannister, in *Tartlett*, still continues to set gravity at defiance, and though the present manager of Drury Lane, never improperly descends to court applause, in *Tim Tartlett*, at

least, he evinces more than one ludicrous proof that he has no absolute aversion to a *puff*.

In 1788 the opera of *LOVE IN THE EAST* proved our author quite at home, as might be naturally expected, with *Indian* ink. This piece had more good writing than situations for music, and therefore, though aided by Mr. Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, and Miss Romanzini (now Mrs. Bland), it proved little more than a nine-days' wonder.

In the same season Mr. Cobb tried his hand successfully in assisting Mr. King (then the manager) in a pantomime called *HURLY BURLY*; and a charming air of his own composition, sung by Mrs. Wilson, afforded an additional proof how nearly poetry and music are allied.

And here we cannot help noticing a curious fact;—not a single opera of Mr. Cobb's has ever been produced, in which some favourite air or duet has not been of his own composition. Added to a perfect knowledge of music, he plays, with no mean degree of execution, on the violin, and has often surprised his friends by his skill and taste in painting.

In the same year the *DOCTOR AND APOTHECARY* introduced the ever-to-be-lamented *STEPHEN STORACE*;

And in 1789, the *HAUNTED TOWER*, aided by the same admired composer, ushered *SIGNORA STORACE* to the English theatre. It formed a new era in one walk of the stage: the opera was no longer the mere vehicle for music; it became a new species of the drama, in which an interesting story, regularly developed, is contrasted and enlivened with scenes of comic effect, as most powerfully exemplified in the succeeding operas of Mr. Cobb; but we will record them in regular succession.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE, 1791. The Prince of Wales, during its progress to performance, finding the movements of the *SIEGE* tediously retarded, condescended to ask Mr. *KEMBLE* the reason why the opera was not announced for representation? "Please your Royal Highness," replied the manager, "we shall proceed to *ACTION* the very moment the author has determined whether the *AUSTRIANS* or *TURKS* shall gain the *VICTORY*."

[To be concluded in our next.]

SAMUEL PATERSON,
The Bibliologist.

MR. EDITOR,

VERY good accounts of the late Mr. Samuel Paterson, the celebrated bibliologist, and of his literary labours, having appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November last, and in the *European Magazine* for the following month (that in the *Monthly Magazine* is merely an abridgment of the former one) it may be thought unnecessary to trouble you on the subject; yet, though I have but little to add, I take the liberty to correct two or three mistakes in those accounts. It is said that Mr. Paterson was aged 78; he was only in his 77th year; was born March 15, 1726, and died October 29, 1802. Sir Julius Cæsar's MSS. are said to have "actually reached the cheesemonger's shop." This, I believe, is incorrect; to the best of my recollection Mr. P. informed me that ten pounds had been offered for them, as waste paper, by a cheesemonger; and that, on their being shewn to him, he advised the possessor not to send them. In consequence of their being catalogued by Mr. P. and brought to public sale, they are said to have been sold for three hundred and fifty six pounds; I think Mr. P. told me that they produced above six hundred pounds: but of this I am not certain:—any person possessing a priced catalogue may ascertain the sum.

"Bibliotheca Fageliana, a most noble collection of the late M. Fagel, Secretary to the States-General of the United Provinces," should have been, a most noble collection of M. Fagel, late Secretary, &c. M. Fagel being alive: at least he was so at the time of the intended sale at Duke's Street, St. James's, where I saw him.

Mr. Paterson's father was an eminent taylor in James Street, Covent-Garden; in which street I believe Mr. P. was born. What fortune his father left him, I never heard. The name of the executor, through whose failure he lost his fortune, was Walkinshaw. His two sons, now living, are said to be named John and Samuel: it should have been Samuel and John; Samuel being the elder, to whom Dr. Samuel Johnson, his father's intimate friend, stood godfather. One of Mr. Paterson's daughters, as is said, married Mr. Pearson, the celebrated glass-stainer: she and her husband now reside at Highgate. Another of his daughters, on what account I know not, became a nun at, I believe, Bruges. The whole sisterhood took refuge, during the late troubles, in England, and were settled at Hengrave-Hall, near Bury, in Suffolk. Permission has—

ing been granted them to return, they left this country just before the decease of Mr. P. he having, after the accident which proved so fatal to him, gone in a coach several times to the Treasury, for the purpose of soliciting assistance from Government, that they might return comfortably; which he obtained, to the amount of five pounds, or guineas, per head. They were, I think, about forty in number; the lady's name, who presides over them, is More, a descendant of the famous Lord Chancellor More; and of great natural and acquired endowments.

Mr. P. flattering himself that he was nearly recovered from his hurt, walked, a few days before his death, from Norton-Street to Slaughter's Coffee-House, St. Martin's Lane, to settle about the conveyance of the sisterhood by sea, &c. which imprudent exertion brought on a fever; a mortification ensued, and his dissolution followed. But for this untoward circumstance, he would, probably, have lived many years longer; being of an excellent constitution, troubled with no ailments, and very temperate.

On Saturday, September 4th, Mr. P. had been to the play, at the Haymarket theatre, which he left before the farce commenced, and was at home early. Having occasion to step out again into the neighbourhood, his servant lighting him down stairs, instead of going before, absurdly followed him: in consequence of which, he stumbled over a small dog-kennel, improperly left at the foot of the stairs, and received the wound which caused his death. He was to have dined with me the next day, and I wondered at his not keeping his appointment, he being always punctual even in trifles. On Monday I received the following note from him.

" My worthy friend,

" An accident that befel me on Saturday night, after I returned from the play, will probably confine me a few days—a violent contusion and wound in my left leg, in so critical a part, that a little more force would, certainly, have occasioned a fracture. This, of course, will deprive me of the pleasure of making one at your social and hospitable board; to all of whom I beg to be remembered in terms of affection: and remain, with real regard,

" Dear Sir,

" Your own " S. P."

Monday, 6 Sept. 1802.

I visited him almost every day during his confinement; and, in about a month, thought him nearly recovered. On the Saturday preceding his death, I drank tea and chatted with him two or three hours. He excused himself from dining with me the next day, as had been proposed, finding himself not so well as he had

been, and promised me that pleasure on the Sunday following.—When I next saw him, he was on his dying bed. I quitted him as little as possible till his decease, which affected me as much as if he had been my father! He died about half past three in the afternoon, on Friday, October 29, 1802, and was interred the following Thursday, November 4, near his wife's remains, in the family-vault, on the south side of St. Paul's church yard, Covent Garden. His two amiable sons were incapable, through excessive grief, of attending him to the grave. His funeral was handsome, not ostentatious. The service was read in the church, and at the vault. The corpse was conveyed from Norton-Street in a plumed hearse, followed by two mourning coaches, in which were his son-in-law Mr. Pearson, his worthy old friend Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Taylor, the celebrated translator of Plato, &c. Mr. Ireland, the ingenious engraver of Hogarth, three other gentlemen, and myself.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* it is truly said, that Mr. Paterson "was particularly well acquainted with our English Poets." I never knew any one so well acquainted with them; and his memory was so retentive, that, whenever occasion offered, he could repeat correctly almost any passage from almost any English poet. Spenser and Shakspeare were his favourites; his MS. annotations on the former are numerous and learned. The folio 1611, containing them, was presented by him to me. But Shakspeare was "the god of his idolatry;" and I think, without offence to any, that he read and understood our great dramatist better than any other person, Mr. Garrick excepted, I ever knew. I do not speak of the settling an *and*, or an *if*, or a *but*, or the more minute duties of a commentator; I mean, that he entered into the spirit of our bard with intuitive felicity.

In addition to his literary abilities, Mr. Paterson was, notwithstanding his advanced age, a most cheerful companion; a very Yorick; "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy:" and, as I pass mournfully by his grave, I sighing say—"Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?"

He was of a kind and benevolent nature; hospitable almost to a fault; of scrupulous integrity, and unaffected piety. In a word, I never knew a more pleasing companion, or a better man.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

January 10, 1803.

F. G. WALDRON.

13, Duke-Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

TASSO AND BOILEAU.

" Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile."

THIS harsh sentence upon Tasso produced no little obloquy. Boileau was attacked for it in every form of hostility. The minor wits, under the pretext of defending a great poet, sought revenge for their personal sufferings. His friends, many of them, suspected the integrity of the judgment, and some little time before his death were anxious to know whether he had not changed his opinion. "So far from it," said he, "I have lately read his poem again, and only regret that I did not more fully explain myself, in some of my reflexions on Longinus. I would have begun by acknowledging, that Tasso was a genius of the most sublime and extensive order; born for poetry, and the higher poetry. But then, coming to speak of his use of this talent, I should have shewn that good sense is not always his predominant principle. That in his narratives he loves the agreeable rather than the essential; that his descriptions are almost always loaded with superfluous ornaments; that, in the expression of the strongest passions, and in the midst of the trouble they excite, he deviates into points of wit, which put a sudden stop to his pathos; that he is too florid in his images, too full of affected turns and frivolous thoughts, which, so far from suiting his Jerusalem, should hardly find place in his Aminta. Now all this opposed to the grave majesty of Virgil, what is it but tinsel opposed to gold?"

Hist. de l'Academie Françoise, Tom. 2.

The above quotation is not made with any view to enter into the merits of the opinion, but to shew that Boileau to the last persisted in it, and also to shew, slightly sketched, indeed, and unexemplified, the grounds which led him to maintain it. Dr. Johnson once said, "Boileau will be seldom found wrong;" and Addison received this sentence implicitly. Probably the too strict demand of male and rigid good sense, in thought and expression, lowered *Telemaque* into prose, and made the *Henriade* of Voltaire a history in rhyme. It will admit of doubt, whether the action of the *Eneid* is always strictly conformable to the great presiding principle of Boileau. It is at the same time confessed, that if the structure of Virgil be insecure, the edifice of Tasso is not the less sullied by its superfluity of decoration.

SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

NUMBER XX.

ANNE DOWRICHE,

A NON-DESCRIPT poetess, claims a niche in the vestibule to your temple of Fame, for having produced the following poetic rarity.

"The French Historie. That is; a lamentable discourse of three of the chiefe and most famous bloodie broiles that have happened in France for the Gospell of Jesus Christ, namely,

1. The outrage called the Winning of S. James his Streete, 1557.
2. The constant Martirdome of Annas Burgæus, one of the K. councell, 1559.
3. The bloodie Marriage of Margaret, sister to Charles the 9th, Anno 1572.

Published by A. D. Imprinted at London, by Tho. Orwin, for Tho. Man, 1589, 4to."

This publication is inscribed "To the Right Worshipfull her loving Brother, Master Pearse Edgecombe, of Mount Edgecombe, in Devon, Esq. by his loving Sister, Anne Dowriche," who modestly prefaces her work with the following address:

"To the reader that is friendlie to poetrie.

"What so thou be that read'st my booke,

Let wit so weigh my will,

That due regard maie here supplie

The want of learned skill."

The versified history of the French Martyrs mentioned above, extends to 74 pages, and the author thus states her reasons for becoming an historian in verse.

"First; for mine own exercise, being a learner in that facultie.

"Secondly; to restore againe some credit unto poetrie, having been defaced of late so many waies by wanton vanities.

"Thirdly; for the more noveltie of the thing, and apt facilitie in disposing the matter framed to the better liking of some men's fantasies, because the same storie in effect is already translated into English prose."

The poem is composed in lines of fourteen syllables, but the l'Envoy only is here given, as affixed to a wood-cut of

"VERITIE PURTRAIED.

"From seate supernal of celestial Jove

Descended Truth, devoid of wordly weed,

And with the brightness of her beams she strove
 'Gainst Satan, Sin, and Adam's fleshly seed,
 Reproving wrongs, bewailing worldling's need,
 Who think they swim in wealth, blinded by guile,
 Yet wanting Truth, are wretched, poor, and vile.

"The world reprov'd, in rage attempts her wrack;
 Satan assists, malicious men devise
 Torments for Truth, bind scourges at her back,
 Exclaim against her with blasphemous cries,
 Condemning her, exalting earthly lies:
 Yet no despite or pain can cause her cease;
 She, wounded, springs, bedeck'd with crown of Peace."
Virescit vulnere Veritas.

S. K.

CHATTERTON.

It is not our intention or desire to touch, in the remotest manner, on the long and well-known controversy respecting this wonderful but ill-fated youth, whose works have recently appeared in a new form, with various improvements; to which recommendation is also added one still greater—a motive of humanity and benevolence, which reflects the highest honour on the liberality of the publishers, and will, we hope, meet with every reward such generous conduct deserves. The object, then, of the present paper is merely to submit to the public what would, we think, have afforded some innocent amusement, if not instruction, had it been held expedient by the editors to follow such a plan;—we mean, to have pointed out more coincidences, not to say imitations, that frequently occur in these poems unnoticed. We shall take a single piece, and remark those that strike us on a cursory reading.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE,

Or the Deïthe of Syr Charles Barwdin.

Our commencement will a little savour, we confess, of Addison's burlesque criticism on *Cherry Chase*, but we shall not always be found in the same vein.

The popular song of *Old Towler* is evidently a parody on these, the first three verses of the Bristowe Tragedie:

The featherd songster chaunticleer
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,
 And tolde the earlie villager
 The commynge of the morne :

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
 Of lyghte eclipse the greie ;
 And herde the raven's croakyng throte
 Proclayme the fated daie.

" Thou'rt ryght," quod he, " for, by the Godde,
 " That syttes enthron'd on hyghe !
 " Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
 " To daie shall surelie die."

In the following passage we are forcibly reminded of Shakspeare :

" Before the evening starre doth sheene,
 " Bawdin shall loose hys hedde !"

" Canyng awaie ! By Godde ynne heav'n
 " Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,
 " I wyll not taste a bitt of breade
 " Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve."

Richard III. Act 3, Sc. 5.

" Off with his head. Now, by St. Paul I swear,
 " I will not dine until I see the same."

Next—

" Wee all must die."

Horace. Ar. Poet. 63.

" Debemur morti nos."

Then—

—————" bloode
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde."

Shakspeare—

—————" lard the lean earth."

Farther—

" Whatte though I onne a clodde be drawne,
 " And mangled by a hynde,
 " I doe defy the traytor's pow'r,
 " Hee can ne harm my mynde."

Shakspeare—

HAMLET.

" I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
 " And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 " Being a thing immortal ?"

ANNE to RICHARD.

"Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

"His soul thou canst not have."

Epicætetus. Enchir. c. 79.

Ἀποκτείνει μὲν δύναται, βλάπτει δ' οὐ.

They can kill me, but they cannot hurt me.

Chatterton was, perhaps, indebted to an air in the Beggar's Opera for the subsequent verse :

FLORENCE.

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe

"Withoute thye lovyng wyfe ?

"The cruell axe thait cuttes thye necke

"Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

POLLY.

"Oh, ponder well! be not severe ;

"So save a wretched wife!

"For on the rope that hangs my dear

"Depends poor Polly's life."

Towards the end—

"Soe lett hym die !" Duke Richard sayde ;

"And maye eshonne oure foes

"Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe.

Shakspeare—

GLOUCESTER.

"See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.

"O may such purple tears be always shed,

"From those who wish the downfall of our house."

Amongst the concluding lines—

"Godde prosper longe oure kynge,"

is of too frequent occurrence in old ballads to call for particular notice ; and if we here terminate our observations, it is not for want of matter, but because we wish, however we may be deficient in the rest, to use this one excellent quality of wit—brevity.

SECUNDUS APOLLO.

OLLA PODRIDA.

Number III.

DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN.

IT has been well observed of Drummond, "that he possesses all the Doric delicacies of Comus," and the sweetness and delicious tenderness of his sentiments are indeed exquisite. Endued with all the pensive characteristics of genius, and with a heart feelingly alive to the soft persuasions of an elevated and ardent affection, his sonnets breathe all that mellowness of feeling, that tender elevation of sentiment, which distinguished those of the elegant Petrarch. The remains of the bad taste of a learned age, if not abundantly, may be, however, sometimes observed; and his more valuable sonnets are frequently debased by the quaint expression, metaphysic conceits, and learned allusion, so prevalent in all the writers of the preceding age.

Spenser appears to have been his model, and to whom many thoughts and expressions may be aptly traced: and though we may suppose Petrarch to have been familiar to him, yet I by no means conclude that he had any particular influence upon his pursuits.

The life of Drummond was tinged with misfortunes in early life, which had a predominant influence on all his succeeding years: and the regret attending the death of the accomplished and amiable Miss Cunningham, led him to the solitude and seclusion of his favourite Hawthornden.

This distressing event increased his habitual melancholy, and gave birth to some of those sonnets which are rendered so truly delightful to taste and sensibility. How beautiful is that beginning with

"I know that all beneath the moon decays," &c.
that to his Lute, and to Spring, which is imitated from Guarini's Il pastor Fido

"O primavera! gioventù de l'anno," &c. &c.

This delightful passage is imitated likewise by Lord Lyttleton in his Ode to Spring, and serves Milton with those beautiful lines in Par. Lost. b. 3. l. 40.

"Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn."
&c. &c.

A poem of Surrey, "wherein eche thinge renewes save only the Lover," is taken also from the Italian poet. It would be curious to mark the constitution of beauty in the age of Chaucer and that of Drummond, by comparing Sonnet 7th with a passage in "the Craft of Lovers."

"O rubicunde rose and white as the lily,
Clarified chrystal of worldly portraiture!
O courfin figure, resplendent with glory.
Geme of beauty! O carbounce shining pure!
Your fairnes excedeth the craft of nature:
Most womanli your loveli countinaunce
Registir my love in your remembraunce."

L. 8, in Sonnet 19, bears some likeness to a passage in the "Spring" of the virtuous Gawen Douglass, than whom few have painted the variety in the hues of flowers more beautifully or more naturally.

In his elegant Sonnet to the Nightingale, is an expression among many that may be remarked in Comus. Sonnet 33, l. 4.

"*Become all ear.*"

Comus, l. 560.

———"I was all ear
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death"——

Drummond's was probably taken from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*.

"*I was all ear* to catch the heavenly turnings of her voice."

From Sonnet 7. part 2. l. 2. Milton caught that elegant idea which decorates his song in *May Morning*.

"The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

The sonnet concerning Rivers is the least interesting of any:—in it we are at a loss why he distinguishes the river Ladon by the epithet "humble." This river has had its share of attention from the poets. Ovid calls it "*rapax Ladon*," and Callimachus, in a translation of his Hymn Jov. v. 18,

"*Ladon vero magnus nondum fluebit.*"

It is an error, however, of little consequence.*

* Ovid has the same inconsistency in regard to this river, that Shakespeare has to the Severn. In *Metamorph.* l. 1. 702, he says,

"*Arenosi placitum Ladonis ad amnem.*"

And in *Faust* 5, l. 89,

"*Ménalos hunc, Ladoxque rapax.*"

Thus

The sonnet beginning with

"Alexis here she stray'd among these pines," &c.

And that,

"Fair moon, who with thy cold and silver *shine," &c.

And many others, are some of the sweetest flowers in the poetical wreath, that decked the golden ages of Elizabeth and James.

The generality of poems dedicated to women had been hitherto without meaning and without pathos: they were neither polite nor elegant; and Drummond may be said to have been the first in the language who celebrated a mistress with genuine feeling and with occasional classical propriety. In all his thoughts there is a richness of sensation peculiar to himself, and a felicity of expression exceeded by few of his successors and none of his contemporaries. And, in commenting upon some of his less legitimate ideas, we should consider that the classical pedantry, from the numerous translations which inundated that age, encumbered and fettered a genuine cast of thought, and commanded immediate attention to those spoils which time had yet spared. Instead, therefore, of wondering so much at the Italian Concetti, and the frequent allusions to ancient customs and persons, we ought to feel surprised that he has admitted them so seldom.

I cannot close this short essay without observing that Pope has borrowed without acknowledgment one of his most finished similes from Drummond's hymn to the "Fairest Fair."

"As a pilgrim who the Alps does pass,
Or Atlas' temples crown'd with winter's glasse,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrene's Cliffs, where sun did never shine;
When he some heapes of hills have overwent,
Beginnes to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountain, he doth finde
More heights before him than he left behind."

Thus Shakespeare in Henry 4, Act 1, Sc. 3,

When on the *gentle* Severn's sedge bank

* * * * *

Upon agreement of resist *Severn's* flood.

* Shine was once used as a substantive. Faery Queen, 2, 181, and Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, l. 928.

Thus Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, l. 225.

"So pleas'd at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky.
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."

MORTIMER.

TRUTH.

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Truth lies in a well."

[This tale is prefixed to a collection of fables in French. We were so pleased with its ingenuity, (though there are some reflections which we do not approve) that we thought a translation of it might not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Monthly Mirror*.]

A fakir was taking his walk in a retired spot, the earth seemed to resound beneath his footstep. He stopped. "This place is hollow," he said to himself, "and perhaps incloses a treasure: what a happy man would it make me, should I be lucky enough to find it!"

The fakir began removing the ground, and soon observed a sort of vault; but after undergoing so much fatigue, he was greatly mortified at discovering nothing but the mouth of a well, which had apparently remained there for several ages.

Whilst he was surveying it with an air of disappointment, a female form, dripping with wet, shivering with cold, and quite naked, suddenly rose up; and being excessively beautiful, the fakir contemplated the figure with so much delight, that he never once thought of covering her with his cloak.

"O thou who surpassest in beauty the daughters of Brahma," said he, "tell me who thou art, and wherefore thou bathest in a well?"—"I am TRUTH," she replied. The fakir instantly grew pale, and fell on his knees, as if a fakir and truth could not possibly exist together.

The virgin being thus at liberty, advanced peaceably towards the city. A woman walking naked is not so great a singularity in

India as in other climates less favoured by the sun. There passed by her poets, sultanas, and eunuchs,

"Ah," said the poets, on beholding her, "how thin she is!"—"How indiscreet she is!" cried the sultanas. "How sad she appears!" ejaculated the eunuchs. None of them seemed to care about her.

A voluptuous courtier happened also to pass her. He perceived that she had a white skin, and had her placed in his palanquin.

Scarcely was she seated, when the mistress of the emperor appeared, riding on a dromedary, by order of her physicians. "How odd it is," cried *Truth*, "that the favourite sultana should have a crooked nose!"

The courtier trembled at this exclamation, and gave himself up for lost; for there was a law forbidding any one from speaking well, or ill of the favourite's nose. He cast *Truth* into the middle of the highway, saying, "What a fool have I been to trouble myself with this babbler!"

She arrived at the gates of the city, and observing a person of an inferior order, enquired of him where she might find an asylum for the night. The man conducted her to his home, not doubting but this acquaintance would make his fortune.

The host with whom *Truth* had taken up her lodging, got his living by writing a gazette; where, each morning, every person in office read his own panegyric. Whenever, therefore, he went to the court, the slaves had orders to fill his pockets with the best remains of the kitchen.

The presence of our traveller very much deranged the affairs of this poor man. He had scarcely time to prepare his gazette. *Truth* saw him at work without saying a word, and when he had finished, erased every thing that he had written. The publication was two days behind hand.

The vizir, angry at this delay, called for the writer, and after giving him fifty stripes, permitted him to speak in his own justification. He did so with eloquence and propriety; so much the worse for the gazetteer, for the vizir dismissed him with a hundred more bastinadoes.

This last punishment appeared singular to those who knew not how very just the vizir meant to be. He did this, because he wanted the time which the punishment occupied, secretly to remove *Truth* from the gazetteer's house. Had he thought ninety-nine blows would have been sufficient for his purpose, he had too great a regard

for his fellow creatures, to have suffered one more to have been inflicted.

When the vizir had gotten sole possession of *Truth*, he hoped to make advantage of her against his enemies; but it being announced that the emperor was coming that very day to visit his palace, and dreading above all lest he should see *her*, he ordered that, for the public good, she should be put to death.

Immediately four emirs placed her gently between silk cushions, embroidered and perfumed, and smothered her with every possible precaution. They afterwards threw the dead body into the most unfrequented spot in the garden.

The men in power imagined that *Truth* was dead, because she had been smothered some time: but this was not the case—the open air revived her, and she availed herself of the darkness of the night to leave the garden.

She took shelter in a vast library, where the Brahmins had stowed up the learning and wisdom of mankind for five thousand years. The night being cold, she lit a fire with some straggling leaves, but there was so much inflammable matter in the place, that *Truth* had but just time to make her escape with a few small volumes.

The library was burnt, and the librarians too. The Emperor came to look at the conflagration, and said with a satirical smile, "It is pleasant enough to see a library in flames." His satisfaction was the more sincere, since there had always been in India, a secret hostility between books and Emperors.

The vizir hastened to outlaw his victim who had thus effected her escape. In the morning the proclamation for that purpose was affixed to the public buildings. This dispatch need not be deemed surprising, for, in every chancery in the universe, there are always forms of proscription in readiness against poor *Truth*.

At day-break the unfortunate fugitive found herself beyond the walls of the city, near a neat little house, which was surrounded by a small garden; it was the residence of the sage Pilpay.* She entered it without apprehension, declared who she was, and demanded an asylum.

"This frankness pleases me," said the sage, in reply, "but it makes me tremble for you. If you should be recognized, nothing

* Pilpay or Badpay, an Indian philosopher and fabulist, became Minister to Dabschelim, and was in high reputation in the East.

can save you : follow me." They ascended a large gallery, which formed the upper story of the house.

Here were arranged in order the skins of all animals, the rind of every tree, the coverings of all sorts of beings. It might be seen at once that it was the repository of a fabulist. Pilpay having shewn it to *Truth*, thus addressed her.

" Since you can neither hide yourself, nor be silent, you had better assume a disguise. I can make you enter, at will, into all the figures you see here, which shall thereupon be instantly animated. You shall speak under these new forms, and you shall, without danger, reproach even the visir himself with his crimes."

Truth accepted the proposal, and was not ungrateful. The genius of her deliverer, inspired by her, illuminated all Hindostan. The Visir was deposed, and Pilpay appointed in his room. He arrived to an extreme age, surrounded by the blessings of the people ; for Asia has no balm so powerful to prolong life, as the habit of doing good.

An instance of such high fortune, gave birth to a crowd of imitators, and the ambitious wished to share with philosophers the labours of Pilpay ; but *Truth*, who penetrated their views, continued to conceal herself in the works of the wise, and resigned the rest to the phrenzy of their imaginations.

The inventors of fables found themselves thus divided into two very different classes, of whom one wished to instruct with gentleness, and the other to prevail at any rate. It will be rendering a great service to mankind, to teach them by what traits they may distinguish them.

The latter assemble the multitude, and cry out to them from an elevated place, " Slaves of Brahma, believe or perish ; for what we are about to deliver to you is the *Truth*." Then they relate to them extravagant fables, which render the auditors either impostors or madmen.

The former, with a mild voice, and affable countenance, invite the traveller to stop, saying to him, " Friend, if thou art alive to-morrow, laugh a moment with us. What we are going to relate to you is only a fable : " but the gay narrative conveys wholesome *truth* to the mind, and he who listens becomes better while he is amused.

 THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

Europe is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccace, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world is under so much obligation. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the Decameron has given the following portrait.

“ His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals; but, to make some amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that “a prophet hath no honour in his own country,” he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the *Labyrinth of Crete*.”

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccace and of Petrarch, to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but, scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarch, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as that author expresses himself, in which he extolled Italy to the skies, and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatic, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. Whilst all on board were in motion to do what was necessary for the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast, which was struck with a thunder-bolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury.—The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless and half-burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe to Boccace, says, among other things, “This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it: I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul.”

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUI MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

A Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain: containing Remarks on Scottish Landscape, and Observations on Rural Economy, Natural History, Manufactures, Trade, and Commerce; interspersed with Anecdotes, traditional, literary, and historical: together with biographical Sketches, relating chiefly to civil and ecclesiastical Affairs, from the twelfth Century down to the present Time. In two Volumes. Embellished with forty-four Engravings, from Drawings made on the Spot, of the lake, river, and mountain Scenery of Scotland. By Alexander Campbell. 4to. London. 1802.

To those who are prevented, by a succession of home engagements, by the expence attendant upon travelling, or by other prudential motives, from exploring distant regions, which report has rendered interesting; it is a consolatory resource, that they can sit by their own fire-sides, and have the iconography of those regions placed before them, at a very trivial comparative charge; that they can gaze, as in a camera obscura, at the faithful representation of remote objects, and have those objects elucidated by an intelligent, though silent guide. We had reason to express our high satisfaction in vols. ix and x of our miscellany, at being conducted through part of the scenery which we now are called upon to re-view, by the late lamented Dr. Garnett: a name which cannot be uttered without a sigh of affectionate regret by all who knew the man, which cannot be written without a glow of grateful respect by all who received instruction from the philosopher. To Dr. Garnett we expressed our obligation for the varied entertainment he afforded us, while his ear was sensible of praise, and we are disposed to pay the same tribute, if it be warranted, to this later tourist, in his pedestrian circuit through the romantic wilds of Caledonia.

Dr. Garnett set forward from Glasgow; Mr. Campbell proceeds from Edinburgh; and it would have greatly assisted us in our descriptive sketch of the track which he pursued, to have been presented with a topographical chart of his tour on the plan of Dr. Garnett.

On quitting Edinburgh, Mr. C. turns round to take a view of the prospect whence he had proceeded, in reverse; while gathering

distance compresses into a clustered picture the dome of the register office, the tower-like appearance of the tomb of Hume, the ancient college church, the heights of Calton, Salisbury Craigs, and Arthur's Seat, together with the lofty masses of the old town, irregular, and but dimly discerned through smoke on the right, and on the left the clean, elegant, lengthening, and spreading new town: and, more than all, St. Cuthbert's church, over which impending, gloomy and wild, seated on its dark cliffy steep, the castle frowns, adding solemn dignity to this uncommon scene. Proceeding on his journey, he next arrives at a spacious opening on the left, called the Lothian road; respecting the formation of which we are presented with the following curious narration and anecdote.

"This road had been the subject of much speculation long before it was made. At last, however, a gentleman undertook, for an inconsiderable wager, to make this piece of road, about a quarter of a mile in length, and in many parts twenty paces in breadth, so far passable with one day's labour, as that he might drive over it in safety with his carriage: which, to the surprise of all who had heard of, or witnessed this whimsical undertaking, he accomplished, and thus gained his bet. The line of road was almost straight, and lay through fields, orchards, gardens, and a multiplicity of small houses. Lost any one, therefore, whose property in this direction might suffer injury when removing obstructions, should take the alarm, and make the application for legal means, which would at least retard, if not prevent such unusual and summary procedure, it was necessary to be secret and expeditious. Accordingly, matters were concerted with addition, and executed with promptitude. It happened to be winter, when the labouring poor, in general, are out of employ, and a day's work now and then is all they have to depend on for a precarious and scanty subsistence. Of course, a sufficient number of hands were easily procured, and at no great expence. Many hundreds appeared on the ground at sun-rise, on this eventful day; a day of much mirth to some, while others had cause sufficient to lament the ravages of a very few hours. Parties fired off to various occupations: some to demolish houses, others to pull down dikes, some to root up hedges, others to cut down trees. In short, this ruthless band continued their depredations with unwearied assiduity, and before the fall of night, they had accomplished their business of destruction, as was then the opinion of some persons, but it evidently appears now to have been productive of public utility.

"Among the many scenes of temporary distress which this unexpected invasion occasioned, that experienced by a simple old woman, is supposed to have been one of the most ludicrous incidents of the day. Long before day-light, the good easy soul had milked her cows; for being a milk-woman, such was her usual occupation. Her pipe smoked and tea taken, all things were in readiness, for her departure to serve her customers; but recollecting that a few friends were to eat some sheep's-head broth with her at mid-day, she with great composure prepared the kail-pot, put in the accustomed ingredients, and left it on the fire, so that it might simmer undisturbed till she should, on her return, cook it lei-

surely to her satisfaction. Judge of her surprise and disappointment, when, on her return, neither pot, nor fire, neither house, byre, nor cows, were in the places where she had left them;—all had suffered a material and radical change, having been swept away in the general wreck.”

Mr. C. proceeds to the water of Leith, and ascending a gentle eminence a little way beyond the second mile stone from Edinburgh, takes a parting glance at that city and its environs. Among the ancient buildings which are discernible from this spot, Whitehouse and Merchiston-house are pointed out as most conspicuous. The latter of these reliques of former times is worthy of notice, as having been the chief residence of Napier, the famous inventor of the logarithms, a person to whom the title of *great man* is more justly due, says Hume, than any other whom his country ever produced.

“Napier,” adds the present writer, “was like the great Newton, endowed with the highest ornament of genius and learning, modesty; and he knew, like him, how to appreciate the talents of others, with all the candour which a magnanimous mind is capable of feeling. This was exemplified in the hospitable reception he gave to the geometer of Gresham college, Henry Briggs, who addressed him, on their first meeting, in the following words:—‘My Lord, I have undertaken this long journey purposely to see your person, and to know by what engine of wit or ingenuity you came first to think of this most excellent help to astronomy, viz. the logarithms. But, my Lord, being by you found out, I wonder nobody else found it out before, when now being known it appears so easy.’ It is yet a matter of doubt among the learned, whether the venerable professor of Gresham college himself had not some pretensions to the discovery of the geometrical series, known by the name of logarithms*. By his letter to Archbishop Usher, Mar. 10, 1615, it should seem that he rather applied himself to the study and improvement of them; his words being—‘Napier, Lord Merchiston hath set my head and hands at work with his new and admirable logarithms. I hope to see him, next summer, if it please God; for I never saw a book which pleased me better, and made me more wonder.’”

Mr. C. pursues his route by the residence of that accomplished antiquary the late Sir James Foulis, of Collington, and passes near Dalmahey and Hatton; the seats of gloomy Morton and intriguing Lauderdale, noticing, as he passes, the cultivated farms of professor Ferguson, well known for teaching the science of ethics

* See Hutton's History of Logarithms, p. 37.

and the philosophy of the human mind. Here our traveller pays an incidental tribute of respect to his own collegiate instructor Mr. Dugald Stewart, and noticing one of the oldest churches extant in the village of Corstorphine, soon after gains a height from which the distant prospect beams sublime. He discerns the Grampian mountains, the Ochil hills, and the magnificent Ben-ledi, whose top seems to reach the heavens; and here for the present we must leave him.

[To be continued.]

The Complaynt of Scotland, written in 1548. With a Preliminary Dissertation and Glossary, &c. Continued from page 328 in our last Volume.

THE author of the Complaynt professes to dedicate the first labour of his pen to the Queen Regent, and it is curious, as Mr. Leyden remarks, to observe the similarity of the complimentary style which the author adopts, to that which is employed in the solemn speeches of some barbarous tribes. Our limits, however, do not permit us to exhibit the specimens that are adduced.

In the prologue which follows the "Epistol to the Quenis Grace," the author palliates the defects of his composition, and attempts to evade the charge of presumption, by alledging his desire of promoting the public utility. 'Every craft,' says he, 'is necessary for the public good; and he that has the gift of traduction, his faculty is as honourable, useful, and necessary, as that of the mariner, merchant, cordiner, carpenter, captain, or civilist.' To an author who professes to address the common people, such an apology was the more necessary, as the influence of literary productions, at that period, was far from being extensive. As few of the commons could read, the most exquisite composition in prose could never equal the popularity of a minstrel.

After the Prologue, the author, in order to discover whether the series of disasters which had almost ruined the Scottish nation, portended the final extermination of that people, or was intended by the Deity for the correction of their vices, proceeds to investigate the general cause of the mutation of monarchies and states. He determines that these revolutions ought to be considered as the punishments of Heaven, inflicted on great national vices: he corroborates his position by the citation of divers passages of Scripture: vigorously controverts the opinions of different philosophers concerning the influence of Fortune, and the permanent state of the natural world; while he intermingles powerful exhortations to unanimity, and breathes a fierce spirit of vengeance against the 'auld enemeis.'

The second division of the Complaynt, denominated the Mono-

logue of the Author, though at this distant period the most curious, has the least connexion with the proper subject of the work. It is here that the author may be expected to display his favourite topics of discussion, and his strongest associations of ideas; and it is here therefore that Mr. Leyden regards his coincidences with Lindsay, as more important and striking. Mr. L. proceeds to produce his comparative resemblances; and has enriched this portion of his preliminary essay, with a curious and interesting assemblage of extracts from various ancient MSS. in the library of Advocates at Edinburgh. Among these we are presented with an unpublished relique, entitled the "Orisoune of Chauceir to the Haly Virgin," consisting of twenty seven-line stanzas. It is, to our apprehension, more in the style of Lydgate than Chaucer, whose productions have been frequently confounded with each other. The MS. however, in which it is preserved, gives it decidedly to the latter. We were more agreeably gratified by perusing part of an inedited poem by Hamilton of Bangour, for which Mr. L. expresses his obligations to the valuable friendship of Dr. Robert Anderson.

In the third division of the Complaynt, which contains the Dream of the Author, he returns from the descriptive sketches of the Monologue to the proper subject of his work, the pathetic delineation of the miseries of his country, and the method in which these might be alleviated. The dream commences with the allegorical representation of Dame Scotia and her three sons Nobility, Clergy, and Commons. Scotia vehemently expostulates with them, on account of the mutual disasters produced by their mutual discords; inveighs in a severe and acrimonious tone against the cruelty and perfidy of the English; corroborates her assertions, by examples drawn from history; stigmatises domestic treachery; and exhorts to unanimity in repelling the hostilities of their auld [old] enemies, which she declares will be 'ane mair auful scourge, nor that the realme of France and the Empire hed tane querrel contrar Ingland.' To this severe objurgation, the third son replies, by accusing his two elder brethren of pride, oppression, and cruelty, and objects their vices, in vindication of his own conduct. Dame Scotia refuses to admit this vindication, and addresses her three sons successively, in a series of severe admonitions, in which she censures their particular vices; exposes their peculiar crimes; reiterates warmly her exhortations to unanimity; and endeavours to inflame them against the common enemy, by a recapitulation of the injuries they had sustained. Such is the outline of that part of the work, which may be properly denominated the Complaynt of Scotland.

Though numerous, various, and characteristic traits of the habits and customs of a former period occur in the Complaynt, yet we find nothing more interesting in the variety of matter it contains, than that view of the popular literature of Scotland, which the enumeration of the current romances, songs, and dances presents. The known era of Scottish romance corresponds to that of Scottish song; for the dirge of Alexander III. in Wyntown's Chronicle, is the earliest specimen of Caledonian song-writing, as the *Sir Tristan* of Thomas Rymour de Escildoun, is supposed to be the most ancient romance. Barbour in the middle of the 14th Century, quotes the romance of worthy Foranbrace. Wyntown mentions the great gest of Arthure, and the adventures of Gause: many more romances and heroes of chivalry, are spoken of by Lindsay and others. Religion herself cherished the genius of romantic fiction, and the clergy encouraged the perusal of books of chivalry, in preference to those which treated of theological subjects. Thus Hoccleve advises Sir John Oldcastle to desist from the study of haly writ, and peruse Lancelot de Lake, Vegetius, and the Siege of Thebes or Troy*.

Mr. Leyden has, with much and judicious care, arranged the tales and romances contained in the Complaynt, into three classes, British, French or Norman, and Classical, according to the heroes which they celebrate, or the subjects to which they relate. Of these it may gratify some readers to see the numerous titles, with the notices subjoined.

FIRST CLASS.

1. *The Prophecie of Merlin*, a species of Cyclic poem: in the Percy and Auchinleck MSS.
2. *Wallace*. The composition of a Scoto-Saxon minstrel; has passed through numerous editions.
3. *The Bruce*. A metrical history of an illustrious Scottish hero; published by Pinkerton, from a MS. dated 1489.
4. *The Tale of the King of Estmere's Marriage to the King's Daughter of Westmoreland*. Conjectured to be the original of the tale of *King Estmere*, in Percy's Reliques, or the romance of *Hornchilde*.
5. *Skail Gillendowry, the King's Son of Skethy*.
6. *The Tale of Sir Euan* [Yvain or Owen]. Arthur's Knight and a British Chieftain. A metrical legend entitled *Sir Owain* occurs in the Percy and Auchinleck MSS.

* See Mahon's Preface to Hoccleve.

7. *Rafe Collyear*. Printed at St. Andrews, in 1572.
8. *Gawen and Collogras*. Printed at Edinburgh, in 1508.
9. *Lancelot du Lac*. Printed at Paris, in 1494. A MS. copy of this romance is in the royal library.
10. *Arthur Keycht*. Now unknown.
11. *The Tale of Florimond of Albanye*. The name of this hero occurs in "Roswall and Lillian," a metrical romance.
12. *Syr Waltir the bald Lestye*. A romance of the crusades.
13. *Robene Hude and Liril Thone*. Printed at Edinb. 1508, and republished in Ritson's edition of Robin Hood.
14. *The Tale of the Young Tamleue*. Originally a romance of Faëry, but as an historical ballad, still preserved and published in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*.
15. *The Kyng of the Roy Robert*. A modernized copy occurs in Watson's collection of Scots Poems, 1709, Part II.
16. *Syr Egeir and Syr Gryme*. Preserved in Dr. Percy's folio MS. A Copy, printed at Aberdeen, in 1711, enriches the select library of Francis Douce, Esq.
17. *Bevis of Southamton*. Preserved in the Auchinleck MS.
18. *The Tale of the three Weir Sisters*. This romance is lost.
19. *The Wolf of the Warldis End*. Likewise lost, as are the three which follow.
20. *The Tale of the Red-Etin with the thre Heads*. The Red-Etin is still a popular character in Scotland.
21. *The Tale of the Giants that eat quick Men*. Derived, probably, from the Cyclops.
22. *The Tale of the three-footed Dog of Norway*. Suspected to be similar to the "Black-Bull of Norway," which is common in Scotland, and forms the ground-work of one of Musæus's Tales of the Germans.
23. *On Fat by Forth as I cull found*. Unknown.
24. *The pure Tint*. Probably the ground-work of "the pure Tint Rasy-coat," a common nursery tale.
25. *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*. Preserved in various MSS. as well as printed copies.
26. *The Marvallis of Mandineil*. Printed by Wynken de Worde, 1499.
27. *The golden Targe of Dunbar*. Printed at Edinb. 1508, and in Lord Hailes's edit. of Bannatyne poems, 1760.
28. *The Paleis of Honour*, by Gavin Douglas. Printed at Edinb. 1579, and republished by Pinkerton in 1792.

SECOND CLASS.

1. *Arthur of Little Bretagne*. This seems to have been originally an Armorican story. The history of Arthur, an Armorican knight, was translated by Henry Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart.
2. *The bald Brabant*.
3. *Ferrand, Earl of Flanders, that marks the Devil*. This romance is lost; but the story is thought to have been the same which is related by Gervase of Tilbury. Otia. Imp. I.
4. *The Tale of the four Sons of Aymon*. Du Cange, in his Glossary (ad *ministelli*) quotes the fragment of an old chronicle, which declares that "Les quatre fils Haimon," were among the heroes of chivalry. "The right pleasaunt and goodly hystory of the four sonnes of Aymon," was printed by W. de Worde, in 1504.
5. *The Tale of the Brig of the Mantribil*. This seems to be lost, but the story is alluded to in Barbour's Bruce.
6. *The Siege of Milan*.
7. *Robert le Dyabol, Duc of Normandie*. This was extremely popular in France, and often printed on the continent. An edit. of the English version was published at London in 1798.
8. *Claryades and Maliades*. A fine MS. of this romance is preserved in the New-Hailes library.
9. *Ypomedon*. The hero of this romance is a Norman, though his name be derived from the Theban War. He is son of Ermones, King of Apulia, and, by his courtesy and skill in hunting, gains the affections of the heiress of Calabria, whom he visits in disguise. Warton was of opinion that it is translated from the French, and Tyrwhitt found that a romance of this title was written in French by Hue de Roteland, an Englishman. A MS. copy occurs among the Harleian collections, and in the Manchester library. The fragment of a printed copy is preserved in the library of Lincoln cathedral.

THIRD CLASS.

In this third class of romances, the heroes and heroines of classical antiquity are introduced in the characters of the knights and dames of chivalry; and the costume and manners of the middle ages are engrafted on the stories of Greece and Rome. It is extremely to be regretted that so few romances of this class are preserved, as they are no less illustrative of the ancient vernacular language, than those

compositions in which the characters, as well as the costume, are peculiar to the period of chivalry. It is not improbable, but the productions of Gower and Lydgate, who seem to have had a predilection for classical stories, might, by the superior popularity which they attained, supersede the more ancient romances, and occasion their sinking into oblivion. The compositions of this class, mentioned in the Complaynt, are

1. *The Tale of Perseus and Andromeda.*
2. *The Tale of Hercules and the Hydra with seven Heads.*
3. *The Tale of the Transformation of Æëon.*
4. *The Tale of Pyramus and Thisbe.*
5. *The Amours of Leander and Hero.*
6. *The Tale of Jupiter and Io.*
7. *The Tale of Jason and the Golden Fleece.*
8. *The Tale of the Golden Apple.*
9. *The Tale of Dedalus, forming the Labyrinth for the Minotaurus.*
10. *The Tale of Midas.*
11. *Orpheus, King of Portingal.* Whether any romance of this particular title exists, is uncertain. *Orpheus* is probably the name intended. In the Auchinleck MS. he is represented as king of Winchester, and the romance is entitled "*Orfeo and Heurodis.*"

Besides these romances, the tale of "*The Priests of Peblis,*" which was reprinted by Pinkerton, is cited in the Complaynt as a popular composition. Indeed, the preceding enumeration cannot be considered as complete, though it marks the peculiar taste of the author of this curious publication. A considerable number of the romances here recited, appear to have been equally popular in England about the period of the Complaynt; for the language in which they were composed was understood with nearly equal facility in both kingdoms, and the manners of the lower classes were not essentially different. From Dr. Percy's Essay on the ancient English romances, many additions to this list may be supplied.

We have so far exceeded the bounds which we had prescribed to ourselves in the examination of this volume, from the variety of attractive matter contained in the preliminary dissertation, that we are reluctantly compelled to close our report, without producing any specimen from the work itself: but this is of less moment, as the publication cannot fail to make its way into every antiquarian collection, from the admirable manner in which the editor has intro-

duced it to the world. The rarity of the original is not its only or even its highest recommendation, though the following statement will shew its value in this respect, and evince the laudable accuracy which has been employed in preparing the reprint.

"Of the Comptant of Scotland (says the editor) only four copies are known to be extant; one of which is deposited in the British Museum; another belongs to his grace the duke of Roxburgh; a third to John McGowan, Esq.; and the fourth to Mr. G. Paton. All these copies were imperfect; but three of them have been completed from each other. The two last have been constantly used in this edition; and the museum copy has been occasionally consulted. For this favour, I beg leave to acknowledge the polite assistance of Mr. Heber, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Park. For convenience of reference, the pages in this edition correspond exactly with those of the ancient copies. The orthography of the original, however barbarous or irregular, has always been preserved, except in the case of typographical blunders. With all his respect for ancient authors, the editor has never ceased to recollect, that no ancient of them all is so old as common sense; and he is ready to admit that the preservation of an obvious typographical error, has always appeared to him as flagrant a violation of common sense, as the preservation of an inverted word or letter; a species of inaccuracy which the most rigid antiquary does not hesitate to correct. To enable every person to determine whether this license has been abused, a list of such alterations is subjoined."

To the whole is added a most valuable glossary, in which the etymology and meaning of numerous antiquated words are illustrated by extracts from rare and inedited MSS.

Δωδεκάσθον. *An Astronomical Twelfth Cake, for the Year 1803.*
1s. pp. 8. 4to. Debreilt.

WITH regard to this *Astronomical Twelfth Cake*, our *Stars* have so ordered it, that it has been our lot to have to the full as much of it as we chose, but, unfortunately, we have not been so happy as to be able inwardly to digest it. Such a *composition*, indeed, rarely comes before us.

After having heard so repeatedly of the *ups and downs* of *this world*, we are here, at p. 6, amongst other things equally curious and important, seriously assured, that "the world has nothing to do with *upwards and downwards*." But, if some authors are occasionally allowed to speak for themselves, supposing them to understand their own meaning best, surely that privilege should not be denied to the present, to whom he must, in truth, be a hardy rogue, who ventured to become interpreter. In the remarks on his "New Orrery of the Sun, Earth and Moon *only*," we have this explanatory passage:—

"Such an Orrery," says he, "would shew Tony Lumpkin, that the earth does not (like a cart wheel) go round and round the sun, nor the sun go round and round the earth: and thereby settle that long and wonderful controversy; and that the stars are not really pegged down, as some suppose, nor yet twinkled, as the books tell us, by the sun; but by the friction of their own motion, under the force of compression and concentration from space; whereby their motion is (as is that of our earth), just sufficient to prevent corruption by stagnation, without terrifying poor Lumpkin with the idea of his being hurried round in bed 1150 miles in a minute, or of the overthrow of our church-establishment, from such violent motion of the steeples.

We cannot refrain from giving the reader some *very agreeable* information that occurs in a N. B.

"The diagrams of the sun, earth and moon, are with the engraver, and will be shewn and EXPLAINED when desired; together with the doctrine of the Dodecahedron."

Wallace; or the Vale of Etherslie, with other Poems, pp. 127, 12mo.
Glasgow, 1802.

It is no common gratification to us, to be able, from various recent experience, to testify this pleasing fact—that the Muse can inspire as warm and sweet a strain of poetry upon the northern hills, exposed to the roughest blasts of Heaven, as in the most luxurious valley of the south, cheered by a milder sun, and fann'd by the softest gales that breathe.

In the roll of worthies to whom Scotland is indebted for its poetical celebrity, the name of the author of "Wallace" will not be missing, nor will it be found in an inferior class. The piece now alluded to is an original, and the principal poem in this little collection. Its design is to trace the effects of natural scenery, and the education of a rude age, in forming the mind of a hero; which is admirably executed in the difficult stanza of Spenser, of which great master our poet appears a zealous lover, and a laudable imitator.

A single stanza will sufficiently confirm the justice of our eulogium, and assuredly excite no vain desire of more ample satisfaction in our readers.

The star of eve was bright—down the lone fell
With rocks up-pil'd, and mould'ring turrets crown'd,
Many a clear stream and mountain-torrent fell,
And sparkled to the gloomy woods around.
A calm, unwonted, fill'd the forest-bound—
When, lo! a voice the slumb'ring silence broke;
And as the strangely sad, prophetic sound

Rose in the woods—each hoary giant oak
Shook hollow in the wind !—And thus the Genius spoke.

St. 1.

Here, as in many other parts of this delightful composition, we trace the reading of our author, which reflects credit on his taste and judgment, without making him, in our opinion, in the smallest degree liable to the impeachment of plagiarism. The end of the above stanza reminds us of these verses of Collins :

*And blew a blast so loud and dread
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.*

So again at p. 11 his

—enchanted look'd and smil'd,

recalls the

Hope enchanted smil'd,

of the Ode on the Passions ; as this line at p. 34 :

—till the wide green plain with crimson gloves,

brings easily to our recollection these words of Shakspeare,

—making the green, one red.

If we feel any regret with regard to this beautiful poem, it is that, when the martial ardour of our youthful hero is roused to deeds of arms, and we pant to follow him into the field of glory, the subject ceases, and we are left, unwillingly, "*to dream the rest.*"

After "*Wallace,*" we are presented with several smaller original pieces, full of pleasing imagery, delicacy of thought, and chasteness of expression. To these are added some translations from the most illustrious bards of Italy and Greece. The song of the Inchanterd Bird, from Tasso, is prettily turned, though not in every part with equal success.

7

Oh ! haste to snatch the rose, beneath
The morn's delightful beam,
For clouds shall sweep yon radiant sky,
And shroud the golden gleam.

8

Oh ! snatch the rose of youth ; and dare
Love's blissful power to prove ;
While mutual sighs thy sighs may bless :
Thy love, a kindred love.

The latter verses are very inferior to the original. The former contains an idea not unlike one we have met with in two Greek lines to this effect :

*Soon fades the rose ; once pass'd the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flow'r.*

The writer has also, at p. 91, worked up a thought in some degree similar, under this motto from Ausonius :

*Conquerimur, Natura, brevis quod gratia florum est :
Ostentata oculis illico dona rapis.*

Tasso, by the way, affords our fashionable dames a little wholesome advice in one passage of this song.

Quanto si mostra men, tanto è più bella.

The lovelier still the less betray'd,
She wins with charms unseen.

P. 65.

We cannot notice our author's version of a chorus from the *CEdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, without remembering, with the most grateful sensation, the rich treat we some years since enjoyed in the perusal of all the chorusses in this piece, freely translated with the tragedy itself, by the Rev. Mr. Maurice, in a vein of poetry every way worthy of the great original. This fine, bold translation, is rarely to be found, and consequently not so much known as its superior merit deserves. We should, indeed, marvel at this, could we not account for the neglect it receives from its author, by turning our eyes towards his other productions, of more original and more exquisite poetical merit, but especially by casting them on that lasting monument, the erection of which, he is now on the eve of finishing, from the rich and curious materials he has, with an ardent genius, and unwearied industry, dug from the deep, dark, and almost inaccessible abodes of the Archives of India, which labours are truly alone enough to render all minor acquisitions of fame superfluous and undesirable.

Our Scotch Poet, although as free in his version of this chorus,* as Mr. M. and deserving of considerable praise, will not bear a favourable comparison with the English Bard. To reverse the sense of a line of the former, we may justly say—

The glowing ROSE above the THISTLE towers. †

* There was no necessity to quote either Greek or Italian; but if the author must give the original, he should not fail to give it correctly. In the four words prefixed to this chorus, there are two errors—*ὄστις* for *ὄστιν* and *ἰσχυρῶς* for *ἰσχυρῶτα*. So in the Italian from Tasso, we have *de la for della*, and *inanti* for *avanti*, as it stands in the Venetian copies.

† The thistle towers above the haughty rose. P. 33.

This would abundantly appear by a citation from each. The length, however, to which we have already run, precludes any such demonstration, and we must abruptly terminate our review of this volume, with a strong recommendation of it to every amateur of genuine poetry.

Memoirs of Alfred Berkeley; or the Danger of Dissipation. By John Corry, Author of a Satirical View of London, the Detector of Quackery, &c. London. 8vo. 1802.

THE rapidity of Mr. Corry's pen keeps pace with its versatility, and as the guidance of it appears to be controlled by moral impulse, we readily contribute our stimulus of applause, to make him hold his course "right onward." Alfred Berkeley is not one of those ideal characters which are fabricated in the visions of fancy, or manufactured in the day-dream of a literary recluse. The author is an attentive observer of human nature, as it appears in the living circles which surround him, and aims, with no unsuccessful bird-bolt, to "shoot the reigning folly as it flies." In the present production he takes up the poetical pencil, to depict the charms of vernal beauty, and we with pleasure exhibit an effort of his talent in descriptive song.

JUNE. AN ODE.

" Glittering with the morning dew,
And illum'd by fairest light,
Nature's beauties meet my view,
O'er the virent landscape bright.

" Hill and dale, and shady grove
Glisten in the light of day,
And the azure sky above
Shines magnificently gay.

" Countless herbs and flowerets bloom
O'er the meads in vivid hues:
And a cheering rich perfume
Through the flowing air diffuse.

" Fair the springing glossy corn
Waves luxuriant in the gale,
Sweet the blossom'd beans adorn
And perfume the fertile vale.

" Odoriferous spirits rise
From the fresh unfolding flowers,
Living tints delight the eyes,
Where they grace the roscate bowers,

" Fair the graceful lily blows,
 Scouting the soft breeze of morn,
 And the beauteous pink and rose
 June's Elysian robe adorn.

A Satirical View of London ; comprehending a Sketch of the Manners of the Age. By John Corry. 2nd Edit. London. 1803.

THIS is the second edition of a work which we have already noticed with approbation, but the present impression is so much improved, that it seemed to claim this brief notification. At the same time, we are induced to give a short extract, for the profitable perusal of our fair country-women.

" The female habit ought neither to be so light as to give the wearer the appearance of a paper kite, subject to be carried away by every sudden gust; nor so warm as to remind us of the climate of Russia or Lapland. Simplicity of dress is, like modesty of manners, the handmaid of grace. Gorgeous ornaments distract the imagination of the observer; and the wearer, like the silk-worm, is hid amid her own magnificence: but a decent garb, adjusted to the elegant contour of the female form, concealing those beauties that would obtrusively force themselves upon our observation, and harmonising with a virtuous mind; this is the dress that we should recommend to the fair sex, and which, combined with a modest demeanour, is more attractive than the cæstus of Venus; can render even beauty more amiable, impress the idea of angelic perfection and innocence on the mind of the beholder, and compel us to reverence virtue, thus personified in woman."

Mr. C. is every where severe, though not more so, perhaps, than the subject deserves, against the advertising quacks of the present day; and after citing a case of *empirical homicide*, in which the plaintiff, a merchant's clerk, obtained a verdict, with four hundred pounds damages, he proceeds to say:

" If the present legislature will exercise its authority in the total suppression of this most iniquitous traffic, in less than seven years hence, the names of *Brodum, Solomon, Perkins, Swainson, Gardner, Senate, Bæc*, and the whole tribe of medical impostors, will be forgotten, or only mentioned with contempt and execration."

The Parish Church. A Discourse, occasioned by a Vacancy in the Cure of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, September 19; with Notes and Clerical, on Qui Tam. Respectfully dedicated to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. By John Moir, M. A. 8vo. pp 71. 1802.

TO the learned and amiable author of this excellent discourse, the public is obliged for many valuable works, which tend eminently to correct the morals, and amend the heart.

"I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness," are the words of the psalmist, which the pious divine hath chosen as the foundation of this elaborate sermon; and on no occasion have we perused a more friendly and soothing admonition. The notes are really curious, and the whole Lecture, both from the nature of the subject, and the excellence of its composition, will be found peculiarly interesting.

The Museum of Wit; or, a Collection of Anecdotes, Bon Mots, Observations, &c. of the most distinguished Characters. To which are added several curious Compositions, selected by A—C—.
16mo. 1802.

THIS Jest Book hath been produced by infinite labour, and a considerable share of taste. The stories are admirable, and many very excellent bon mots are new to us.

The Vale of Conway. A Novel. By a Lady. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1803.

THIS novel is the production of genius and of fancy; the story is well connected; the incidents are probable, and indeed dramatic. The author seems well read in the book of life, and hath profited by her experience.

We freely and conscientiously recommend "the Vale of Conway," as a work very superior in the scale of novels.

The History of Nourjahad. By Mrs. Sheridan. Author of Sidney Bidulph, &c. To which, for the first Time, is prefixed, a genuine Account of the Author. 12mo. Parry. Dublin. 1802.

THE History of Nourjahad is familiar to every body, but the genuine Account of the fair Author is little known. The works of Mr. Samuel White, of Dublin, so well known for his various literary effusions, and kind and benevolent disposition, supplied the memoir which accompanies this volume, and it is worthy the perusal of the public.

The Cambrian Biography: or Historical Notices of celebrated Men among the ancient Britons. By W. Owen. F. A. S. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Williams. Strand. 1803.

THIS is an age in which the lives of eminent men are contemplated with considerable interest, and one regrets that, as far as relates to the ancient Britons, there is so much barrenness in this department of literature. Mr. Owen, however, has, with great labour, laid the foundation for an extensive book on the subject. We regret he has not himself chosen to extend his materials. The pure style in which the work before us is written, sufficiently proves the author's ability to perfect his plan.

Moral Education, the one Thing needful. Briefly recommended in four Letters to a Friend. By Thomas Simons. 8vo. 1802.

THIS pamphlet is well entitled to attention; it is written in a correct and pleasing style, and contains some very excellent observations respecting the education of youth. The author thinks that the moral duties are too much neglected, though he does not, as some intemperate writers have done before him, call the classics to account for the degeneracy of the age; but he is of opinion, and we concur with him, that parents are not sufficiently impressed with the importance of religious instruction, and are more anxious to make their children learned and accomplished, than virtuous and pious.

Mr. Simons has quoted passages from our best writers on the subject of education, upon which he comments with great candour and acuteness, and applies the whole to the system pursued in the present day, proposing at the same time a variety of regulations by which it might be improved.

DRAMATIC.

A Tale of Mystery, a Melo-Drame, as performed at the Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden. By Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. 1802.

THE plot of this piece was detailed in our number for November last, and we accompanied it by remarks on the merit of the drama, at length; so that we have now little more than to notice the appearance of the melo-drame in print. We beg, however, to correct an error in our account of the story, which has been pointed out to us by a correspondent. We have said that "eight years after the disappearance of Francisco, Count Romaldi proposes to marry his son to Selina." Instead of "eight," the word "many" may be substituted. It was eight years after Francisco's escape from the Algerines, into whose power he had been decoyed by his brother, before the birth of Selina.

In an advertisement, Mr. Holcroft acknowledges his obligations to the French Stage.

"I cannot forget the aid I received from the French drama, from which the principal incidents, many of the thoughts, and much of the manner of telling the story, are derived. I exerted myself to select and unite masterly sketches, that were capable of forming an excellent picture; and the attempt has not failed."

There is a handsome dedication of the melo-drame to Clementi.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONVERSATIONIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Choro.*
The Imitation of LIFE—The Mirror of MANNERS—The Representation of TRUTH.

CURSORY REMARKS ON SHAKSPEARE.

NUMBER IX.

"His beard was *grizzled*?"

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 2.

Dr. Johnson has not noticed the word *grizzled* in his dictionary; but its meaning we know to be *grey*. The expression was common about Shakspeare's time; for in a proclamation of King James (1606) for the discovery of Henry Garnett, alias Walley, alias Darcy, alias Farmer, one of the Jesuits concerned in the Gunpowder Conspiracy, there is a description of his person, in which "the haire of his head and beard" are represented to be "*griseled*."

"——— as kill a king!"

Act III. Sc. 4.

Steevens says "this exclamation may be considered as some hint that the queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet's father;" and Mr. Malone agrees with him. But may it not be considered, with equal probability, as the sudden exclamation of *detested guilt*? It is true that in the old *Hystory of Hamblet*, the queen, in the conference with her son, *denies* that she had any hand in the murder of her husband. Indeed, circumstanced as she was, it would have been strange had she confessed her crime. It is also true, that we have no *positive assurance* in the play that she was guilty: but that she was acquainted with the fact, and connived at it, I think there can be little doubt.

This "seeming-virtuous queen," having consented to an incestuous intercourse with her husband's brother, "a wretch whose natural gifts were poor to those of her husband"—"a slave that was not a twentieth part the tythe of her precedent lord," it is scarcely possible to free her from a suspicion that she acquiesced in the murder of a man, who, while alive, must have stood in the way of her guilty pleasures.

The whole of the ghost's narrative bears very hard upon the queen: and though the spirit enjoins Hamlet not to "let his soul

contrive sought against his mother;" to save him from the guilt and horror of parricide; he adds, immediately after,

"Leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

Hamlet himself assuredly thought her guilty. His first exclamation, on the disappearance of the ghost, is against his mother.

"O most pernicious woman!"

In the play, selected with a view to discover the guilt of the usurper, *Baptista* is represented as an accomplice in the murder of *Geuzago*, and when the player queen says,

"In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first"—

Hamlet observes "*that's overruled*," with an evident application to the queen; and soon after he pointedly asks her how she likes the play. The speech which calls forth the iteration of his mother, "as kill a king!" also plainly indicates how much Hamlet suspected her of a participation in the crime.

"A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother."

This is the *ad*, the *murder of his father*, which "roars so loud, and thunders in the index," and at which "Heaven's face doth glow, and the Earth is thought-sick."

It may therefore be reasonably inferred, from the following speech, that the share she had in the transaction, was among the "black and grained spots," which conscience presented so forcibly to her view.

"O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct."

J. L.

ON THEATRICAL SCHOOLS,

BY MADAME HYPOLITE CLAIRO.

SINCE my retreat from the theatre, I have continually been hearing of the necessity of having dramatic schools. The public think them practicable, and likely to be advantageous; and considerable sums have been raised for their establishment. Nothing more clearly

proves that the managers of theatrical representations have not the least idea of what constitutes a great actress. We learn to dance and sing as perfectly as possible, because these two talents have regular rules and principles, which the most ignorant may understand and practise; but I know of no rules, of no principles, which can teach people every species of knowledge, every species of acquirement, necessary to produce a great actress; I know of no rules which can teach us to think and to feel: nature alone can bestow those faculties, which experience, study, and opportunities, afterwards develop. The only schools from which there is a reasonable and probable expectation of advantage, are the provincial theatres. The necessity of obtaining an engagement, the emulation of excelling each other, the dread of public disapprobation, the practice which the memory obtains by a continuance of labour, the ease and familiarity acquired by a daily appearance upon the stage, the facility of thereby acquiring a good ear, and of enlarging one's ideas by seeing entire pieces performed, and by observing their effect upon the public, will achieve more in six months towards the formation of a good actress, than two years' instruction in private, whatever may be the talents and ability of the master. I do not think I am actuated by any very great degree of vanity in comparing myself with the actresses of the present day: they will, I trust, pardon me for asserting, that I do not believe them better instructed, superior in ability, or more serviceable on the stage than I was. I have spared no pains in forming the talents of Mesdemoiselles Dubois and Rancourt. I appeal to all who have seen them—my charming scholars have evinced the greatest abilities: but, alas! notwithstanding all my cares, added to what they received from nature, I have never been able to make any thing more of them than mere imitators of myself. The utmost hopes were formed from their first appearance; but it was because I was behind the curtain, and the public was captivated by youth and beauty. When I ceased my lessons, their talents vanished.

It is nature alone that can form splendid characters in any walk of life. Observe the state of mankind with respect to the arts, sciences, and learned acquirements; and from the small number of those who may be said to excel, you will be able to determine how impossible it is to command genius, or to impart it by instruction.

When a young actress discovers spirit, an accurate judgment, sensibility, force, a good voice, memory, and a countenance happily formed for the characters she is to represent, let her not want the means to improve them; provide her with such masters as may be

necessary to enable her to develop her ideas: let her not languish in a state which may repress the energy of her mind, and retard her progress; let her not feel the necessity of resorting to vice to obtain the situation she is emulous of; recommend to her to listen with attention to the advice which the public, or others of the same profession with herself, may give, as to her evincing too much or too little warmth of feeling, dignity of action, or grace of deportment: let her second the efforts of her friends to forward her improvement. Such, according to my opinion, are the only possible means by which an actress can derive advantage from instruction. Is it to be supposed that Preville can instruct others to perform *Orosmane* and *Semiramis*? that *Molè* can create actors fit for all characters? It is an absurdity, at which they themselves must laugh in their sleeves. To give themselves airs of importance, form a seraglio among the female candidates for theatrical fame, amass money, and become the terror of the whole stage, are all these gentlemen pretend to, or can perform.

I shall be answered, perhaps, that the provincial theatres do not furnish good subjects. I agree that comic opera and the ballet absorb every thing else; and that, at present, performers in that line are the most essential part of the theatrical company. The talents required for such situations are in the reach of every one, whatever may be their educations; and those who have acquired them may, at any time, make sure of gaining a livelihood; their dresses are furnished by the managers, and their salaries are, generally, liberal.

But the talents for the French theatre demand an education of a peculiar nature, and comprehending a variety of branches; they also imply the possession of many gifts of nature, and that the actress should be of an age competent to understand, feel, and compare what she studies; the dresses are extremely expensive, and are entirely provided by the actress herself; the salary is small at first, and is never increased to what may be termed a sufficiency, until after a lapse of several years, and then, perhaps, not without that protection which, in many instances, is not to be obtained without concessions, far from being congenial to the feelings and dispositions of every one.

Those who make the stage their profession are for the most part in necessitous circumstances, and of indigent families. It is a natural choice for persons so situated, inasmuch as it is one which, of all others, presents itself as affording the fairest encouragement for talent, and the surest prospect of immediate emolument.

CATO.

THERE has been much difference of opinion respecting the pronunciation of this word; whether we should use the *a slender*, as in *case*, which, as Dr. Johnson says, is the proper English *a*, or the *open a*, as in *father*.

The advocates for the latter tell us, that it is the old Roman pronunciation, and therefore the proper one. We believe the manner in which the Latin language was pronounced by the Romans has never been precisely ascertained. The great public schools of England have agreed, (not without good reason and due deliberation, it is to be presumed,) to adopt the *a slender*. And one of the universities, certainly, and we believe both, observe the same rule. Upon a point like this, we think they are entitled to attention; and *their* practice ought assuredly to govern that of the stage in the metropolis of *England*, whatever may be the case in Edinburgh or Dublin.

But admitting that the old Romans used the *open a*; Cato, in an English poem, is to be considered as an English appellation. We have plays from the Spanish, Italian, German, &c. but what a barbarous collection of sounds would issue from the mouths of our actors, if we gave to the names of the several characters their precise original pronunciation. We have consented, on these occasions, to sacrifice propriety to convenience, and the character of our language. The French go much farther than we do, for they alter even the spelling of Greek and Latin names, and give them French terminations.

We must not say that it is absurd not to pronounce Cato as the Romans pronounced it, for the argument will then go too far. It is absurd to hear the Roman Cato recite the harmonious lines of the English Addison. If, however, the actors will have it *Caato*, in defiance of Westminster and Etan, let them be consistent. Let it henceforth be *Coriolaanus*, *Horatius*, *Acaasto*, *Castalio*; and let all the *Dram. Perri* which we have borrowed from old Rome or modern Italy, be given, in future, with the genuine *os rotundum*, and then John Bull, whatever knowledge he may have of the languages, may perhaps fall in love with the sound.

A WESTMINSTER.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

On receiving, as a posthumous memorial, a pair of green-glass spectacles, which had belonged to the author of "The Task."

NOT that there needed, venerable bard !
 Aught more impressive than the gifted page
 To guard thy memory, or to latest age
 Rivet the fond remembrance that I shar'd
 Thy friendly thought, and thy benign regard
 Unshaken held. More could not need, meek sage !
 My life-long glow of reverence to engage,
 Or leave thy lov'd idea unimpair'd.
 Yet precious is the relique which did shade
 Thy living temples from ' excess of light,'
 While Fancy round each emerald circlet play'd,
 While Genius flash'd beneath the mimic night,
 And Hope, star-crested, shot a lucent ray,
 To light earth's pilgrim on his heaven-ward way.

T. PARK.

The *gifted page* alludes to a copy of Mr. Cowper's poems, received from the author.

AN ECLOGUE.

IN THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT.

WHOI Deick's that thee ? prethea whear arta baen
 Sea leat, for twoileet nae hez loang been daen ;
 Eit's varry deark, an ne'er a stear eiz ait,
 And Will-wit-wisp eiz flicken(a) fest abait.
 Ause baen, says Dick, to fin aer yung polled kea, (b)
 Shu hez bien meissin e'er sin yesterdea,
 An maister nae hez sent me to tha meill,
 He heaard that shu wor thear, an eiz thear steill.
 And arta nut affeard to goa cit deark,
 A'um seur the thout on't maks moi heaart to weark ; (c)
 Eif tha a ghoast or boggerd (d) blick sud meet,
 Nae wodunt ta, Deick, then be sedly fret ? (e)

(a) flying.

(b) an heifer.

(c) ache.

(d) Boggerd is supposed to be a supernatural appearance, which goes about at night in the shape of an ass, with large eyes, and a long chain round it.

(e) frightened.

Whoi hey, eif au a ghoast sud chance to see,
 Or boggerd, then 'twod sedly fretun me;
 Boots thear's nea ghoasts, nur boggerds, aul be swoarn,
 Sud thee an Pally taalk thru neet to moarn.
 Nae goa wi' une, thee knaws eits nut a moile,
 Aul tell thee tealls fort all the whoile;
 Aul tell thee a teall o' summot (f) thet au saw,
 'Tull pleasea thea weel, au tell thee 'tweill, au knaw.
 Tha knaws lest statis, (g) au sett off to hoire,
 Wi' Robin Harrow, Jeck, and Saumon Shoire:
 We thout eit best to goa tu't Sheaf-o-Wheaat,
 An thear we greed at neet ageaan to meet:
 We went to t' feara, an aull gat hoird boot Jeck,
 He wor soa med, he sware he'd ne'er goa beck,
 Boot leist he wod; we told him he wod rue,
 An for a soudger went, aull we cud due.
 Poor Saumon croied, au thout heiz heaart wod Brust
 An sed heid steay aull neet, cum best cum wurst;
 An Robin sed, cum Deick, we'll stea teill noine,
 For then abaits: the muin beegins to shoine.
 Au did'unt loike eit, boot au sat ma daen;
 We drank, teill Saumon cud'unt steand alaen,
 Au felt moi heaad turn raind, soa up au gat,
 An sed to Robin, "cum, lets peay the shat, (h)
 "Aul stea nea longherr, we sud gone affoor,
 "For we mun goa thru't Churchyard or Braemmoor,
 "Tha knau aum fret'und when au goa thet weay,
 "Twor thear au summot saw eit oppun deaye."
 Au hed'unt speick'd (i) fore Jeck cam ein soa foin,
 An ein heiz hend a greet broaad swurd deid shoine.
 He sed to Robin, eif we boath wod stea,
 Thet nauthur on us sud a fearthein peay.
 Au saw the soudgers weink, but au sed "noa,
 "For whether Robin wod or nut a'ud goa,
 "Be seur, au did'ont loike to goa maisell,
 "But au'd due thet affoor moi loif au'd sell."
 He wod'unt stur, for aull thet au cud seay,
 Soa au sed "Robin, tha mun tak thoi weay."
 Weel, off au set, boot wor soa pleagy scar'd, (k)
 For ev'ry stoop (l) au saw mead me affeard;

(f) something. (g) statute fair. (h) reckoning.

(i) spoken. (k) frightened. (l) post.

'Teill last au whistlin cam to t' church-year'd stea—
 Au thear, for sartan, thout that au sud dee.
 Au just hed gat one footit at top-at-stea, (m)
 An summot aull e'whoite eit poarch did see;
 (Tha knows eits varry deark, but t'muin shane breet,
 An aull t' church-year'd abait wor loike deay-leet)
 Wi' ees, (n) au thout thea loike pot-leids deid luik,
 (Seitch az aer miestrifs hiz, eit Chimley (o) nuik. (p)
 An then eit stur'd, an luik'd soa fretful beig,
 Au ren away, ez fest ez legs could leig; (q)
 Au nivver stopp'd, teill a'ud quoitte loast moi breaaath,
 Boot seur enough, wor hommass (r) sceard to deaath;
 " Oah deary me, what sall au due," au sed,
 " Au weish au wor at hoam, and seaf e' bed,
 " Eif au goas daen thet laen, an over't moor
 " Eits ten toimes warse, au thear wor fret affoor,
 " Au whoi theis Ghoaast sud meet me aull e'whoite,
 " Au cannot theink, au nivver deid noa spoite,
 " Eit winnut hurt ma seur, an au can't boide
 " To stea eit coud aull neet, boi theis roaad soide."
 Soa beck au went, au cam to't stee agean,
 Au luik'd an saw eit stan eit poaarch quoitte plean,
 Au stood a beit, but daen at lest au sat,
 An sed moi prey'rs, an ovver saufly gat.
 Au slawly waalk'd, moi knees thea trembuld soa,
 That au cud heardly, authur stend or goa,
 Moi chaps thea chatthurd (s) an loike peys (t) the sweaat
 Ren daen moi feace, au wor ein seitch a heat,
 Moi varry hear loike stubbull stood upreight,
 For eit cam ait, an waalk'd up to ma streight;
 Nai what du'st ha theink eit wor, au knau thea'lt stear
 Whoi' twor nout (u) boot Pauson's awd greay meaar;
 Au wor soa pleass'd, au set up seitch a shait
 " 'Sthet thee awd Doll, a'am gleed au fun thee ait."
 Nae sein au am'mut (x) fear'd goa wheer au weill,
 Au've dun moi teall an here's the meill.

SELWYN.

(m) stile.	(n) eyes.	(o) chimney.	(p) corner.
(q) go.	(r) almost.	(s) chatter'd.	(t) pass.
(u) nothing.	(x) am not.		

LINES

TO A YOUNG WOMAN,

Who left her home at Bury in consequence of some Disappointment.

ADDRESSED TO HER IN LONDON,

By GEORGE BLOOMFIELD,

Brother to the Author of the "Farmer's Boy."

Say, dear Eliza, say, why leave your home,
 'Midst proud Augusta's smoke and dust to roam,
 While youth, while innocence and health invite,
 And give a zest to every pure delight
 That springs from rural shades and sunny fields,
 And all the glorious scenes that summer yields ?
 Say, could a sordid youth's invidious art
 With disappointed love thus wound your heart ;
 Or, under sacred friendship's holy name,
 Strive in your breast to kindle love's pure flame ?
 And when your tell-tale eyes the truth have told,
 He flies from faithful love to catch at gold.
 Say, could your sister's fondness fruitless prove,
 And e'en your parents' most assiduous love,
 The balm of consolation to impart,
 Or soothe the anguish of your wounded heart ?
 But time and absence, powerfully combin'd,
 May cure the wounds inflicted on your mind.

As late, with happy friends encircled round,
 Domestic joys your every wish had crown'd,
 In useful labour past the hours away,
 And social converse cheer'd each happy day ;
 And when, at length, the weekly toil was ended,
 Content and cheerfulness were sweetly blended
 In every happy face that form'd the ring,
 When met, their great Creator's praise to sing,
 Or, joyous, in anticipation trace
 The coming Sabbath's holy rest and peace ;
 When Mills, whose manly, eloquent discourse
 Essays religious duties to enforce ;
 Or Phillips,* who, with philosophic scan,
 Displays the wond'rous gifts of God to man ;
 Skilful the moral lesson to impart,
 T' inform the judgment, or to warm the heart.

* Mr. Mills, an eloquent church preacher : Dr. Phillips, a dissenter.

Or, haply, each the fav'rite walk propose,
 Where flowery spring with every beauty glows;
 To tread, excursive, nature's carpet green,
 And find a temple in each sylvan scene,
 Up to the grove, gracing the Mount's* proud brow,
 Or Fornham's† daisy'd vale that smiles below,
 Or Ickworth's‡ far-spread park and lofty dome,
 And Hargate's§ pleasant hill, where furze and broom
 With yellow blossoms variegates the scene,
 And deck with gold the universal green.
 If, when the glorious sun begins his race,
 Dark vapours rise, and clouds obscure his face,
 With anxious looks they watch the windward skies,
 And gladly hear the rustling breezes rise,
 That drive the vapoury curtain far away,
 And give the earnest of a pleasant day.
 'Tis so with you, dear maid, in youth's bright morn,
 On adverse winds though clouds of cares are borne,
 Though inauspicious seems your rising day,
 TIME gently sweeps those brooding cares away.
 Still, through the changeful scenes of life, you'll find
 That virtue is the sunshine of the mind;
 And soon some faithful and deserving youth,
 With unfeign'd friendship, constancy, and truth,
 Whose worth your better judgment shall approve,
 Shall rivet with esteem the chains of love;
 Hymen shall all his choicest blessings shed,
 As through the storms of this short life ye tread.

But when the ever-changeful year comes round,
 And spring again with daisies decks the ground;
 When nature's music flows in lofty strains,
 Oh, come, dear girl, and see your native plains;
 What heart-felt joy your presence shall inspire,
 Make glow the bosom of your worthy sire,
 Your mother's tenderness! But ah, what art,
 What words can paint the feelings of the heart!
 May no obtrusive cares your bliss annoy,
 And the poor bard shall have his share of joy.

* The Mount, the seat of ——— Symonds, Esq. late our Recorder.

† Fornham, the seat of ——— Howard, Esq. heir to the D. of Norfolk.

‡ The surprising building now going on, for the Earl of Bristol.

§ The residence of Dowager Lady Colburn.

SONNET,

On having written Verses under that Title, without conforming to its essential Requisites—renouncing the Error. Occasioned by the elegant monitory one in the last Number, by C. L.

I.

Let the sublimer Muse, who, wrapt in night,
Rides on the raven pennons of the storm,
Or o'er the field, with purple havock warm,
Lashes her steeds, and sings along the fight;
Let her whom more ferocious strains delight,
Disdain the plaintive Sonnet's little form,
And scorn to its soft cadence to conform
Th' impetuous terror of her hardy flight.

II.

But me, far lowliest of the sylvan train,
Who wake the wood-nymphs from the forest shade,
With wildest song—me, much behoves thy aid
Of mingled melody, to grace my strain,
And hide—(the ear with thy sweet Music caught)
The native baseness of the Muse's thought.

Nottingham, Jan. 14th.

H. K. WHITE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA.

DRURY-LANE.

Nov. 30.—*Hamlet*.—Mr. Foot is an actor of great promise. His conception of the character was just, and his execution of the most difficult points in it striking and original. Very few young men have discovered so much thought and true discrimination, accompanied by such ardent sensibility, in their first essay. In deportment and action there is room, of course, for amendment; but there is "that within which passeth shew," which indicates real genius, and from which the highest expectation may be formed of his future eminence on the stage.

Dec. 2.—In consequence of the indisposition of Miss De Crespigny, Mrs. Mountain took her character in *A House to be sold*, in which she introduced an Italian air with the most charming effect, and played the part, which is somewhat difficult, with great spirit and success.

8.—*Busy Body*.—Mrs. Jordan's *Miranda* is one of her happiest efforts in that line of comedy, which, since the retirement of Miss Farren, it has been her desire to sustain; it certainly does not satisfy criticism, but her archness, her pature, her *tout ensemble* is very agreeable, and affords infinite pleasure to the

audience. Of Mr. Bannister's *Margot* it may also be said, that, in point of conception, it is far from correct, and in every respect much inferior to Mr. Lewis's; but he is bustling, and whimsical, and effective in it in a very high degree; and it will make no trifling addition to the reputation he has so deservedly obtained.

10.—*Every Man in his Humour*.—This comedy, as we have before observed, excellent as it is, is *carte* to the multitude; for the allusions are obsolete, and the characters and manners, though admirably sketched and correctly preserved, are not easily to be comprehended by an audience of the present day. Mr. Cooke has lately done wonders for the play, in Kitley, at Covent Garden; and to the frequency of its repetition there, on his account, may be attributed the poverty of its attraction at Drury Lane. Bannister, however, was very well in many parts of *Bobadil*: in the celebrated *Gasconade* of "twenty more" he was particularly successful, and his ludicrous expression of shame, terror, and pain, after the chastisement he receives from *Downright*, was as completely in character as possible. Wroughton's *Kitley* was respectable, as are all his performances, but it did not boast any thing striking; Cherry in *Master Stephen* merits commendation; and Mrs. Powell looked very beautifully in *Dame Kitley*. The other characters were supported with all requisite ability.

15.—Mr. Stephen Kemble appeared in *Shylock*, for his benefit, and played it with judgment and spirit. He appeared literally to have "*fed fat* the ancient grudge he bore" *Antonio*; but, bating his corpulency, which did not properly suit a personification of that rooted malignity, which has possessed the "Jewish heart" of Shylock, the performance was creditable to his understanding and powers. Mr. Kemble delivered a *farewell Address*, which, as well as that spoken by Mr. Bannister, on his introduction, was written by himself. It is very ingeniously put together, and every line of it told.

18.—*As you like it*.—A Mr. Bartley, from the Margate stage, made his appearance in *Orlando*, and was well received. His performance was guided by good sense and feeling; and though he has no very striking requisites, for the stage, he will probably be found capable of sustaining many secondary characters with much respectability. We understand that Mr. B. was recommended to the managers by Mrs. Jordan, who perceived his merit last summer, during her engagement at Margate.

21.—*Love and Magic*.—a new Pantomime—which has afforded a vast fund of merriment to the holiday folks. The tricks, changes, and business are mostly taken out of former Harlequinades; but the compilation is so ingenious, the merit of the performers so conspicuous, and the effect of the first and last scene so excessively brilliant, that we are not surprised at its continuing its attraction so long. Mr. Byrne; little Oscar, the Harlequin in miniature; Grimaldi, and Miss Menage exerted themselves greatly, and were as greatly applauded.

JAN. 8.—*Count of Narbonne*.—Miss Woodfall, daughter of the very respectable literary character of that name, made her first appearance in *Adelaide*, a part well suited to the age, figure, and talents of the amiable debutante. Her reception, which was in the highest degree flattering, did not exceed her desert; we have, indeed, seldom witnessed so promising a first ap-

pearance. Miss Woodfall's person and countenance are very pleasing; her voice is not powerful, but the tones are clear and interesting, and seem to be guided by a correct ear. In the scene with the *Countess*, and in the dying scene, she displayed a degree of judgment and sensibility from which every thing may in time be expected. This theatre is much in want, at present, of a young actress, qualified like Miss Woodfall; and it will be the interest of the managers to bring her forward very frequently. The tragedy has great merit in point of composition, but is too outrageous and horrible in its plan to remain in much favour with the public, without the most superlative acting, such as we have seen from Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, in the *Count* and *Countess*; but the performers on this evening were not without considerable merit, Barrymore was skilful and animated in the laborious part of the *Count*, and Austin was very characteristically dressed and feelingly acted by Mr. Raymond. C. Kemble is a Theodore to whom neither Horace Walpole, nor Jephson, could make the slightest objection, and Mrs. Powell's *Hortensia* was dignified and impressive.

17.—*Richard III.*—Mr. Fearon, son of the late actor, and commander of an East-India man, attempted the part of *Gloster*, and "sailed before the wind" in a very capital style. He dexterously avoided the rocks upon which many of his predecessors have split, and bore his vessel triumphantly into port, amid the shouts of hundreds of his brother sailors, who, attended to congratulate him on the success of his voyage. In plain English, Mr. Fearon has great requisites for the stage—a fine manly person, though rather too heavy; a voice equal to the utmost degree of exertion, freedom of deportment, confidence, feeling, and unabating spirit. He was applauded *to the very echo, which applauded again*; and certainly, if ever the audience were taken by storm, it was upon this occasion. In the latter acts, his bustle and spirit bear him along surprisingly, and in many passages, where these are not required, he has considerable merit; but in the more important qualities of *Richard*, his hypocrisy, subtility, sternness, gloomy perturbation, &c. he is far from successful. He shews often a great want of discrimination, particularly in the soliloquies, and hurries over many of the most significant passages as if he were ignorant of their meaning. He appears, throughout, to be running a race with the character, and frequently gets the start of it. But there is much genius, notwithstanding these blemishes, and if he means to pursue the stage as a profession, there is very little doubt of his obtaining a respectable and lucrative situation on the Drury-Lane boards.

19.—*Orphan.*—Mr. Barrymore was taken so suddenly ill, at the end of the first act, that he was unable to proceed with the part of *Polydore*. Mr. Bartley, the gentleman who appeared in *Orlando*, read the remainder of the character.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Barrymore continues much indisposed, and that symptoms have manifested themselves of a paralytic nature.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Dec. 18.—*Family Quarrels.*—A new comic opera, by Mr. T. Dibdin. The public are quite aware of the difficulties which attend this species of composition on the modern stage, where simplicity of fable, and simplicity of music, are no

longer sufficient to excite attention. All an author can do now, is to furnish a vehicle for the airs, duets, trios, &c. and to contrive suitable situations, in which the performers may introduce their songs. For these he must necessarily sacrifice his plot, and do frequent violence to his own judgment. If at last he succeed in creating a kind of bustling interest, and combining his materials so as to produce a light and amusing whole, his purpose is answered, and the people are satisfied. Such is the case with the opera of *Family Quarrels*.

The first scene presents a romantic view of a village, in which the adjacent mansions of the two families, whose quarrels give a title to the piece, are beautifully portrayed; in the foreground is a rustic bridge, and a cascade in motion. The piece opens with an assemblage of sportsmen, anglers, and huntsmen, one of whom (Squire Foxglove) (a) relates that Sir Peppercorn Crabstick(b) has broken off a match between his daughter Caroline,(c) and Charles,(d) the son of Mr.(e) and Mrs.(f) Supplejack, because the latter, proud of her own honourable origin, has looked down upon the newly acquired title and fortune of Sir Peppercorn, whose greatest pride is to own his obligations to trade, and the successful efforts of his own indefatigable industry.—In their mutual anger, the heads of the two families introduce new plans of marriage for their respective offspring. Lady Selina Sugarcane,(g) the chattering widow of a West India nabob, is brought from town as a match for Charles, and Miss Caroline is destined by her father to meet the addresses of Matthew Mushroom, Esq. a rich Yorkshire clothier,(h) who is preferred by Sir Peppercorn for his great fortune, and for the obscurity of the family he springs from. Charles, however, by the assistance of his friend Foxglove, procures an interview by moonlight with Caroline, which is discovered by the vigilance of Argus,(i) a trusty servant of Sir Peppercorn's, who suddenly catches the lovers together, and forbids her admirer and his friend ever to approach his house in future.—After a variety of schemes, contrived chiefly by the ingenuity of Proteus,(k) in the interest of Charles, and Susan,(l) Caroline's attendant, the lovers are brought together, and, through the mediation of Foxglove, the two families agree to put an end to their quarrels, and consent to the union which they had taken so much pains to prevent.

In our last number we noticed the violent opposition of the Jews to this piece, for two or three nights, in consequence of a song introduced by *Proteus*, in the habit of a Jew pedlar, which, however, contained nothing that ought to have been construed into an offence. After a few unsuccessful efforts to condemn the piece, on this account, they withdrew their opposition, and the opera has since proceeded with no other interruption than that of applause. If there is nothing very striking in the design, or original in the characters and incidents of this opera, the effect, altogether, is very pleasant; some of the incidents are extremely diverting; the dialogue is smart, and enlivened with humorous allusions and neat repartee: the songs are in general well written. Munden's "*Gaffer Gris*,"

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| (a) Mr. Ingleton. | (b) Mr. Munden. | (c) Miss Waddy. |
| (d) Mr. Braham. | (e) Mr. Simmons. | (f) Mrs. Davenport. |
| (g) Mrs. Mattocks. | (h) Mr. Emery. | (i) Mr. Blanchard. |
| (k) Mr. Fawcett. | (l) Signora Storace. | |

Jaffer's son, and his little Jack-ass," is a whimsical verification of the fable of the "old miller, his son, and the ass," and produces great effect.

The composers are in number five, and the same as in the *Cabinet*; viz. Messrs. Reeve, Moorehead, Davy, Corri, and Braham. The music is not, upon the whole, so attractive as in the former instance; but some of the pieces are very beautiful, and will add considerably to the reputation of their respective authors. We shall perhaps be more particular on the subject of the music in a future number.

23.—*Cato*.—Mr Cooke's *Cato* has been one of his most successful performances. The *Roman Patriot* might have a more majestic representative, but certainly not one who could give more weight and dignity to the sentiments, or meet so well, in every respect, the ideas which we have been taught to entertain of this illustrious character. In the burst on being told of the heroic conduct of his son *Marcus*, "Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty," he was impressive in the highest degree, and in the whole of the speech over the dead body; but his great excellence consisted in his manner of uttering the celebrated soliloquy on suicide. It is one of the most exquisite *monologues*, in point of judgment, thought, solemnity, and strictly characteristic expression, which live in our stage recollection. Often as we have admired Mr. Cooke, we do not think he ever before excited in us so high a notion of his great talents.

The tragedy itself is so ruined by the ridiculous love-plot, that, now that party spirit no longer exists to support it, its revival can never last more than a few nights. On this occasion it received ample justice from the several performers: Mr. Siddons (*Portius*), Mr. H. Johnson (*Marcus*), Mr. Brunton (*Juba*), Mr. Murray (*Syphax*), Mr. Cory (*Senpronius*), Miss Marriot (*Lucia*), and Mrs. Lichfield (*Marcia*).

Mr. Cooke, and consequently the rest of the performers, pronounced *Cato* with the open *a*, *Caato*. See some remarks on this point in the Stage department of the present number.

24.—*Harlequin's Haberdashery*.—The new Christmas pantomime is the invention of the indefatigable T. Dibdin. It abounds with the usual tricks and transformations. The changes are rapid, numerous, and striking, and some of the incidents are irresistibly ludicrous. The mistaking a man's wooden leg, which is seen projecting from the foot of a bed, for a warming pan, and thus pulling away the unfortunate stump, afforded infinite merriment. Mr. Harris has been at immense expence for scenery, which chiefly represents some of the most striking objects on the road to Paris:—the gates of Calais, Quillacque's hotel there, the Pont au Change, Conciergerie, Pont Neuf, &c. and St. Dennis's gate at Paris. There is also a most delightful view of Rochester Bridge, with the Castle and Cathedral, by RICHARDS. Phillips has distinguished himself very much on this occasion, having painted no less than six of the scenes. The Bolognas, King, Klanert, Dubois, Master Manage, and the elegant Wybrow, appear to advantage in the principal pantomimical characters. The music is well adapted. Moorehead has furnished an excellent overture, and two charming glees.

We shall notice the new *Othello*, at Covent Garden, who is announced also for *Jaffer*, in our next number.

KING'S THEATRE.

Two new operas have been produced with tolerable success—*I due Baroni*, and *Il matrimonio segreto*. Signora Gerbini, the new singer, has a most excellent voice, modulated with consummate taste, and her execution is delightful. Mrs. Billington excites the same admiration and applause, with which she was honoured on the English boards last season. Nothing very striking has yet been attempted in the *ballet way*, owing, no doubt, in some degree, to the indisposition of Parisot and Madame Coralli. Mr. Taylor has disposed of his share in the property to an Irish gentleman of fortune of the name of Gould, who proposes soon to visit the continent, with an intention of making some new engagements.

Mrs. Billington had entered into an agreement to sing at Messrs. Harrison and Knyvett's Concerts; but it appears, from a clause in the trust deed, that she has no power to form such an engagement, and the proprietors, it is said, mean to oppose it. This report, however, has been contradicted; and it is alleged that there is an express stipulation in her article that she shall perform "at any two concerts she pleases," in consequence of which she chose the *Ancient Concert* and Mr. Harrison's.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Richardson, one of the proprietors of Drury Lane, has been dangerously indisposed for some time. Kemble is at present at Madrid, where he is honoured with the most flattering attentions. Mrs. Siddons has had a grand rout and supper at her house in Dublin. All the fashionables in the city were present, amounting to upwards of a hundred, among whom were the Lord Lieutenant and family. The supper was a *Pic Nic*. At three o'clock the party broke up. One hundred carriages were in waiting, a sight seldom seen at a private door in Dublin. The ladies were dressed very splendidly, with a profusion of diamonds. The comedy of *Hear both Parties*, announced at Drury Lane, is from the pen of Mr. Holcroft. A new drama, expected at the same theatre, called the *Hero of the North*, is founded on the history of Gustavus Vasa, and borrowed, probably, not a little from Kotzebue's play upon that subject. Mr. Colman's comedy has been read in the Covent Garden green-room, and is said to be his *chef d'œuvre*. There is a character in it for Mr. Cooke, expressly adapted for his great and peculiar powers. The other reported novelties are Mrs. Inchbald's translation of the *Judgment of Solomon*; a musical entertainment by Miss Porter, a sister of the ingenious artist; and an opera by Mrs. Plowden. Captain Caulfield, of the Guards, the hero of the *Pic Nic* theatre, is the gentleman announced for *Hamlet*. The Haymarket theatre will open with a prelude by Mr. Colman. Mr. Elliston is certainly to be the acting manager; and it is said that Blisset and Quick are engaged. A Mr. Byrne is to be the vocal hero. Miss De Camp, whose disorder is reported to be the consequence of a broken blood-vessel, resides within a few miles of Paris. Her return to this country is not speedily expected; but the last accounts were of a favourable nature.

MEMORANDA MUSICA.

Mr. *Winter*, from GERMANY, is arrived, to fill his situation as a composer to the ITALIAN *Opera*. It is remarkable, at this place of fashionable resort, and elegant entertainment, that principal situations are ably sustained by *English* performers. Mrs. *Billington*, First Singer; her brother, *Wichiel*, Leader; *Kelly*, (a *West Briton*) director of the Chorus; Lindley, first Violoncelle; Mr. *Condell*, Piano-forte; Harrington, Hautboy; Mahon, Clarionett; Holmes, Bassoon, &c. &c. The *Petrides*, two French Horn players of extraordinary talents, have succeeded the *Leanders*.

An elegant and correct *SCORE Edition* of the works of HAYDN have been lately published at the *Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris*. To students in music this is a desirable acquisition.

The *Amateurs* of the German *Flute* welcome the return of the celebrated Mr. *Ashe*, who has left *Bath* to settle in the capital. Some years have elapsed since we were gratified with Mr. A.'s performance at Hanover-square Rooms. Dr. *Haydn* presided, at the time alluded to, as *Composer* to the *Concerts* under the able direction of *Saloman*. The venerable *Haydn* particularly noticed *Ashe*, and wrote those admired *Obligati Flute* parts in his *Hanover-square Symphonies*, expressly for this performer. Mr. A. devotes his time chiefly to *Teaching* the Accompaniment of the Piano-forte. We understand his "*Flute Treatise*" is in forwardness. Mrs. *Ashe* gave ample proofs of superior talent as a singer in the late Dr. *Arnold's Oratorio*, Haymarket Theatre.

Mr. *Mazzinghi's* trip to *Paris* deprives the town of an able *Composer*, and an excellent *Master*. Mr. M.'s labours have been equally successful in *English*, as well as *Italian* composition. Witness his *Paul and Virginia*, *English Opera*; and *Paul and Virginia, Ballet*; *Turnpike Gate*; *Ramdh Droog*, &c. various *Italian Operas, Ballets, Canzonetts*, and *Piano-forte Lessons*.

Mr. *Mountain*, we are informed, is engaged as *Leader* of the Band, and *Kelly* as *Composer*, for Mr. *Colman's* Theatre.

Mr. *Ashley* has engaged Mrs. *Billington* and Miss *Parke* for his *Lent Oratorios*, to lead on alternate nights. General *Ashley* is, of course, *Leader* of the Band, except on Mrs. *Billington's* nights, when Mr. *Weichsel* will preside.

Review of New Musical Publications, continued.

"The Lord's Prayer," Set to Music by John W. Allen, Professor of the Piano-forte.

A seasonable present to youth of either sex. Mr. *Watten* has been a Lieutenant in the Navy, and is now settled in London respectably as a *Composer* and *Teacher* of Music. We have observed various *Rondos*, founded on *Scottish* *Airs*, of this Gentleman's composition, lively and playful, though not very profound. By saying so, we do not mean to depreciate. In light compositions, consistency and facility may be preferable to laboured and extraneous modulation.

"Instructions for playing the Piano-forte." By William Reeve.

Well adapted to the capacity of juvenile pupils. We recommend Mr. Reeve's book as a *prefatory* one to *Clementi's*: The *fingering* is accurately *marked*, the rules *concise*, and *easily comprehended*.

"His sparkling Eyes." Rondo P. forte. By T. Bennison, Pupil of M. Kelly. Brilliant, à la Mozart. Mr. Bennison is a junior composer of much promise.

"The favorite Airs in Blue Beard, &c. by Kelly, arranged as Rondos by Steibelt, Kreitzér, and other Masters of eminence."

Mr. Kelly has adopted a judicious plan, by calling in the aid of established Composers, to render his "Tink a tink," &c. still *more popular*, by elegant and appropriate variations.

"Six Vocal Duets." By John Davy.]

A re-published work, worthy of the *Élève* of Jackson.

"Eliza." Canzonett. The Words by an Officer of the 86th Rég. Music by Moorehead.

The Poet *military* has written literally *con amore*. The Latin quotation in the Title-page (*Videtur alii, &c.*) is rather unusual for a *bagatelle* of this description. Both *Words* and *Music* seem to be of *Hibernian* production.

"Three Duets for Violins." Op. 11. By J. Sanderson.

Mr. S. has displayed a thorough knowledge of the instrument in this little production. If we err not, the popular Ballad "The Cottage on the Moor," is the composition of this gentleman.

Treatises, &c.

We notice a new Edition of Mr. Shield's admirable *Treatise of Harmony*. It is now rendered more complete, by the correction of Typographical errors, and the addition of a Head of the Author. For a character of this work, see a former M. Mirror.

A Literary Correspondent intimates, that Mr. Professor Porson is engaged in a Translation of Plutarch's work on Music. To those Musicians who do not understand GREEK, this may be an accommodation.

In our next we shall present the Public with an Authentic Memoir of the Life of the famous Irish Bard Carolan.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

PARIS.—Seventeen theatres open their doors every evening for the entertainment of Paris, where the population does not exceed 620,000 souls. It may be calculated that the spectacles of this city occupy, on an average, the leisure of 20,000 individuals, or nearly one thirtieth part of the whole. The following is a list of the theatres.

1. The opera, or the theatre de la Republique et des Arts, situate in la rue de la Loi, formerly la rue Richlieu.

2. Le theatre Francois de la Republique, rue de la Loi, at the corner of rue St. Honore. This was formerly the theatre Francois de Faubourg St. Germain.

3. L'Opera Comique, rue Feydeau, the entrance in rue de la Loi. This was formerly the Italian theatre of la rue Manconseil.

4. The Italian opera Buffa, rue Favars, the entrance in rue de la Loi.

5. Le theatre Louvois, rue de Louvois, the entrance in rue de la Loi, opposite the opera. This theatre is under the management of Picard, a dramatist of some repute.

6. The theatre called Montansier, formerly the theatre Beaujolois, in the buildings of the Palais Royal, behind rue de la Loi.

7. Le theatre de Vaudeville, in the square of the Palais Royal, almost facing la rue de la Loi.

8. Le theatre de la Cite, opposite the Palace of Justice.

9. Le theatre de la Porte St. Martin, formerly the Opera house, built to supply the place of that which was burnt at the Palais Royal.

10. Les Varietes Nationales Etrangeres, formerly the theatre Moliere, built in la rue St. Martin, at an early part of the Revolution, by an actor named Bourfault, who was afterwards a member of the convention, a drinker of blood, and a worthy collegian of his brother actor-legislator, Collot d'Herbois and Favre d'Eglantine.

11. Le theatre des Etrangeres, formerly du Marais, established after the commencement of the Revolution by Caron de Beaumarchais, at one of the extremities of Paris, exclusively for the representation of his own pieces. This theatre was much frequented in 1792, when the great attractions were two new pieces, Robert Chef de Brigands, a farce; and the drama of la Mere Coupable.

12. Le theatre du Boulevard.

13. L'Ambigu Comique, formerly Audinot's.

14. Le theatre de la Caire, formerly Nicolet's.

15. Le theatre des jeunes Artists, formerly des Eleves de l'Opera.

16. Le theatre sans Pretension.

17. Le theatre Pittoresque et Mecanique.

Theatre NATIONAL DES ARTS.—*The Mysteries of Isis*, an opera in four acts. The celebrated German opera of the *Enchanted Flute*, composed so exquisitely by Mozart, was some time back produced at this theatre, under the above title. A French critic thus speaks of it. "Every body knows that in Germany, as well as in Italy, (and he might have added, with strict justice, in England) the constructors of operas pay little attention to plot, style, or even to common sense. The author of the "*Mysteries of Isis*" had, therefore, some difficulty in putting the materials into a more regular dramatic form, without which, the music, sublime as it is, would not have been listened to with any satisfaction, by a French assembly. But I think he was wrong in applying the subject of the *enchanted flute* to the *Mysteries of Isis*. The buffooneries of a cowardly servant, pleasant enough in a work of fancy, are by no means suitable to the notions which have been handed down to us, relative to those sacred mys-

teries in which all the ancient philosophers and illustrious ornaments of Greece and Rome were anxious to be initiated, and which had no connection, as one of the journals has stated, with our Freemason mummeries and lodges of illuminists, that are nothing more than a burlesque of these mysteries. A juster idea is given of them in a work that is too little read, called *Sethos*, or in a book, still more entertaining, called the *Travels of Antenor*. And yet *their* description of them does not come up to what may be gathered from some of the ancient writers.

The music produced all the effect which could have been expected. There is no attempt to entrap the applause of the injudicious; no false brilliancies; the accompaniments are always in unison with the character of the melody and of the airs.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

Continued from Page 412, Vol. XIV.

DRURY-LANE.—SEASON 1760-1.

10.—WAY TO KEEP HIM, (a) in five acts, with a new prologue, to be spoken by Mr. Holland. *D. Disap.*

(a) "The Way to keep Him, enlarged from the piece in three acts into five, by the author (A. Murphy) received with universal applause. Prologue by Mr. Murphy:—heavy." *Cross's Diary*.

The characters of *Sir Bashful* and *Lady Constant*, acted by Mr. Yates and Mrs. Davies, were introduced, for the first time, in this alteration, agreeably to the author's original intention, as he states in his life of Garrick. Several additions were also made to the character of *Lovemore*.

The ground-work of the character of *Sir Bashful Constant*, and of several of the incidents, is to be found in M. de la Chaussée's character of *D'Urval*, in his comedy called *Le Préjugé à la mode*. *Sir Bashful* is a gentleman, who, though passionately fond of his wife, yet, from a fear of being laughed at by the gay world for uxoriousness, is perpetually assuming the tyrant, and treating her, at least before company, with great unkindness. The manner in which the author has interwoven this character with the rest of the plot, is productive of scenes which certainly add greatly to the *Vis comica* of the piece. The design of the comedy altogether is to point out to the married part of the female sex, how much unhappiness they frequently create to themselves, by neglecting, after marriage, to make use of the same arts, the same assiduity to please, the same elegance in the decoration of their persons, and the same complacency and blandishments in their temper and behaviour, to preserve the affections of the husband, as they had before it put in practice to awaken the passions of the lover. This doctrine is here enforced by the example of a gentleman of amiable qualities, and a natural liveliness of turn; yet, according to his own declarations, strongly inclinable to domestic happiness, driven, by this mistaken conduct in

12.—*W. to keep him.*—*Chaplet.*—Danton, Lowe. 13.—*Ibid.* 14.—*E. of Essex. H. Life.* 15.—*W. to keep him. Chaplet.*

16.—[*BY COMMAND*] *Ibid.* with H. Liv. 17.—*E. of Essex. Enchanter.* 19.—*Minor. P. Hon.* 20.—*W. to keep him. P. Hon.* 21.—*E. of Essex. Guardian.* 22.—*W. to keep him. P. Hon.*

23.—[*BY COMMAND*]—*Agis. P. Hon.* 24.—*Minor. (b) Lobe.* 26.—*E. of Essex. P. Hon.* 27.—*W. to keep him. D. to pay.*

28.—*M. Bride. Almeria, (1st time) Mrs. YATES. Enchanter.*

29.—*J. Shore. Enchanter.* 31.—*T. and Sign. [Never acted] EDDAR AND EMMELINE, (c) a Fairy Tale. O'Brien; (Edgar); King, (Florinda);*

his wife, from his home, and a valuable woman the mistress of that home, into gallantries with other women, and a total indifference to his wife. The design has great merit, and the execution of it is pleasingly conducted. The principal characters are well drawn; some of the incidents sufficiently surprising and interesting, and the denouement attended with circumstances which render it truly comic.

Besides the obligation above-mentioned, to the French drama, Mr. Murphy is indebted to M. de Molloy's *Nouvelle Ecole de Femmes*, for some of his materials; and the Widow Belnour has been thought to bear too close a resemblance, in some respects, to Congreve's *Milamant*. Upon the whole, however, it is certainly one of our best modern comedies, and the representation of it never fails to give satisfaction to the audience. It has lately been revived at Drury-Lane, with very great success,

(b) "Indifferent house." *Cross's Diary.*

(c) This little piece met with great success in the representation, and indeed deservedly. The exchange of sex in Edgar and Emmeline, by the command of the fairies, to enable them to receive the impressions of love unknown to themselves, through the conveyance of friendship, is a new and pretty thought; the conduct of it sensible, rational, and delicate, and the behaviour of those little imaginary beings, the fairies, consistent with the ideas we have constantly formed of them. In a word, altogether it is a very pleasing entertainment, and is rendered still more so by the addition of the musical interludes, whereby the main action is broken in upon and relieved.

Dr. John Hawkesworth, the author, was born about the year 1719; though his epitaph, as we find it in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1781, makes him to have been born in 1715. He was brought up to a mechanical profession; that of a watch-maker, as is supposed. He was of the sect of Presbyterians, and a member of the celebrated Tom Bradbury's meeting, from which he was expelled for some irregularities. He afterwards devoted himself to literature, and became an author of considerable eminence. In the early part of life, his circumstances were rather confined. He resided some time at Bromley in Kent, where his wife kept a boarding-school, which they relinquished in order to accommodate two women of fortune, who came to reside with them. He afterwards became known to a lady, who had great property and interest in the East-India company; and, through her means, was chosen a director of that body. As an au-

Master Kennedy, (*Elfenä*); Miss Rogers, (*Grotilla*); Miss Wright, (her set

thor, his *Adventurer* is his capital work; the merits of which, as is said, procured him the degree of LL.D. from Herring, archbishop of Canterbury. When the design of compiling a narrative of the discoveries in the South-seas was on foot, he was recommended as a proper person to be employed on the occasion: but, in truth, he was not a proper person, nor did the performance answer expectation.* Works of taste and elegance, where imagination and the passions were to be affected, were his province; not works of dry, cold, accurate narrative. However, he executed his task, and is said to have received for it the enormous sum of £6000. He died in 1773: some say, of high living; others, of chagrin from the ill reception of his "*Narrative*:" for he was a man of the keenest sensibility, and obnoxious to all the evils of such irritable natures. On a handsome marble monument at Bromley, in Kent, is the following inscription; the latter part of which is taken from the last number of *The Adventurer*.

To the Memory of

JOHN HAWKESWORTH, LL.D.

Who died the 16th of November,

MDCCLXXIII, aged 58 years.

That he lived ornamental and useful

To society is an eminent degree,

Was among the boasted felicities

Of the present age;

That he laboured for the benefit of Society,

Let his own pathetic admissions

Record and realize:

"The hour is passing, in which whatever praise or censure I have acquired will be remembered with equal indifference.—Time, who is impatient to date my last paper, will shortly moulder the hand which is now writing in the dust, and still the breast that now throbs at the reflection. But let not this be read as something that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written."

Dr. H. altered *Amphytrion* and *Oronoko*; and is said to be the author of *Zimri*, an *Oratorio*, published anonymously. His translation of *Telemachus* is also much admired.

Sir John Hawkins denies that he was brought up to a mechanical profession, and asserts that "he had been taught no art but that of writing, and was a hired clerk to one Harwood, an attorney, in Grocer's-Alley, in the Partry." Ac-

* "*Hawkesworth's Compilation of the Voyages to the South Sea* being mentioned; JOHNSON. 'Sir, if you talk of it as a subject of commerce, it will be gainful; if as a book that is to increase human knowledge, I believe there will not be much of that. Hawkesworth can tell only what the voyagers have told him; and they have found very little; only one new animal, I think.' BOSWELL. 'But many insects, Sir.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, as to insects, Ray reckons of British insects 20,000 species. They might have staid at home, and discovered enough in that way.' *Boswell's Life of Johnson*.

app.] (*a Fairy*); Mrs. Yates, (*Emmeline*); with an epilogue. (d) The music by Mr. Arne.

2.—*Tempest*. Ed. & Em. 3.—*Agis* and *Ibid*. 5.—[By COMMAND]—*Zara*, Mrs. CIBBER. 7.—*E. of Essex* and *Id*. 9.—*M. ado*. *Id*. (c) 10.—*W. to keep him*. *Id*.

According to the same writer, he also furnished the Parliamentary Debates in the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1743, or 1744, when Dr. Johnson dropped them, till about the year 1760; and held the office of reviewer to the same work, from 1762 to 1772. We are likewise told by Sir J. Hawkins, that Dr. H. thought the complimentary degree conferred on him by Archbishop Herring, entitled him to become an advocate in the ecclesiastical courts, and that he had a serious design of appearing in that capacity, till his mistake was pointed out. But some of Sir J. Hawkins's assertions are to be received with caution. Dr. H. was one of the original members of the club established by Dr. Johnson in Ivey Lane, in the winter of 1749.

(d) Spoken by Mrs. Yates; written by Garrick.

(e) Author's night.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—This theatre opened Dec. 3, with the comedy of *Speed the Plough*, and the after-piece of *Bon Ton*. The manager has picked up two new faces since the last season, and promised us a third. Mr. Asker and Mrs. Dawson have appeared, the former in the vocal, and the latter in the tragic department. Mr. Asker's voice is not unmusical, but he would be heard with considerably more pleasure if he would let us know what he is singing about. Mrs. Dawson's capacity for the stage is dubious. Her figure, gesture, speech, &c. are tolerable rather than striking. She frequently forgets that there is such a letter in the alphabet as H, has a tincture of provincial accent, and does not pay sufficient attention to grace and propriety in her attitudes. The unpopularity of Mr. Fox, formerly so great a favourite, originates in himself, and not in the fickleness of public attachment. A want of deference to the public will never long be countenanced in actors, that have stronger claims to its favour than Mr. Fox. Independent of this, he is never correct in his parts, and when he is out he does not attend to the prompter, but goes mumbling on a parcel of indistinct words in an under tone, which perplexes the other actors, and often occasions several speeches being omitted, or introduced where they ought not to be. A Mrs. St. John is promised us by the manager, but she has not yet made her appearance. She is to succeed Mrs. Farren in the operatic characters. Mr. G. Shuter, a young man of very promising parts, has been sent by the manager to perform before *twelve tallow candles*, at an inferior theatre. Why not have sent his candle-snuffers, and kept his actors where their merit stood a chance of being rewarded?

Wolverhampton, Dec. 10, 1802.

CIVIS.

Theatre HITCHIN.—Mr. Lacy's company is now exhibiting here, with tolerable success. The performers are very respectable, and we observe, with much pleasure, the rapid improvement which Miss Maria Taylor, Spilsbury makes in sentimental comedy. We have had occasion to mention this lady's performance before, (under the name of Taylor) at Bedford; and we make no doubt but she will, ultimately, be a useful member of the corps of Thalia.

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—"MR. EDITOR,—In consequence of the letter inserted in your Mirror of last month, dated Plymouth, Dec. 14, 1802. I wish to avail myself of the earliest opportunity of vindicating myself from so gross an aspersion; and for your very handsome offer of permitting me to say a few words in justification of myself, both as a man and a performer, I beg you will accept my grateful acknowledgments.

"First, I, in the most solemn manner, disclaim all knowledge whatever of the writer of the letter alluded to by an *Impartial Observer*, and in reply to the assertion "that, from *my own report*, they were led to suppose I possessed talents of the first order, consequently, *previous to my arrival*, several plays were cast in which my name was inserted for principal characters," I must observe that the characters alluded to I afterwards performed with Mr. Bannister, but am at a loss to know at what the writer aims when he says by *my own report*. I was engaged by the proprietor from Guernsey, and the first overtures were made by *him to me*. Being then a total stranger at Plymouth, and so far off, I of course could have no opportunity (had I been inclined) to *report my own merits*. Secondly, the favourable reception I was so fortunate to meet with in Sparkish and Robin, induced the manager to have the following lines printed in the next night's play bills. "Perhaps no audience was ever more fascinated and delighted than by the *charming performances* of Miss Dixon on Wednesday and Friday last; and as her engagement here will be of a *short duration*, it is respectfully hoped and presumed, that an *early and liberal* patronage will be given to her future nights. The company has also been reinforced by Mr. Lovegrove and Mrs. Forbes, who were received with the utmost possible approbation on Friday last, and such arrangements are now made, as will render the remainder of the season particularly worthy the attention and support of all *dramatic amateurs*." A bill with the above is in my possession. This, together with the multiplicity of business (and that of the first description) I was afterwards employed in, by the direction of the proprietor, is, I think, a flat contradiction to that part of the *impartial observations* where I am accused of not only dissatisfying the *proprietor*, but the *inhabitants*, with my performances. As a further illustration of what I have already asserted, I beg leave to subjoin a list of the characters allotted me by the manager."

[Here Mr. Lovegrove transcribed a list, by which it appears that he performed principal characters, (often both in play and farce,) on 37 different nights. This list, however, for the sake of brevity, we have omitted.]

"There is a *petitesse* in the mention of the benefits that I think despicable, and the writer, whoever he may be, as he is so *well* acquainted with the concerns of the theatre, is, doubtless, acquainted with the cause of the failure of mine; if not, I will hereafter assign that cause, together with 'a *simple statement of facts*,' in my turn, in which the enumeration of some circumstances,

when made known, may make the *Impartial Observer* regret ever having endeavoured to injure the character of an innocent young man.

"Let me now request that the gentleman who did me the honour to speak well of me, who it seems has given offence for so doing, and by that means has made me the innocent victim of spleen and ill-nature, will come forward, and exonerate me from these aspersions, by sending his name and abode.

"*Theatre Royal Bath,*

"WILLIAM LOVEGROVE."

Theatre PLYMOUTH.—"MR. EDITOR—A letter having appeared in your *Mirror* of last month from Plymouth, of a most calumnious tendency, I feel bound to say a few words in defence of myself. For your goodness in giving me that permission pray accept my warmest thanks. I give you my word and honour I was not, nor do I know, or even suspect, the writer of the letter wherein I am favourably spoken of. I must here contradict the *impartial* writer, in that part of the letter in which he says the *inhabitants* were *dissatisfied* with me, and a more complete contradiction cannot, I think, be given, than by affirming that (with repeated plays) I performed upwards of *forty* characters, and those *all principal*, in three months, bills of which I still have by me. I have the *satisfaction and happiness to know* I left Plymouth regretted as an *actress*, and esteemed as a *woman*.

"ELIZA FORBES."

✂ The Editor, agreeably to his promise, has inserted these letters, with the omission of one or two passages which did not appear absolutely necessary. When the letter under the signature of a LOUNGER was received, it was laid by as unfit for insertion, in consequence of the disguise apparent in the hand-writing. It was afterwards delivered to the Printer by a mistake, which was not discovered till too late to be rectified. Our reason for inserting the letter of an IMPARTIAL OBSERVER appeared in the publication of last month; and, to manifest our own impartiality, we have now given a place to the two letters written by Mr. Lovegrove and Mrs. Forbes, in their own vindication. Here, we trust, the matter will rest. We should observe that another Letter of same length, from Plymouth, in refutation of the facts stated by a LOUNGER, was received in December, which we declined publishing for the cause assigned in the Correspondence Page of last Month.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE private theatricals of Dalby-house, near Leicester, that have, for several successive summers, been objects of the greatest attraction and admiration to the lovers of the drama, have been revived during the Christmas holidays, with all their former elegance and splendour. The play of *The Stranger*, with the faces

of Three Weeks after Marriage, were the pieces represented. The principal male characters were taken by the usual amateurs, E. W. Hartopp, Esq. Mr. E. Hartopp, the two eldest sons of Colonel Noel, Francis Munday, Esq. and Mr. Bilberron, and were well supported. The female characters were filled by the three Miss Hamiltons, whose theatrical merits are too well known to need any other comment than merely to say they performed with their usual spirit and excellence. The hospitality and polite attention of the lady of the mansion, the Hon. Mrs. Hartopp, shone as conspicuous on this as on former occasions. The band, formerly of the Melton Mowbray corps of volunteer infantry, filled the orchestra. A cold collation and ball followed, from which the visitors did not depart till the morning was far advanced.

CRAWF HALL—Long the acknowledged seat of English hospitality—has this Christmas been the seat of unrivalled festivity. On Wednesday, the 4th instant, there were a splendid ball and supper, to the latter of which near an hundred persons sat down. On Thursday a dinner was given to a select party, and in the evening all the visitors of that and the preceding day were gratified with theatrical amusements, the picture gallery having been prepared for the occasion, and fitted up in a very commodious style. The performance commenced with a prologue from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, but altered and made applicable to the occasion. *Midas* then followed, and went off with the happiest effect, and the reiterated bursts of applause amply spoke the merits of the several performers: *Midas* was played with the most successful humour. *Myth* was animated and judicious, while *Nysa* would have insured commendation from the proudest assemblage of London critics. The scene of the celestials was well managed, and *Hebe*, *Venus*, and *Juno*, appeared to influence the hearts of all their mortal gazers. *Midas* was followed by a new piece, written for the occasion, entitled *One bird in the Hand worth two in the Bush*. It was meant merely as a vehicle for music; the idea, however, is ingenious, and replete with comic effect.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

We are happy to state, that the claims of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales are adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. It is intended, we understand, to propose to Parliament, that Government should take upon itself the payment of the unliquidated balance of his Royal Highness's debts, for which the deduction from his income of £165,000 per annum, stands pledged, and which balance now amounts to about £240,000 and that his Royal Highness shall have the enjoyment of his own income, for the purpose of resuming and supporting the splendour suitable to his rank.

MURDER OF MATHEWS, THE HERMIT—The eccentricities of the above unfortunate old man have for a number of years been the subject of much curiosity to those who have visited Norwood and its vicinage. Upwards of 28

years ago he obtained leave of the governors of Dulwich Common to form himself a dwelling on their ground, in the neighbourhood of Sydenham Common and Dulwich Wood. This dwelling, which was the child of his own fancy, was far secluded from any other, and consisted of an excavation in the earth, thatched in with fern, underwood, &c. In this cave or hermitage he lived for a series of years, his daily employment being to work in the gardens of the neighbouring gentry, by whom, from his simplicity of manners, he was much liked. He always returned to his cave to sleep, and on Sundays used to sell beer to such as curiosity might lead to visit his cell, of whom, in the summer, there were many. About five or six years ago, however, some villains, instigated by the same motive that probably occasioned his death (an idea that he was possessed of money), broke into his cave, beat him in a most dreadful manner, and, agreeably to his own account, robbed him of 12s. For upwards of a year and a half after this he deserted his abode, and usually slept in the stables or hay-lofts of those for whom he had been at work. Drawn, however, by some strange impulse, to his former mode of life, he returned to his cave, the construction of which he altered, by digging it with a mouth resembling an oven, into which he had just room to crawl, and when laid down he contrived to press his feet against a board, which, placed at the entrance, served for a door. All these precautions did not, however, save him from the further attacks of his enemies, for, on Tuesday morning, 28th Dec. he was found, near the entrance of his cave, dead, with his jaw-bone broken in two places, and a severe wound in his cheek. The body was discovered by some boys, who, at Christmas time, had always made a practice of paying the old man a visit; he was covered with fern, &c. and under his arm was an oak branch, about six or seven feet long, which it is supposed the villains put into the cave in order to hook him out, as the hook part was found broken off, which exactly matched with the stick, and from the nature of the wound in his face, it appears likely the hook had been hitched into his mouth, there being a hole of the size of it quite through the cheek; and in dragging him to the mouth of the cave they must have turned the body, as his head, when discovered, was outermost. His jaw was broken, and, as is the opinion of a professional gentleman on the spot, the extravasated blood getting into his throat, caused suffocation. The deceased had been at the French Horn, at Dulwich, on the Monday evening, and had changed half-a-guinea there, great part of which change he is known to have had about him when he went home, none of which was to be found, as his pockets were turned out. A secret pocket, of which none of his acquaintances had any knowledge, did not escape the prying eyes of his murderers, as it was also turned out. Matthews the deceased, was near 70 years of age, and was supposed to have been induced to adopt his singular mode of living from the affectionate remembrance he entertained of a departed wife, by whom he had one daughter, doing, as we understand, tolerably well in London. He was generally liked in the neighbouring villages, and remarked for the simplicity of his manners, and the punctuality of his dealings; from which circumstance some of the gypsies, perhaps, who infest the vicinity of Norwood, might be led to conceive him worth money. Three men of the above description have been committed by Messrs. Bullock and Bowles, on suspicion of knowing something of the matter, as they were a part of

the vagrant tenants of an encampment formed very near the cave of the deceased.

The Leeds paper says: "We are informed, from good authority, that the Methodist Missions in the West Indies are in a most flourishing state; about 70,000 of the Negroes are now under instruction; about 15,000 of these are ornaments of Christian virtue; and about 70 of the Mulattoes and Blacks are already become teachers themselves.

SKETCH OF BONAPARTE.—The person of the First Consul is small, below the ordinary size of men. The Consular garb does not become him; he looks best in the plain uniform of the National Guard, which he at present generally wears. His face is strongly marked with melancholy, reflection, and deep thought; the lines of premature age are very visible upon it. He is said to be impenetrable even to his friends. His head is remarkably large, and his eyes are well formed, and well set, animating a countenance which has been seldom known to smile. His voice is the deepest toned, and seems to issue as from a tomb. His mouth is large and handsome; and in general it may be asserted, there is that harmony of features which denotes an *entire character*. The various resemblances of him are tolerably exact; though they by no means do him justice, nor give his *look*, which is extremely interesting and impressive.

A fire broke out on the 15th December, at the house of Count Potoki, at Vienna, and his Exoellency was so severely hurt in endeavouring to save himself, that he died next day.

AN ANECDOTE.—It is no wonder that Hatfield the imposter should prefer a full commitment to *Newgate*, under a general confession, to *Totter's-fields Bridewell*, and the daily interrogatories at a *Bow-street Exhibition*; the request that he made to Sir Richard Ford on this occasion, reminds us of an authentic anecdote of the late Lord Howe.—When captain of the Dunkirk man of war, a black sailor had committed some offence, for which he was ordered to receive a certain number of lashes. Being tied to the gun, the Captain, who, with the good discipline of the service at heart, sometimes went, if not the wrong, at least the round about way to effect it, ordered the ship's company to be piped upon deck, and then began a long exhortation in favour of subordination and obedience: the black culprit heard it all, under various heads of dissertation, for nearly three quarters of an hour; when, unable any longer to endure the oppression of his commander's eloquence, with the other sufferers that were to follow, thus movingly addressed him;—"Massa! if you preach-em, preach-em; if you frog-em, frog-em; but don't you *preach-em* and *frog-em* too!" Notwithstanding, the Captain of the Dunkirk continued his *preaching*, and afterwards, with unexampled bad taste, frogged poor blackey into the bargain.

GALVANISM.—The body of George Foster, who was lately executed for the murder of his wife and child, by throwing them into the Paddington Canal, was conveyed to a house not far distant, where it was subjected to the *Galvanic* process, by Professor Aldini, under the inspection of Mr. Keate, Mr. Carpus, and several other professional gentlemen. Mr. Aldini, who is the nephew of the discoverer of this most interesting science, shewed the eminent and superior powers of *Galvanism* to be far beyond any other stimulant in nature. On the first application of

the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver, and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye was actually opened. In the subsequent part of the process, the right hand was raised and clenched, and the legs and thighs were set in motion. It appeared to the uninformed part of the by-standers as if the wretched man was on the eve of being restored to life. This, however, was impossible, as several of his friends who were under the scaffold, had violently pulled his legs, in order to put a more speedy termination to his sufferings. The experiment, in fact, was of a better use and tendency. Its object was to shew the excitability of the human frame, when this animal electricity is duly applied. In cases of drowning or suffocation, it promises to be of the utmost use, by reviving the action of the lungs, and thereby rekindling the expiring spark of vitality. In cases of apoplexy or disorders of the head, it offers also most encouraging prospects for the benefit of mankind. The professor, we understand, has made use of *Galvanism* also in several cases of insanity, and with complete success. It is the opinion of the first medical men, that this discovery, if rightly managed and duly prosecuted, cannot fail to be of great, and perhaps, as yet, unforeseen utility.

The following particulars of a most horrid deed, which was committed at a small village between Marquise and Boulogne, may be relied on:—A written paper, with three signatures, was carried to the house of the mayor of this village, appointing a meeting, upon business in the evening, at a fixed place. A neighbour observed three men at the door, and the mayor to go out with his great coat on, leaving at home his wife, daughter, niece, and a maid servant. Early the next morning, a nephew of the mayor's calling, found the door open; and upon entering, first beheld the dreadful sight of the maid lying murdered in the passage; the mother and daughter dead in one room, and the niece a corpse in another. As soon as he could recover himself from the horrid spectacle, he, with the assistance of a neighbour, searched the other parts of the house, when it appeared nothing had been taken away. The written paper was found, containing the three signatures, which induced the nephew and the neighbour to proceed to the stated place, when, as their minds foreboded, they discovered the unfortunate mayor miserably mangled. In one of his hands was a large lock of hair grasped, with a part of the skin to it, supposed to belong to one of the villains. This was taken immediately to the municipality, who, for a few hours, embargoed all the vessels between Calais and Boulogne, and a most active search was made. The diligences were all examined, and every one obliged to take off his hat; but unhappily the monsters were not discovered. A person arrived in England a few days since, to communicate the shocking act to the English police, in order to trace the villains if they should have crossed the channel. It is imagined the perpetrators are three conscripts, and that, having left the paper, they conceived the hand-writing might lead to a discovery; and therefore returned again to the house to get it back, which brought on the dreadful catastrophe alluded to. The mayor was a powerful man; he was very much cut, and by the hair, which he appears to have torn from one of their heads, it is evident he made a stout resistance. A considerable reward was offered, but whether by the nephew or from the municipality, it is not mentioned.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, at seven o'clock, the coroner's inquest sat at the watch-house, Queen's-head-alley, Newgate Street, on the body of a black man, unknown, found dying under the gateway of Bull-head court, Newgate Street; their verdict was—"Died by the inclemency of the weather." A hair dresser, of Gutter Lane, Cheapside, was constable of the night. About three o'clock a watchman found the deceased near Mitre Court, Cheapside, and supposing him dying, left him in care of the constable, at the watch-house. By the warmth of the fire he so far recovered, as to say he was perishing with cold, and had no money. A gentleman present gave him a shilling. In a few minutes the constable desired him to go and seek a lodging or refreshment. He crawled to the corner of Butcher-hall-lane. The watchman on that beat brought two patrolmen, who dragged him under the gateway of Bull-head court, about a quarter past four: returning about five, they found him dead, and then carried him to the watch-house!—The shilling was found in his pocket.

LOSS OF THE HINDOSTAN EAST INDIANMAN.—We are concerned to state the total loss of the Hon. East India Company's ship the Hindostan, captain Edward Balaton. This ship was consigned to Madras and China. The fatal accident took place on Tuesday night, Jan. 12, during the severe gale which then prevailed. A few minutes before 4 o'clock, she parted with all her anchors, and drove on shore off the Culvers, near Margate, and shortly after went to pieces. Her copper has been entirely torn off, consequently no part of the cargo can be saved. We are sorry to add to this melancholy account, that one gentleman of the name of Clarke, a cadet for Madras, and a passenger on board this ship, with sixteen of the crew, have unfortunately perished. Most of the officers of the Hindostan have arrived in town. We are assured that every possible exertion was made to save the ship, but the fury of the gale baffled every effort. The cargo was estimated at £70,000. She had a vast quantity of private silver bullion on board, on freight; but we learn the East India Company had not a single dollar on board. The Hindostan was a fine ship of the largest dimensions, being of the burthen of 1943 tons, and was proceeding on her fourth voyage.

MURDER COMMITTED TWELVE YEARS AGO.—The following singular circumstance occurred at Deal, in Kent, within these few days: A person who has kept a public house in the neighbourhood of Deal with much respectability for some years, was disputing with another person in Deal. High words arose, and a soldier belonging to the regiment in barracks there, came up and enquired what was the matter. After the altercation had subsided, the soldier said to the publican, that he was sure he was a Lincolnshire man, by his voice and dialect; the publican said he was, but that he had not been there for some years. The soldier soon after called upon one of the magistrates of Deal, and informed him, that a murder was committed about twelve years ago in Lincolnshire, by three men; that two were taken and executed, but that the third, though frequently advertised for, was never found, and that he strongly suspected the publican was the man. The magistrate sent a statement of the circumstances, and a description of the publican's person, to the place where the murder was stated to have been committed, and received for answer, that the statement made by the soldier was correct, and that the description of the publican answered, in a great measure, that of the murderer: who had made his escape: but that, if it was the same person, he had a gun-shot wound in one of his legs. The publi-

case was taken up, and on his legs being inspected by a surgeon, he pronounced that a wound appearing on one of his legs, was a gun-shot wound. In consequence of which, the publican has been committed to Deal gaol, in order to be sent to the county where the murder was committed, to take his trial.

MARRIED.

Lord Andover to the Hon. Miss Dutton. At Orrery St. Mary's, Devonshire, William Bagwell, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Graves, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Graves, and sister to the present Lord. Lately, at Dishley, Leicestershire, the Hon. and Rev. Henry Ryder, Rector of Lutterworth, to Sophia, second daughter of Thomas March Phillips, Esq. of Garendon Park, Leicestershire. At Wandsworth, Surrey, Charles Watkins, of the Middle Temple, London, Esq. to Miss Mary Williams. John F. H. Rawlins, Esq. to Miss Baker, eldest daughter of Wm. Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury, Hertfordshire, and grand daughter of the late Right. Hon. Lady Juliana Penn. At Earsdon Church, Northumberland, the Right Hon. Lord Delaval, to Miss Knight. By special licence, at Lady Cecilia Johnston's, in Wimpole-street, Anthony Merry, Esq. late his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the French Republic, to Mrs. Leathes, widow of the late J. Leathes, Esq. of Herringfleet Hall, in the county of Suffolk.

DIED,

At his house in Bloomsbury-square, in the 60th year of his age, Thomas Cadell, Esq. Alderman of the ward of Walbrook; a gentleman most truly endeared to a very extensive circle of friends, who will long and deeply feel his loss. At Mount Panther, in the County of Down, the Right Hon. Francis Charles Annesley, Earl Annesley, Viscount Glerawly, and Baron Annesley. In the 91st year of her age, Lady Wheate, of Lechlade, Gloucestershire. At Oporto, John Whitehead, Esq. in the 76th year of his age, forty-seven years his Majesty's Consul at that place. Lately, at Grenada, the Hon. George Vere Hobart, late Governor of that Island. At his house at Twickenham, in the 61st year of his age, Sir Richard Perryn, Knt. late one of the Barons of the Exchequer. At Altona, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Clifford, mother of the present Lord Clifford. At his seat at Ham, in Surrey, Vice-Admiral Sir William Parker. He was a very able officer, and distinguished himself in the ever-memorable actions of the 1st of June and 14th of February, under those great and illustrious commanders, Lords Howe and St. Vincent. At Paris, of a decline, on the 14th inst. the Hon. Temple Luttrell, next brother to Earl Carhampton. By his death, without issue, the estate of Sw. Mowfield, in the island of Jamaica, comes to his brother, the Hon. John Olmuis, one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Revenue of Excise. After being delivered of a still-born infant, Mrs. Greville, wife of Colonel Henry Greville, of Hamover-square. The Rev. Henry Heathcote, Rector of Walton, near Liverpool, and brother to the Dowager Countess of Macclesfield. Lately, on his passage home from the West Indies, Brigadier General Romer, brother to the Lady of J. Callendar, Bart. of Preston Hall.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN ADOLPHUS, ESQ. ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM A FINE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALLINGHAM.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	74
Biographical Sketch of John Adolphus, Esq.	75
The Indian Savage	77
The Century	78
Men of Business	79
Chatterton	80
Biographical Sketch of James Cobb, Esq.	81
The Electors.—Fragment of an “Antient Prophecie,” supposed to be about this Time fulfilling,	83
Idle Hours—No. IV.	84
Select Sentences—No. VI.	87
Query concerning a Passage in the Marriage Ceremony stated and resolved	89
Tour into South Wales	90
The Tell Tale	94
Richardson, the Novelist	95

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GENERAL.

Stewart's Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D. D. F. R. S. E.	97
Warner's Walk through some of the Western Counties of England	98
Mitchell's Plans and Views ..	99
Tales of Superstition and Chivalry	102
Grædus ad Cantabrigiam	103
Britton and Brayley's Beauties of England and Wales	ib.
Lieutenant Colonel Wilson's History of the British Expedition to Egypt	105
Dr. Blegborough's Facts and Observations respecting the Air-pump Vapour Bath	112

The Spirit of the Public Journals	113
Blagdon's Modern Discoveries ...	114
Sarah Anna Hook's Widowed Bride	115

DRAMATIC.

Delays and Blunders	115
---------------------------	-----

BRITISH STAGE.

Theatrical Scale of Merit	116
Remarks on the Dramatic Poets—Beaumont and Fletcher	118
The present State of the Portuguese Stage	121
Cursory Remarks on Shakspeare ..	122

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Wye	123
The Seasons.—Summer	ib.
Lines to Miss Walstein	124
Verses supposed to be written by the unfortunate Poet Dermody, in a Storm	125

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Drury-Lane	125
Covent Garden	128
King's Theatre	129
Oratorios	ib.
Theatrical Chit-Chat	ib.
Musical Biography	130
History of the Stage	132
Foreign Theatricals	134

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Wolverhampton	133
Birmingham	136
News, &c.	137

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In our next a Portrait of MR. BRAHAM, from an original Painting by Mr. C. Allingham.

We are obliged to CASATON (*Chester*) for his intimation.

We are happy to find that Q. Z. (*Hartford*) has not quite forgotten us.

The Ode supposed as from Simonides to Anacreon, and the Imitation of an Ode by Monsieur Menage, by J. F. W. (*Glasgow*) shall have a speedy insertion.

The Fragment by EUPHREBUS (*Liverpool*) possesses merit, but it resembles too many other compositions of a similar nature.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following articles, which shall have a place as soon as possible.

Ode to Time, inscribed to Miss Seward; by Miss HOLFORD (*Chester*).

Lines for Valentine's Day.

Sonnet to Cupid, by ELIZA.

Another Elegy on Dermody the Poet.

Continuation of a Tour in South Wales, by MORTIMER (*Abergavenny*).

Inscription for a Pillar in Carthage, by the same.

Lines, by T. GENT.

The Essay on Solitude has been mislaid. It is now recovered, and shall be attended to.

CIVIS appears in the present number.

LORENZO puts a question which it is not in our power to resolve.

The author of the article mentioned by Miss H***** did not proceed further with it. If Miss H. will bring it to a close we should consider ourselves under a particular obligation to her.

ERRATA IN NUMBER 86.

P. 364, read thus: 8 H. 42' 30" Eq. T. 8 H. 58' 37" 8" Appt. T.

End of Transit at Triton 11 H. 40' Eq. T. 9 H. 1' Appt. T.

P. 373, for "prob savete," read "proh sancte."

ERRATUM IN THE LAST NUMBER.

In the Sonnet, p. 47, for *lucens* read *tregulans*.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN ADOLPHUS, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

MR. ADOLPHUS is a native of the metropolis, and received the rudiments of classical learning from an eminent and successful schoolmaster near town.

At an early period of life he was destined to an official situation in the island of Saint Christopher, in the West Indies, where he resided a year; but finding the climate did not agree with his health, he returned to his native land.

In pursuance of the will of a near relation, who died during his absence, and left a handsome legacy for that purpose, Mr. Adolphus, as soon as his health was re-established, articulated himself to a very eminent solicitor in the temple, and, in the intervals of business, still pursued those studies which he had never intermitted, and for which he felt the warmest attachment.

In 1790, he was admitted an attorney and solicitor; but as he could never adopt the mode of conduct which so many have found beneficial, he did not succeed in what is called *making a business*. He never was very extensively employed, though always well known and respected in the courts.

In 1793, Mr. Adolphus formed a matrimonial alliance with a young lady named Leycester, whose parents resided at a beautiful seat, called White Place, in Berkshire. Her father's family is of the highest respectability in Cheshire, and her mother is of the house of Hanmer, so well known in the annals of politics and literature.

Becoming more domestic in consequence of this connexion, Mr. Adolphus soon began to think of turning his literary acquirements to advantage, and for some time continued publishing anonymously, nor could the success of several of his early works, ever induce him to avow them, except to a few friends.

In 1797, he became acquainted with the Rev. Wm. Coxe, the celebrated traveller and historian, a gentleman whose rare literary endowments are considered as his slightest recommendation, by those who have opportunities of appreciating the candour of his disposition, and the genuine goodness of his heart. Mr. Adolphus assisted him in preparing for the press the valuable memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, and was highly gratified by a polite acknowledgment in the preface of the benefits derived from his care and industry. Aided by Mr. Coxe's experience, and receiving continual advantages from his friendship, Mr. Adolphus ventured, in 1799, to publish, with his name prefixed, a work which he had long been preparing, under the title of "Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution."

This book was dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable William Windham, and its success and general estimation were highly beneficial to the reputation of the author. He was next employed by Messrs. Cadell and Davies, the booksellers who had printed several of his works, in preparing a history of the reign of His present Majesty, and completed the narrative to the peace of 1783, in about three years, publishing it in the summer of 1802.

We know of no other avowed production of Mr. Adolphus, except a slight work called the "British Cabinet," which contains a few heads published by an engraver, and for whom Mr. Adolphus wrote the biographical memoirs, without selecting the subjects, or seeking for any documents beyond those which the most ordinary resources could supply.

Mr. Adolphus has now renounced the profession of an attorney, and entered his name as a law-student, intending to be called to the bar. In the mean time, his literary talents are not neglected; he is concerned in conducting a most respectable and long-established periodical work, and is expected soon to publish a concise history of France, from the revolution to the peace of Amiens. All his researches are, however, subservient to the grand object of his literary ambition, the publication of a history of his own country, from the revolution in 1688 to the present time, a project which he often mentions with great enthusiasm.

THE INDIAN SAVAGE.

IN one of our late wars, a company of Indian savages defeated an English detachment. The conquered could not escape so swiftly as the conquerors pursued. They were taken and treated with such barbarity, as is hardly to be equalled even in these savage countries.

A young English officer being pursued by two savages, who approached him with uplifted hatchets, and seeing that death was inevitable, determined to sell his life dearly. At this instant, an old savage, armed with a bow, was preparing to pierce his heart with an arrow; but scarcely had he assumed that posture, when he suddenly let fall his bow, and threw himself between the young officer and his barbarian combatants, who instantly retired with respect.

The old Indian took the Englishman by the hand, dispelled all his fears, by his caresses, and conducted him to his cabin, where he always treated him with that tenderness which cannot be affected. He was less his master than his companion; taught him the Indian language, and made the rude acts of that country familiar to him. They lived contentedly together, and one thing only disturbed the young Englishman's tranquillity; the old man would sometimes fix his eyes on him, and, while he surveyed him attentively, tears fell in torrents from his eyes.

On the return of spring, however, they recommenced hostilities, and every one appeared in arms. The old man had yet strength sufficient enough to support the toils of war, and set off with the rest, accompanied by his prisoner. The Indians having marched above two hundred leagues through forests, at last arrived on the borders of a plain, where they discovered the English camp.

The old savage, observing the young man's countenance, shewed him the English camp. 'There are thy brethren,' said he to him, 'waiting to fight us. Be attentive. I have saved thy life. I have taught thee to make a canoe, a bow, and arrows; to surprise an enemy in the forest, to manage the hatchet, and to carry off a scalp. What wast thou, when I first conducted thee into my cabin? Thy hands were like those of a child; they served neither to support nor defend thee: thy soul was buried in the obscurity of night; you knew nothing; but from me you have learned every thing. Wilt thou be so ungrateful, with a view to reconcile yourself to your brethren, as to lift up the hatchet against us?'

The young Englishman protested, that he would rather a thou-

sand times lose his own life, than shed the blood of one of his Indian friends.

The old savage covered his face with his hands, and bowed his head. After having been some time in that posture, he looked up the young Englishman, and said to him, in a tone mixed with tenderness and grief: 'Hast thou a father?'—'He was living,' said the young man, 'when I quitted my country.'—'Oh! how unfortunate is he!' cried the old man; and, after a moment's silence, he added, 'Knowest thou that I have been a father? I am no more such! I saw my son fall in battle; he fought by my side; my son fell covered with wounds, and died like a man! but I revenged his death, yes, I revenged it.'

He pronounced these words in great agitation; his whole body trembled, and sighs and groans, which with difficulty found their way, almost suffocated him; his eyes lost their usual serenity, and his sighs could not find a passage from his heart. By degrees, he became more serene, and turning towards the east, where the sun was rising, he said to the young man: 'Seest thou that gilded heaven, which spreads abroad its resplendent light? Does it afford thee any pleasure to behold it?'—'Yes,' said the Englishman, 'the sight adds new vigour to my heart.'—'Ah, thou happy man: but to me it affords no pleasure!' replied the savage, shedding a flood of tears. A moment afterwards, he shewed the young man a shrub in bloom; 'Seest thou that beautiful flower?' said he, 'hast thou pleasure in beholding it?'—'Yes, I have,' replied the young man. 'To me it no longer affords any,' answered the savage hastily, and then concluded with these words: 'Begone, hasten to thy own country, that thy father may have pleasure in beholding the rising sun, and the flowers of the spring.'

THE CENTURY.

THE Question of the Century is now well, and fully settled. It may not be amiss, however, to observe, that BAYLE, in his admirable DICTIONARY, has given an incidental judgment on it. *Art. Beauté*, an article which contains an account of a combat more remarkable than any since the days of the HORATIUM and CURIATUM. He says of the year 1600 agreeably to the sentiments I express when the question was still agitated; he says, the year 1600 was the last, and not the first of the century. *L'An. 1600 fut le dernier & non le premier du siècle.* p. 693. Ed. Rot. Fol. Anno 1702.

C. L.

MEN OF BUSINESS.

THERE cannot be a more respectable character than a real man of business, who, after arranging and managing his own domestic concerns in the most regular manner, gives great part of his leisure to the affairs of the public, according to the station of life in which he is placed, and whose whole conduct forms a system of active benevolence.

But there is a species of pinchbeck men of business, whose character is as despicable as that of the other is respectable. I mean that description of persons who neglects his private concerns, and all the serious business of life, as well as the social enjoyments of it, to render himself insignificantly consequential by his public exertions. Such a man, if he is a country gentleman, never misses a "petty session, or a turnpike meeting. He establishes the rules of the bowling club, casts up and divides the reckoning after dinner, and is master of the ceremonies at the assembly. He is on every committee appointed by the quarter session, either to examine the treasurer's accounts, or see no extravagant charge is made for the dinner of the magistrates; and he has generally some scheme, either of absurd or frivolous tendency, to submit to the consideration of the court.

If this busy gentleman is a member of parliament, he never takes any part in the great business of the nation, but is sure to be on every committee up stairs, and is very fond of meddling with things of provincial concern, whether they are turnpike, canal, or enclosing bills. He is fond of suggesting absurd and oppressive taxes to the minister, but which, from being both impracticable and unproductive, are never adopted.

To be candid, however, we must allow that these persons are sometimes of use; but so are many others who follow pursuits which no man of a liberal mind would wish to engage in himself.

These persons, however, especially if of consequence from their situation, are often very pernicious to society; and the public has more than once been put to an enormous expence, as well as great

* It is remarkable, that though many acts of parliament direct certain things to be done at a petty session, neither the common nor the statute law has defined what a petty session is. It is intended here to signify the periodic and self-entailed meeting of the neighbouring magistrates at an inn in a market-town, and to which, though a very unstable, I had almost said illegal, court, these acts must refer.

inconvenience, to flatter their vanity and raise their self-opinion. A scheme of this sort we all remember introduced into parliament not many years ago, for the regulation of the poor laws, at the instance of a gentleman who was undoubtedly actuated by very pure, though very mistaken, motives of benevolence; and which was attended by a great profusion of the public money. While this measure was depending in the house of commons, a member of that assembly observed, that it had two defects, and one merit; that the defects were an increase of the expence and inconvenience of the old system, and an entire subversion of the British constitution; and its merit was, the absolute impossibility of its ever being carried into execution.

Neither are the schemes of these idly busy persons employed in public exertions only. They are to be seen among the foolish meddlers in gardening and agriculture. Nor are the ladies exempt from this propensity, as the domestic concerns of many a female economist will shew. But no where is it of so frequent or so fatal tendency as in the army. Wanton changes in dress, and the minutiae of discipline, ruin the subaltern, and disgust the soldier; and in the more essential points of military duty they may bring destruction on the state.

H. J. P.

CHATTERTON.

THE late prodigy of genius, the unfortunate Chatterton, was amusing himself one day, in company with a friend, reading the epitaphs in Pancras church-yard. He was so deep sunk in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that had been just dug, he tumbled into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him, in a jocular manner, he was happy in assisting at the resurrection of Genius.—Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied—“My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution—I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined—we can find an asylum to hide from every creditor but that!” His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy reflection; but what will not melancholy and adversity combined, subjugate? In three days after the neglected and disconsolate youth was no more!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
JAMES COBB, ESQ.

With a Portrait.

[Concluded from Page 6.]

THE Pirates, Mr. Cobb's next performance, abounding with sublime chorusses and beautiful airs, was a most successful *enterprize* at the King's theatre in 1793, during the company's secession from old Drury, which was then rebuilding.*

In 1794, Mr. Sheridan was assisted by Mr. Cobb in celebrating the glorious first of June; and of their success, the receipts of the theatre will bear sufficient testimony. The songs were written by Lord Mulgrave, the late Duke of Leeds, &c. &c.

The same season the *CHEROKEE* (since altered, for Mrs. Billington, to *Algonah*) again exhibited the wonderful talents of Stephen Storace. The chorusses in particular have been justly deemed the *chef d'œuvre* of that great master.

In 1796, the farce of the *SHEPHERDESS of CHEAPSIDE*, again bore witness how little dependence was to be placed upon green-room report. Its author, however, never pinned his dramatic faith upon the sleeve of his heroine, who, though supported by Miss Pope, lingered out a night or two, literally damn'd with *faint* applause.

In 1798, Mr. Cobb, no doubt for weighty reasons, listened to overtures from Mr. Harris, and *RAMAH DROOG* was the consequence of this operatic coalition.

In his early pieces, Mr. Cobb depended on mere comic effect. It remained for Paul and Virginia, his last performance at this theatre, to shew what he could do in the pathetic. His return to his old friends at Drury Lane, is the best feather in the cap of *SHERIDAN*, who, if he had not acted liberally, might have been forgiven, but would never have obtained the confidence or the hand of an avowed man of business.

* The performances at the King's Theatre were introduced by a whimsical prelude, written by Mr. Cobb, entitled *POOR OLD DRURY*.

The "House to be Sold" is so fresh in the recollection of our readers, that we have only to notice the neatness of its language, and the prettiness of its music by Kelly, the friend, and the admirer of Storace.

In describing the achievements of heroes and statesmen, the historic MIRROR too often is made to reflect a flattering resemblance. Happy is it when the even tenor of life renders the task subservient to truth; and that, in speaking *all* we know, not a possible chance can occur of "setting down aught in MALICE."

A singular and eccentric city friend of the writer, had often, in the earnestness of his commercial pursuits, most devoutly offered up his thanks to providence, that he was not born a genius; but Mr. COBB has never yet, we believe, had any real cause to regret the possession of talents which have rendered him dear to the dramatic and convivial circles in which he has moved, and which have raised him deservedly high in the estimation of the public.

We find instances, too often, where the "poet's eye glances" on every thing but the concerns of common life. Mr. COBB has wisely steered clear of a rock on which so many of his contemporaries have struck. In no one instance has his devotion to the scenic sisters interfered with that which he owed to his liberal employers, the East India Company. In truth, his present respectable situation of Assistant Secretary affords the most convincing proof of the assertion. Such rewards we sincerely hope will ever be the meed of strict honour, accompanied by unremitting diligence and zeal. Pleasurable as it is to dwell on acknowledged merit, our limited pages oblige us to be brief. We shall conclude, therefore, with observing that, however critics may have been divided upon his public merits, on those of his private life there can be but one opinion.

Mr. COBB, in the year 1799, ensured his domestic happiness, by leading to the altar Miss STANFELL, of Fratton, in Hampshire, who has, in various instances, discovered a happy talent for music and poetry.

New Inn.

W. D.

THE ELECTORS.

FRAGMENT OF AN "ANTIENT PROPHECIE,"

Supposed to be about this Time fulfilling."

[MR. EDITOR,

The dispute respecting the legality of the late elections having not yet been completely decided, this "Fragment," just drawn from the obscure archives of a poet's library, might not, perhaps, afford an improper idea of the *promises* and *performances* of candidates in general, nor be produced too late to attract some degree of attention, if you deem it worthy of a place in the MIRROR.

W. H.]

**** AND beholde! in those daies, itt shal comme to passe, that the nobles of the lande shal aspire to places of dignitie and honour. — — — — —

— — And the great menne shal walke with the porter, and shake handes with the stranger; and they shal visit the houses of the poore and the despised, and shal salute their wives, and their daughters, and caress their young menne and their maides. — —

— — — — — And the streets shal flow with wine and oile, and the soundes of mirth and musick shal be hearde in every quarter. And the needy, and the miserable shal forget their troubles, and the blind and the lame, and the maimed and the halte, shall laugh, and sing, and daunce together. — — — — —

— — And beholde! the nobles and the elders, shal assemble in the publick places, and att the gates of the city, and shal speake aloud unto the people, saying,

"If you will hearken to our wordes, and choose us to rule over you, wee will build up your waste places, and repair your breaches, and erect bridges, and towers, and fortifications, and promote trade and commerce in all itt's branches: And we will strengthen your handes, in whatsoever you shal undertake —and we will exalt your sons and your daughters —and we will give you the blessings of peace, and fill you with the flower of the finest wheat, and each manne shall repose in safetie under his owne vine, and under his owne figg-ttree.—And we will doe justice and judgement, and exe-

cute righteousness.—And ye shal have rest rounde aboute from all your enemies.

Your complaints we will prefer to the throne, and, in establishing your rights, and your happiness, we will forgoe oure own.—And in the morning, and in the evening, when we rise up, and when we lie downe, we will think on you for good.—And oure fortunes and oure *lives* shall be in your handes, and we will pledge oure honours to become your faithfull servants and *slaves*: Soe Godde be witness betweene you and us!

And the people shal sette up a loude shoute, and say—"Long live these menne, for they are goode menne, and true; and, verily, wee will choose none other to reign over us!"

Then shall the nobles, and the lordes, and the elders, rise up, and goe their waie, well satisfied.—And beholde! they shall forgett all that they have promised!—And even those, from whose favour and loving kindness they rose, shal be thought upon no more! And they shall return to their former abominations!—And *seven* *yeares* more shall the lande mourn! — — — — —

IDLE HOURS.

NUMBER IV.

"She who builds her hopes i' th' air of *men's fair looks*,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with ev'ry nod to tumble down,
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Shakespeare.

HAVING been honoured with the following letter from a lady, I have taken the liberty of inserting it, and have subjoined a few remarks by way of reply.

"TO THE AUTHOR OF IDLE HOURS.

"SIR,

"I hope you will excuse the impatience of a female, who is besieged by a crowd of admirers, and whose choice is bandied about from one object to another, as the novelty of address, or charm of persuasion may prevail; and as the general modes of wooing are but refinements on the art of idling, I hope you will not think it foreign to your purpose, to give us, in *some* future number, a few strictures on the art that may direct our choice, when the ascendancy of fortune

poises the grace of accomplishments, or when our opinion is held in the balance of contending virtues, where, as either preponderates, pity throws her mite to the unsuccessful, and the equilibrium is restored.

"Yours, with much respect,

"MELISSA."

I am no adept in the *deux sexes*, and am esteemed by the ladies to be a most graceless figure in a ball room, and intolerable in picking up a fan, or tendering my assistance at a gutter. But all this may be for want of proper discipline, and sufficient practice. The clown, in his first imitation of a bow, has no other notion of bending his body, than making the trunk form a right angle with the subjacent parts. The graceful curvatures, and slight inflexions, are the qualifications of more eminent wooers, who have nothing else to do, and who often can *do nothing else*!

But to the purpose of my paper. Wooers may be divided into four classes, viz. those who want women, those who want wives, those who want neither, and those who don't know what they want! To describe the various methods that these would set about *making love*, is too elaborate an undertaking for an idler. I shall therefore content myself with particularizing those lovers who give cause for suspicion, and leave Melissa, and all ladies in her distressing circumstances, with an assurance, that in rivalry there is often more pride than love at stake, and that it is difficult to estimate a man's attachment from the hyperbolical professions of love and adoration, that are expressed in the heat of opposing passions, which are untrue if they are uttered, and absurd if they are true. Love may be considered in two points—as a disease, and as a passion; as a disease it is the best antidote to itself, and as a passion, it ought with the other passions to be subject to the control of reason; when it is not, it is no longer a passion, but a disease. The first thing therefore that a lady has to determine upon, is, which of these her admirer is affected with, which requires no very eminent powers of discrimination, and which is quickly decided, unless both parties labour under the former complaint, and that, to bring them together, is the best, and perhaps the only way of bringing them to their senses. This, doubtless, is rank heterodoxy to the established modes of faith in the wooing tribe, but they will please to recollect, that this is an age of revolutions, and that Cupid's system, with all others, religious and political, is exposed to the probe of reason, and the shafts of scepticism. There were always infidels in love as well as religion, and true votaries of each in the present day are very scarce. Perhaps

the true art of wooing lies, (to use the words of the ingenious author of *Hernsprong*) in knowing how to "make love without talking about it." Among those who mean nothing by their addresses, is the smirking smooth-faced fribble, who is always poking his nose into your face, that you may perceive he has sweet breath, and whose features wear one perpetual grin, that you may conclude he is good humoured; who talks incessantly, which he supposes must be extremely entertaining, and after having screwed himself into twenty different attitudes, displaying the gracefulness of his movements, and the symmetry of his shape, leaves you to sigh in secret for his graces, and retires too much enamoured with himself, ever properly to estimate the worth of any body else. Beware of the man of business, who marries for the sake of getting a good house-keeper, instead of a companion; who wants a person to superintend his wardrobe, to smooth his linen, and to make his bed; the prime of whose life is prostituted to the accumulation of wealth, and whose decline glides silently away in a calm and peaceful stupidity. Suspect the man who talks much about the tenderness and attention due to the female character, and doubt him who vaunts his muscular strength, and sound constitution. Of all plagues, shun the pedant, who woos you in flowery sentences, bores you with his opinion of books, and threatens to attack every work he reads. He is often the shade of an author, and the shadow of a man. Never marry a poet, unless you can bribe the reviewers to speak well of his verses; if you can do this, you need not wish for a pleasanter companion. Do not conclude the man to be generous, who is lavish in his presents. We are all of us best acquainted with our own weaknesses, and, like a skilful general, make up a shew of strength, where we are most vulnerable. Doubt the man's intellects as well as integrity, who is an open slanderer, that has neither the virtue to reform, nor the policy to disguise a bad taste; and believe not him who, with an affectation of candour, would extenuate all faults, in consideration of the weakness of human nature.

Never weigh money with merit, and be not too hasty in accepting of either, where there is *nothing else*. If you hesitate between virtues, decide in favour of the social ones. Of all lovers repel the officious one, who watches you like a lynx, haunts your favourite walks, and blockades your doors; his love is a thin, subtle fluid, that evaporates as it warms. Listen not to him for a second, he will fall in love three hundred and sixty five times in a year.

Wolverhampton, Jan 20.

CIVIS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. VI.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for *reserve*, if the world were honest: yet even *then* it would prove expedient. For, in order to attain any degree of deference, it is necessary that people should imagine you have more accomplishments than you discover.

VIRTUES, like essences, lose their fragrance when exposed. They are sensitive plants that will not bear too familiar approaches.

LET us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility that gave the occasion.

IT is a miserable thing to *love where one hates*—and yet this is not inconsistent.

THE reserved man should bring a certificate of his honesty into company before he is admitted to take his chair.

THE highest character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

HAPPY those, who can shun all illiterate, though ever so jovial assemblies, insipid, perhaps, when present,—and, upon reflection, painful. Happy, to meditate on those absent or departed friends, who value, or valued us for those qualities with which they were best acquainted. Happy, to partake of the delights of studious and rational retirement, with one amiable friend. Yet an eminent writer and moralist tells us, that were we so to be excluded from general society but for a fortnight, we should be exhilarated at the sight of the first beggar we saw!

'TIS true that nothing displays a genius, I mean a *quickness* of genius, more than a *dispute*: as two diamonds, encountering, contribute to each other's lustre.—But the odds are much against the man of taste, in this particular.

IN all contests the guilty have the superiority, in *one* respect, over the innocent—for the guilty will make use of *base means* to attack, of which the innocent cannot avail themselves to repel.

A LARGE, branching, aged oak, is, perhaps, the most venerable of all inanimate objects. As a brave man is not suddenly either

elevated by prosperity, or depressed by adversity, so the oak displays not its verdure on the sun's first approach ; nor drops it on his first departure. Add to this its majestic appearance, the rough grandeur of its bark, and the wide protection of its branches, and it presents to you the finest image of the manly character.

IT is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels one's self somewhat in the situation of Admiral Hosier.

IT is with me, in regard to the earth itself, as it is in regard to those who walk upon its surface. I love to pass by crowds, and to catch distant views of the country as I walk along. But—I, insensibly, chuse to sit, where I cannot see two yards before me.

THERE are many people to whom one would allot good wishes, and perform friendly offices ; but they are, sometimes, those with whom one would by no means wish to share one's time.

IT is some loss of liberty to have a distant engagement. Every employment in the intervenient time seems to have manacles upon it.

IT is a maxim with me to admit of an *easy reconciliation* with a person where offence proceeded from *no depravity of heart* ? But where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge ; to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance, in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.

MEN of quality never appear more amiable than when their dress is plain. Their birth, rank, title, and its appendages, are at best invidious, and as they do not need the assistance of dress, so, by their disclaiming the advantage of it, they make their superiority sit more easy. It is otherwise with such as depend alone on personal merit ;—and it may be presumed it was from *hence* that Quin asserted *that he could not afford to go plain*.

THE lowest people are generally the first to find fault with shew and equipage, belonging to a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider *that he is breaking the ice for themselves*.

SUPERFICIAL writers, like the mole, often fancy themselves *deep* when they are exceedingly near the surface !—

Q. Z.

Q U E R Y,

CONCERNING A

Passage in the Marriage Ceremony, stated and resolved.

IN what sense are we to understand that declaration of the husband to his bride, "With my body I thee worship?"

The word worship, in ancient English, signifies neither more nor less, than that honour, attention, and respect, which are due to worth-ship, i. e. to distinguished excellence. The Church of England, taking it for granted that a man has a very high opinion of the woman he marries, enjoins him to testify that good opinion; and in such terms, as are equivalent to a solemn promise of treating her tenderly and respectfully: or, as the apostle Peter expresses it, of giving honour to the wife, as to *members of his own body*, the less robust vessel of the two. 1 Pet. iii. 7.

A late very sensible * writer supposes, agreeably to the venerable Hooker's comment on the phrase, that the design of the above stipulation is, "To express, that the woman, by virtue of this marriage, has a share in all the titles, and honours, which are due or belong to the person of her husband†." He also observes, that Martin Bucer, who lived at the very time when our liturgy was composed, translated the passage in question by *cum corpore meo te honore*, i. e. "with my body I thee honour:" and that the learned Mr. Selden renders it *corpore meo te dignor*.—"It is true," adds Mr. Wheatly, "the modern sense of the word is [or rather seems] somewhat different: for which reason, at the review of our liturgy, after the restoration of king Charles II. the word worship was promised to be changed for that of honour. How the alteration came to be omitted, I cannot discover. But, so long as the old word is explained in the sense here given, one would think no objection could be urged against the using of it."

* Viz. Mr. Wheatly, in his *Rationale of the Book of Common Prayer*, p. 440. Edit. 1722. Octavo.

† See Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Book v. Sect. 73.

TOUR INTO SOUTH WALES.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SIR,

Caerphilly, August 5, 1802.

THE approach to Chepstow, from Bristol, is grand and picturesque. The castle is a most noble and beautiful ruin, overlooking the Wye, which runs impetuous at the foot of the rocks on which it is situated: on this side the castle was impregnable. Chepstow being formerly one of the grand bulwarks of the ancient Britons, it was of course a place of great strength, and occupied seven acres of ground. It is famous for being the property of the illustrious De Clare, Earl Strongbow, and was considered of great importance during the wars of Charles and his parliament. The walls facing the west are in good preservation, and exhibit a fine and beautiful picture. The room in which Colonel Martin was confined, and in which he spent twenty-seven years in repenting his former patriotism, is well proportioned, and commands a pleasing view of the river and woods which skirt the opposite shore. Exclusive of its antiquities the town of Chepstow presents little to detain the traveller; the scenes in its vicinity are, however, strikingly beautiful.

The castle and palace of Mather, once the residence of the Bishops of Llandaff, being in our way, we lost some little time in examining their dilapidated state; we then proceeded towards the once celebrated Caerwent. The aqueducts, temples, porticoes, and baths, that once decorated Caerwent, and all those monuments of the arts which distinguished the residence of the excellent but unfortunate Agricola, are now sunk down to a most miserable and impoverished village. A mosaic pavement was here discovered in 1777, resembling in some measure a Turkey carpet, (as some tourist has observed) but the idleness of wanton cupidity has almost entirely destroyed this national relic of Roman elegance. Several pavements have since been discovered, but have all fallen a prey to the same childish desire of possessing some of the tesserae. These tessellated floors must have been once numerous at Caerwent, as Camden mentions them in his *Britann. Silures*. p. 509, edit. 1586.

I recollect seeing, some time ago, an ingenious comparison between a piece of Mosaic, and that of nature, exemplified in the wing of a butterfly. The comparison is ingenious, and adds a farther proof of the distance between the exertions of nature, and those of man. The following table exhibits the difference between the

pavement in Sussex, a modern Roman picture, and the wing of a butterfly.

The Sussex pavement contains	11 tesselle in one inch square
A Roman picture	870
The wing of a butterfly	
expanded	100,736
Do. in its aurelia state	931,803

The road from hence to Caerleon winds through a most beautiful valley. High intersected hills, covered on each side with wood up to their summit, form a barrier to any distant prospect, except those casually caught at the division of the hills; the variety of the immediate scenes, however, amply recompensed us, and left us nothing to desire.

The ancient city of Caerleon, whose importance may be gathered from its titles—

Urbs legionum, et secunda Augusta—

is finely situated on the Usk, which divides it from a steep and woody hill on the south, and may be still recognized in an old and harmonious description.

It stands upon a forced hill
Not farre from flowing flood,
Wher loe, ye view long vales at will,
Envyron'd all with wood.

It was once seven miles in circumference, and many curious remains of its former splendour existed in the twelfth century. It once, like Caerwent, possessed

Her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves.

Drayton, Polyolbion, Song 4.

And according to Gyraldus, its palaces fretted with gold, its edifices, theatres, and aqueducts, once vied with the magnificence of Rome itself. A fine passage in Shakspeare occurs in the contemplation of this city, one line of which I shall quote, in order to amend a passage which, in the editions I have seen (which by the bye are not many) have been neglected.

Leave not a *wrack* behind. *Tempest.*

The editions have *wreck*. *Wreck* means a *ruin*, which is certainly more to the purpose. He uses the word in *Venus and Adonis*, l. 558, the same sense, which confirms me in the above reading.*

* This expression has not escaped the numerous commentators on Shakspeare.
Ed.

I cannot bid adieu to Caerleon without calling to your remembrance the favourite of our childhood, the celebrated Arthur, a man, as William of Malmesbury justly says, worthy of being celebrated for upholding his declining country, and inspiring his subjects with military glory. His claim upon our regard, however, arises chiefly from his protection to learning and learned men. He certainly is worthy of being classed with Charlemagne and Alfred. Some of the laws of Arthur's round table are excellent, and it were to be wished that the second was oftener observed.

"That every knight should be ever ready to assail all tyrants and oppressors of the people."

Caerleon has given fine food for our antiquaries, and a piece of bell-metal (shewn us by a gentleman) about two feet in length, and eighteen inches in breadth, in the inside of which is carved DAVIDUS, will probably exercise them in addition to those mentioned by Camden and his improver.

It is highly fortunate for the world that Milton did not execute his design of celebrating Arthur as he once intended.

Ipsæ ego Dardaniæ Rutupinæ per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandræidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ
Brennūque, Arviragūque duces, præcūque Belinum,
Et tandem Armaricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Ifigeniam,
Mendacæ vultus assumptæque Gorgonis arma,
Merlini dolus.

Epitaphium Danavici, l. 162.

I may add, that we are equally fortunate in his not translating Homer, either of these would have been the cause of his relinquishing a subject "so worthy of being sung," and which

"Pleas'd him long chusing, and beginning late."

From Caerleon the country displays itself to great advantage, and we soon arrived at the town of Newport, pleasantly situated on the declivity of a hill, at the foot of which the Usk

"Insuper et augeat aquas Sabrinæ fluminis—"

"Præcepit."

The castle is in a wretched condition: it was well situated for defending the mouth of the Usk, over which is thrown, after astonishing labour, expense, and time, a strong and well-built bridge. The Welch seem well aware of the advantages of navigable canals:

here is one reaching to *Pontypool, &c. and others at Swansea, Neath, and other places. An inhabitant told us, with an air of consequence, an anecdote sufficiently ludicrous, which I afterwards found in Camden, respecting Henry the Second's easy capture of this place, by his fortunately having a freckled face. My old friend Isaac Walton, in his elegant essay on angling, furnishes me with a curious anecdote respecting the salmon in this river.

The view from the church yard is very fine, and comprises almost every thing that is beautiful in landscape.

After pursuing the road to Cardiff, for about four miles, we turned to the right, and soon entered the enchanting valley of Machen. The Rhymny, which runs through this valley, divides Monmouth and Glamorgan: its banks are mostly decorated with pasture, while mountains, on the sides and at the feet of which the road meanders, shaded sometimes by wood, sometimes cultivated to their summits, and studded with white cottages and farm-houses, gives it an air of grandeur; while various animals creeping up their sides, give a finishing and enlivening touch to this profusely rich and delightful landscape. The quiet which reigns in this valley is interrupted, for some time, by nothing but the murmuring of the numerous rills which trickle down in every direction from the mountains, and send forth a most "bewitching music," till the iron forges at Machen awaken attention, and startle contemplation.

Passing two small waterfalls on the left, we passed over Bedway's bridge, and for the first time trod upon Welch ground. The grand towers of Caerphilly soon struck us, and

—seem'd to frown

In awful majesty on all around.

The extent of this castle was once immense, and exceeded every other in England, except Windsor. We approached by an old decayed draw-bridge, and were struck with wonder and delight at its awful and sublime appearance. The despicable Despensers here proved himself possessed of a courage and conduct, in the management of a siege, little expected, and in some measure retrieved the character he had so deservedly lost. A gentleman (an emigrant) who accompanied us from the inn, informed us, that this noble monument of decayed power resembles, in some measure, the fortress of Loches, in Turin. He had also visited the hanging tower at Pisa, his description of which lessened our pleasure in content-

* Monmouthshire was one part of the principality.

plating the one before us, which is, however, a most remarkable object.

Caerphilly is surrounded by a distant range of mountains, covered with villages, corn fields, and pasturage, and the last rays of the sun, as they tinged their summits, reminded us of the luxuriant descriptions of our female Salvator Rosa*. We were so long in searching every avenue, examining the eastern battlements, and climbing every accessible tower, that the moon, as we quitted them, was

rising in clouded majesty,

And o'er its towers its silver mantle threw.

The pencil of Giacomo Bassano could alone do justice to a scene so awfully beautiful and so mildly grand.

I shall write to you every evening after the toils and pleasures of the day.

MORTIMER.

THE TELL TALE.

"Trifles light as air."

THE SLUGGARD'S EXCUSE.—One asking a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long? "I am busied," says he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up, Sloth to lie still; and so they give me twenty reasons *pro* and *con*. It is my part to hear what is said on both sides; and by the time the cause is over, dinner is ready."

THE BLESSING OF INDEPENDENCE.—A sovereign, in a progress through his kingdom, was informed, in one of his capital towns, of a singular fact, 'That one of the inhabitants, a man of seventy years old, had never been without the walls.' The man was called to the king, and, being poor, obtained a pension; but upon the following provision,—that he should forfeit his pension if ever he set foot out of town. But here, even custom could not prevail over love of liberty. The man did not continue long at ease; his confinement became insupportable, and he lost his pension in six months.

MACKLIN and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from *Irish*.

* Mrs. Radcliffe.

RICHARDSON, THE NOVELIST.

THE following character of that celebrated writer, whose novels, while they have been too much depreciated by some, have been much*, too much exalted by others, is selected from Greville's Maxims.

‘ There is a certain writer who produces perpetual paradoxes in my mind. I am at a loss whether he charms or offends me most ; whether to call him the first of writers, or the last : and this one should think a difficulty also with other people, for he has written what has had merit enough to get into all hands, and defect enough to be thrown out of all ; and it is his great praise—his honour—that he is condemned by sensible men, and applauded by weak women ; for the first are often as ignorant of the power of the heart, as the others are of those of the understanding. He is in many particulars the most minute, fine, delicate observer of human nature I ever met with, the most refined and just in his sentiments ; but he often carries that refinement into puerility, and that justness into tastelessness. He not only enters upon those beautiful and touching distinctions which the gross conceptions of most men are incapable of discerning, but he also falls upon all the trivial, silly circumstances of society, which can have only attractions for the nursery. This writer possesses infinite powers both of delicacy and reason ; but he possesses not the judicious faculty of directing those powers. He is deficient in TASTE†. Hence he is irregular and false in his notions of the manners he treats of. He plainly shews that he has neither from nature nor education the kind of intelligence that should guide him in the pursuit he attempts. His understanding seems to be hampered and confined. It wants enlargement and freedom ; or, to say all in one word, TASTE. His men of the world are strange debauchees, his women outrageously *outrés*, both in good and bad qualities. Parts there are, not only of the most refined, the most elevated, I had almost said the most celestial † delicacy, but even of gaiety, ease, and agreeableness ; but you see plainly the writer is not a master ; deficiencies, stiffness, improprie-

* Among these may be reckoned Mrs. Piozzi, who has exceeded every stretch of hyperbolic partiality, in preferring Richardson to Fielding as a painter of manners.

† I think this vague metaphorical word very ill expresses that discriminating faculty, that mixture of genius and judgment which seems to be meant here, and which is the grand distinction between the writers who gain the applause of the moment and those whose productions command the veneration of ages.

‡ I must think this panegyric oversteps the modesty of truth.

ties, break in upon you at times, and shock you, and you grieve that he does not please you more, or less.*

The succeeding criticism from a graver writer, and in a learned language, relates to his first work only; first, in my opinion, in merit as well as time. I believe this preference that I give to Pamela, will be esteemed rather paradoxical. But notwithstanding some extravagancies and vulgarisms (among which may be reckoned the making Pamela, a young woman of superior understanding, and elegantly educated, often talk * like a mere country hoyden,) it contains an interesting picture of the manners of the great families in the country at that period, which are now totally changed by the more general influx to the metropolis, and the large fortunes made by commerce. As for those cried-up works, Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison, they seem to me to describe manners and incidents, that neither possess the probability of real life, nor the attractive surprise of fiction.

'Emissa est in lucem commentitia quædam adolescentulæ historia, a domino, spe, pretio, mihiis, terriculis, omnibusque illecebris amatoris, ad stuprum sollicitatæ. Laude quidem castitatem puellæ, illibatam prorsus, et inexpugnabilem. Sed lectorem quoque haud mediocri esse præditum decet. Nam plenæ rerum dilucidæ descriptiones, quarum vel ipsa mentio libidinosæ est, si virtutem non moveant solidam stabilemque, fragilem certe nihil roborant neque imbecillam†.'

From some of these remarks I differ, *TOTO CORPO*. First, as to the *ILLECEBRÆ AMATORIÆ*, it is remarkable that Mr. B— very seldom treats Pamela with common kindness, never with flattery and attention; and that in the very few instances he makes the slightest motion that way, it seems to have its full effect; and that, supposing Pamela a real character, from the expression of her feelings, when the conduct of her master has the least tendency towards kindness, there appears little doubt of his success had he pursued that method, the only one that could suggest itself to any but a brute. Then as to the *DILUCIDÆ DESCRIPTIONES*, though some of the situations are rather indelicate, they are not so detailed as to have much influence on the passions.

The greatest evil to be apprehended from Pamela is among servant girls; who, like poor Polly Barlow, while they are anxious to procure her good fortune, may imprudently mistake the means of obtaining it.

* Pamela records two of Sir Simon Darnford's jokes, that are more grossly indelicate than any thing I ever saw printed: one relates to Pamela's execution on the spinnet, the other to her dancing a minuet with Mr. B—.

† Hawkins's *Prælectiones Poeticæ*.

H. J.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Account of the Life and Writings of William Robertson, D. D. F. R. S., E. late Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to His Majesty for Scotland. Read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 307. London. 1802.

THE study of *literary* biography, though for the most part unenlivened by diversity of incident, is productive of highly beneficial effects, by ascertaining the capability of the human mind, and rousing the dormant spirit of emulation.

We are indebted to the philosophical pen of Mr. Dugald Stewart for the interesting memoir now before us, as appears from the signature to a short advertisement, in which, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. W. Robertson, (son of the Doctor) and Dr. Carlyle, he concludes thus:—"It is proper for me to add, that this memoir was read at different meetings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and was destined for a place in their transactions. The length to which it has extended suggested the idea of a separate publication, and the addition of an appendix. During the long interval which has elapsed since it was composed, a few sentences have been occasionally inserted, in which a reference is made to later criticisms on Dr. Robertson's writings. I mention this circumstance in order to account for some slight anachronisms."

Mr. Stewart has done the most ample justice to his subject, and though he may incur partial censure for the absence of sprightly anecdote and colloquial repartee, yet he has substituted a species of information far more interesting to men of letters, and conveyed through the medium of an appropriate style, highly distinguished by ease and copiousness of expression. He has fully compensated for the paucity of his materials relative to Dr. Robertson's juvenile years, by exhibiting the progress of his academical career, and unfolding the concatenation of circumstances which co-operated with his natural inclinations in fixing the bent of his genius.

The preceding detail naturally paves a way to the discussion of his literary plans and undertakings; and the ingenious biographer enters minutely into the consideration of his respective works, ac-

cording to the priority of their publication. In the execution of this task, all the scattered rays of information are concentrated (so speaking) into a focus. The extracts from congratulatory letters addressed to Dr. Robertson, by his numerous correspondents, including the names of Hume, H. Walpole, Gibbon, Burke, and others of the highest celebrity for birth or talents, are skilfully interwoven into the narrative, and, besides furnishing many dignified offerings at the shrine of genius, derive additional value when contemplated as "authentic relics of the individuals whose friendships they record."

To the elegant eulogiums just alluded to, Mr. Stewart has subjoined, "with the utmost diffidence," his own private sentiments, and sums up the whole with "general remarks on his merits as an historian," and a critical analysis of his style, displaying, in almost every instance, acuteness of penetration, and depth of erudition.

"Our attention has hitherto been confined to those pursuits which formed the habitual occupations of his mind, and which have left behind them unperishable monuments." His life, however, was not devoted wholly to the cultivation of letters. "Among the active scenes in which he had an opportunity to engage, the most conspicuous was presented to him by the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court of Scotland;" and his eminent abilities and prudent moderation secured to him, for a long course of years, an unrivalled influence in guiding its deliberations. A succinct view is given, by Dr. Geo. Hill, of the nature and constitution of this august assembly, and of the system of ecclesiastical policy adopted by Dr. Robertson.

The concluding summary of his character evinces much sagacity of remark, and strong powers of discrimination.

The appendix extends through nearly an hundred pages, and consists of a number of letters, and various other miscellaneous articles, too valuable to be omitted, and which could not with propriety have been incorporated with the body of the work.

A Walk through some of the Western Counties of England. By the Rev. Rich. Warner, of Bath. 8vo.

MR. WARNER in less than three weeks accomplished this pedestrian tour through the counties of Somerset and Devon, and along the eastern borders of Cornwall, from Kilkhampton to Launceston. His primary design, on leaving Bath, included the whole extent of Cornwall, and the Isles of Scilly: and every reader of the present

volume must deeply regret that he was compelled to abandon it by "the capriciousness of the season,* unlike any other in the annals of meteorology."

Our author's forte is evidently picturesque description; he is gifted with a mind feelingly alive to the beauties of nature; a just perception of the principles on which purity of taste is founded, and a command of language fully adequate to the communication of his ideas. He is not always, however, sufficiently studious to avoid obscurity, and the recurrence of such phrases as "planting† a house or church," and "dropping‡ (from a hill) into a road," may be deemed unwarrantable extensions of figurative expression.

The topographical accounts of the principal towns are extremely scanty, and serve only to awaken curiosity, without satisfying the desire of information. Our author's attention is, indeed, obviously directed towards objects of greater importance, and of more general interest. His judicious political observations, and ingenious moral reflections, though scattered with a profuse hand, never appear obtrusive, and are the spontaneous effusions of a mind unshackled in its sentiments by servile adherence to any system of party opinions. His manner is extremely prepossessing, and his varied efforts are equally entitled to commendation, whether he indulges the playfulness of vivacity, or agitates the bosom of sensibility with

"A tale of rural life, a tale of woes."

The volume is handsomely printed, and embellished with two aquatinta views by Alken, of Berry Pomeroy castle and Culbone church, and engraved sketches of the author's route prefixed to each letter.

Plans, and Views in Perspective, with Descriptions of Buildings erected in England and Scotland: and also an Essay to elucidate the Grecian, Roman, and Gothic Architecture, accompanied with Designs. By Robert Mitchell, Architect. Folio. 1801.

THE author of this elegant work was the designer and constructor of the rotunda in Leicester Square, wherein have been displayed several panoramic paintings, executed by the deceptive pencil of Mr. Barker. These novel exhibitions required a peculiar kind of theatre, where the spectator should embrace, from a central point, a circular horizon. This was happily effected by our architect in a pleasing and ingenious manner; but he did not rest here, as the painter wishing for a double exhibition, Mr. M. contrived a suspended platform and gallery above the lower picture; thus completing one of the most singular, yet simple, buildings in England.

* 1799-1800.

† P. 54.

‡ P. 112.

"No sooner," observes Mr. Mitchell, "was the Rotunda in Leicester-square built, than views were exhibited with such striking effects, as attracted the general attention of the public, and which the exhibition of a succession of pictures have continued.

"Mr. Barker having employed the author of this work, in his profession of an architect, to give the designs, and superintend the execution of the building, enabled him to give a correct description.

"The rotunda in Leicester-square, in which the Panorama is exhibited, forms a circle, including the thickness of the walls, of ninety feet diameter: the wall to the ground from the roof, within the building, is fifty-seven feet.

"The roof is constructed in a very strong manner, to sustain such weight as was intended to be suspended from it. In the centre of the building is a pillar, round which the stages are formed, from which both the pictures are viewed.

"The rotunda is divided into two compartments, which are concentric circles: this contrivance gives a double exhibition, by presenting for view two distinct pictures, an invention that happily has produced the most beneficial effects, not merely in pecuniary advantage, but in having at all times a picture to exhibit whilst the other is painting. In examining the section, it will be found that the upper picture is suspended from the roof; for it would have been attended with a disagreeable effect to have supported it by props from below, which would have cut the sight in viewing the lower picture. As the circle of the upper picture is much less than the under, an advantage is attained, that the under picture, without interruption, can occupy, if requisite, almost the whole height of the sides of the building, the forming of two exhibitions in this manner, in the same building, without interrupting or communicating with each other, is an original invention, without a precedent."

We selected the above subject for our introductory remarks on this work, from its publicity, and in accordance with the plan of our Mirror, of reflecting public men and public things: but, by the title, it will be seen that this is but a small part of the work before us. The author has given several aquatinta prints, representative of different mansions erected from his drawings, among which are three, intended to display the external effects of the Grecian, Roman, and Gothic architecture. Judging from the plans, elevations, and descriptions, we conclude they possess some peculiar beauties and conveniences; but the most original and ingenious part of the work is the Essay on the three Styles of Architecture, specified in the title-page. This the author wishes may "be read with attention, and particularly what relates to the Gothic,* as it will be found

* This unmeaning misnomer is still adopted by our architects and antiquaries, in speaking of *ancient English* buildings. It was first employed by some Romanized architects, as a term of reproach and contempt of that extraordinary and elegant style which formed the component parts of the magnificent *English* cathedrals. Why should we persist in absurdity? Because few have courage to strip Prejudice of a long-worn habit.

to contain, he conceives, something new on this *interesting subject*." We are pleased to find an architect make this assertion, and that pleasure is heightened when he continues:—"If what has been advanced can contribute to remove those prejudices which have long prevailed against a style of architecture that is the *source of much pleasure* to many, his intentions will be fully answered, and his wishes completely gratified. The Gothic architecture may be said to have flourished in England from the reign of Edward I. into the reign of Henry VIII."

The great Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, and several other architects, affected to despise and ridicule this style of building, but Mr. Mitchell has dared to applaud it, though in opposition to the precepts of these Romanized veterans. Nay more, he boldly and singularly asserts that the Grecian, the Roman, and the "Gothic" buildings have each its peculiar merit, and appropriate beauty. Of the first, some *fine examples* will be found in the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis, at Athens, the Temple of Concord, at Agrigentum, and the temples at Pestum.

The Romans having made a conquest of Greece, robbed her of her arts and artists. These were employed to decorate the Roman capitol; and thus, like modern Paris, she was enriched and embellished with the pilfered rarities of another nation.

Though Rome "erected more sumptuous buildings than were known in Greece," and then exulted in magnificence, and richness of decoration, yet "they fell short in the elegance of composition, and purity of design. Hence arises chiefly the distinction, and which is certainly essential, between the Greek and Roman architecture."

"The Gothic is a style of architecture truly original. Whoever will attentively examine it, as found in buildings in its purest style, will certainly find that it has not any thing in common with either the Grecian or Roman architecture, in whatever constitutes their principles, or wherein they are distinguished by their form. The striking effects of a gothic building are produced by taking in the whole, in all its relations; but in the Greek and Roman chiefly by examining the elegance and fine proportion of their parts."

Our limits lay an embargo on our wishes, or we would select two or three other passages, which afford us information and pleasure; but, from a concluding paragraph, we are induced to expect a continuation of the essay, or an "Extensive Treatise on the Gothic Architecture."* This we shall gladly hail, from a conviction that

* See a curious volume of Essays on Gothic Architecture, published by J. Taylor, Holborn.

Mr. Mitchell has studied this interesting subject with great discrimination, and unprejudiced attention.

Tales of Superstition and Chivalry. 12mo. pp 144. Fernor and Hood.

To those who take delight in the "Tales of Horror," the "Tales of Wonder," and all such tales, the "Tales of Superstition and Chivalry" will prove interesting, and afford no mean portion of amusement. The author* has taken for her model the ancient ballads of her native country, and in some instances has certainly caught their spirit. Many such attempts have of late years been presented to the public with success, and these poems are certainly not least entitled to a kind reception among productions of this sort. The versification is simple and easy, and the language unaffected. If the collection does not rise to the highest degree of excellence, it does very considerable honour to the fair writer, who has devoted her time to the cultivation of her poetical talents, and merits a friendly reception from its readers.

The stories are founded upon the supposed transactions of ancient and chivalrous times, when the belief of supernatural agency was universal, and those who have a taste for the luxury of ideal description, will find no want of amusement in the perusal of them.

The imitation of the infant poetry of England may, however, be carried too far. If we revived the impressive style of our ancient Gothic buildings, while we retained their simple magnificence and solemnity, we should scarcely deem it necessary to perpetuate what is barbarous and uncouth in their embellishments. In imitating the works of former ages, we should study to render them pleasing to modern eyes and ears. However much we approve these poems, we think the following extract justifies our observation.

"In all that time, if he liv'd still,
 "That none should see the Father Paul;
 "It awed the priest of Einsidlin,
 "And he could not speak at all!"

Amongst others we noticed such rhymes as these, "bled"—"satisfied,"—"aisle" and "confessional," &c. &c.

Adherence to the ancient style has its merits, but, in such instances, appears to us "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Notwithstanding our conviction of the illusion, tales of this de-

* Miss Bannerman, of Edinburgh.

scription, in general, create much interest. Those we have reviewed have, in this respect, an eminent claim to our approbation, and we strongly recommend them to the lovers of this pleasing kind of composition.

Gradus ad Cantabrigiam; or a Dictionary of Terms, Academical, and Colloquial, or CANT, which are used at the University of Cambridge. 12mo. pp. 139. 3s. W. J. and J. Richardson. 1803.

AN admired writer has said, that "of all the *cants* in the world, the *cant* of criticism is the most intolerable;" and our author, who appears to be no mean judge of cant, is probably of the same opinion, if not of one still worse, when he quotes, with such seeming approbation, the saying of Dryden, "that criticism was become mere hangman's work." It is true that it is but too often our disagreeable task to assist in strangling the mis-begotten offspring of the press, which make their appearance in this book-ridden age, in number and in worth,

"Like half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile!"

and we confess that our reviews seem, in a great measure, to have assumed the face of museums, devoted entirely to contain the prodigious births of folly and dullness. The *little monster*, which we now have to add to our collection, we may safely class amongst the monkey-tribe, his powers of mimicry, his disposition to mischief, his drollery, and his occasional indecency, leaving no doubt with respect to his just title to that flattering distinction.

The Beauties of England and Wales; or, Delineations Topographical, Historical, and Descriptive, of each County, (embellished with Engravings.) By John Britton and Edward Widdlake Brayley. Vol. 2. London. 1802.

IT is with pleasure that we announce the completion of the second volume of this elegant and interesting work. The recommendations which we bestowed on the first volume in our miscellany, may with propriety be repeated here, only we think the work, as it proceeds, increases in interest, and accuracy of delineation, whilst the embellishments are far superior to those of the first volume. The extensive reading and laborious remarks which the editors of the Beauties of England and Wales display in this specimen of their performance, are creditable testimonials of their powers and perseverance. This volume comprizes a description of Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, and Cornwall. On the former county, which is the seat

of one of our national universities, the mass of evidence and information (which is judiciously compressed in the space of 182 pages) is considerable, and affords the reader a fund of information concerning the foundation, establishment, and history of the various colleges, halls, and libraries.

Introductory to the description of this county, we find an interesting history of the Iceni, a class of the ancient Britons who opposed the Roman invaders with extraordinary courage and perseverance, under their Amazonian Queen Bandinea, or Boadicea.

"They renewed a war against the Romans so alarming in its consequences, that the whole power of their enemies trembled; and nothing but their expulsion from the island, or complete destruction, seemed likely to ensue. But the superior discipline and skill of the Roman soldiers at length prevailed, and the poor conquered Britons were obliged to relinquish their persons and property to their invading enemy."

This part is drawn up in a perspicuous and interesting manner. Next follows a long and particular account of a tract of country called "The Bedford Level," or "Great Level of the Fens."

"This (observes our author) included nearly 400,000 acres, lying in the several counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk. The chief part of this extensive tract appears, from the various phenomena noticed by different authors, to have been formerly a dry and cultivated land; but either through injudicious embankments, which prevented the waters from the uplands issuing at their proper outlets, or from sudden and violent convulsions of nature, it was reduced to the state of a morass; where the waters stagnating, and becoming putrid, filled the air with noxious exhalations; and not only destroyed the health of the inhabitants, but likewise impeded their endeavours to obtain necessaries; the country being almost rendered impassible even to boats, by the sedge, reeds, and slime, with which it was covered.

"That this vast level was at first a firm dry land, and not annoyed with any extraordinary inundation by the sea, or stagnation of fresh waters, though the surface was originally much lower than it is at present, is evident from the quantity of trees that have been found buried in different parts of the fens, and also from a variety of other circumstances."

Among the objects described at Cambridge, we find an interesting history of that elegant pile of building called King's College Chapel.

"This magnificent structure," says the author, "has been always considered as a perfect specimen of the Gothic architecture. When viewed from the outside, the massive stone with which it is composed, and the immense buttresses that support it, raise an idea of the most uncommon solidity: but this dwells but a short time on the mind; the height and magnitude of the building, its open worked battlements, and finely proportioned pinnacles and

towers, exalt the fleeting emotions that arise from the contemplation of its sublimity and grandeur. The interior view is still more impressive. The vast arched roof, unsustained by a single pillar, with its voluminous stones, displaying all the elegance of fan work, and seeming to hang in air, as if 'art had taught them to forget nature, and wean them of their tendency to gravitate,' at once astonishes and confounds."

As the editors cull the *honey* from every *flower* of history, their work contains a vast assemblage of the rare and valuable; and extracting the essence of former writers, and combining it with much original information, they present us with an epitome of topographical intelligence, which no other publication furnishes. These are our impartial sentiments on a work which has deservedly attained such a high degree of popularity, that the first volume is already out of print. Witnessing such laudable exertions for the refinement of the national taste, we cannot help wishing the editors health to finish what they have begun: success we need not wish, their merit insures it, and a British public will continue it.

History of the British Expedition to Egypt; to which is subjoined, a Sketch of the present State of that Country, and its Means of Defence. Illustrated with Maps, and a Portrait of Sir Ralph Abercromby. By Robert Thomas Wilson, Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry in His Britannic Majesty's Service, and Knight of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa.

"WHEN a military man hazards a publication," Sir Robert observes, in his preface, "he should, if possible, avert the severity of criticism from his work; and the author hopes that an appeal to the consideration and good nature of the learned, will, in this instance, procure him their indulgence, since he does not presume to rank himself in their numbers; nor can the writings of a soldier affect the credit of literature."

A declaration so modest and candid would disarm the severity of criticism, even if the military author had committed some very grievous offences against the laws of composition; but, in fact, Sir R. W. has no such reasons for his apology. His narrative is clear, manly, and perspicuous, distinguished throughout by sterling sense, liberal observation, and accurate detail. With the warmth of a patriot, and the honest roughness of a soldier, he has refuted the untruths with which General Regnier has essayed to varnish over the disgraces of his own countrymen, and, with a still less excusable contempt of truth, to cast dust on the laurels so

well earned by ours. The detail of operations, and the reflections on particular parts of the service, are given with honourable freedom, and with an unfettered frankness, which equally distributes the meed of applause or of censure to those who have merited it, whether friend or enemy.

The period properly embraced in Sir R. W.'s narrative, is from the 25th of October, 1801, when the British forces received directions to attempt the expulsion of the French from Egypt, till the time when news arrived of the signature of preliminaries of peace; but, in passing over the fields where the glory of his profession has been so shamefully tarnished by the enormous wickedness of that bloated son of fortune, whom the idiot worshippers of success alone can call great, the humane soldier has not been able to refrain from describing, and even ascertaining by undeniable evidence, those acts of Bonaparte which occasion comparisons between his conduct and that of Robespierre, Carrier, Couthon, and all those fiends of the revolution, once idolized, like himself, but who are now never mentioned, without the descriptive addition of *drinkers of blood*.—Indeed, if Carrier and the other proconsuls in the departments of France, put to death, like Bonaparte, thousands of unarmed individuals, they could plead that their victims were rebels, whom, by the laws, and for the safety of the state, they had a right to destroy; but the three thousand eight hundred men murdered by the Corsican in the field near Jaffa, had received quarter during the storm of the town, and were, three days afterwards, drawn out on a rising ground, and put to death in cold blood. But even this atrocious deed is more than paralleled by the next crime alleged against him, a crime so unmilitary and inhuman that we shudder to read, and doubt the nature of the being who could commit it. The affecting fact is thus related by the British author.

“Bonaparte finding that the hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which from weighty reasons cannot be here inserted; on his arrival he entered into a long conversation with him, respecting the dangers of contagion; concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick at present in the hospital was the only measure which could be adopted. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue, and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder; but finding that Bonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent, with this memorable observation: “Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, General, if such qualities as you insinuate

not necessary to form a great man, I thank my God that I do not possess them." Bonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations; he persevered, and found an apothecary, who (dreading the weight of power, but who since has made an atonement to his mind by unequivocally confessing the fact) consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick.—*Opium at night was distributed in gratifying food; the wretched unsuspecting victims: seduced, and in a few hours two hundred and eighty soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol.*"

Some over prudent persons may perhaps object to the narration of these transactions, but their objections have been anticipated, and ably answered by the author himself.

"To those who may imagine," he says, "that my representations of General Bonaparte's conduct in the several instances referred to, are imprudent and improper at this moment to be brought forwards, I must premise, that if they are concerned only for the character of that general, I am happy to afford them an occasion to be better acquainted with this celebrated man; who, by his great fortune, and uninterrupted career of victory (with one exception of Acre, that glorious monument of British conduct) has dazzled the understandings of the mass of mankind, and prevented the results of those enquiries having proper influence, which those, with whom the opinions of the day do not pass current, have instituted on his pretensions to the admiration of posterity. In those whose motives of disapprobation proceed from a regard for tranquillity, exciting the wish, that a general amnesty of oblivion might be extended to the past, first I will say that the dissemination of this principle would tend to produce more wickedness in the world than has ever yet been committed; for what is there to intimidate ambition, in full possession of power, but the pen of the historian? what can guarantee mankind from the atrocities of a licentious despotism, but an assurance that the memory of great crimes is perpetuated in the records of history? If the charges are not founded, the man yet lives to exonerate his injured character. If he cannot refute them, then must he sink into his grave loaded with the heavy weight of such offences, and the miserable prescience that execration shall attach to his memory, instead of the fame he coveted. That on his cenotaph posterity will inscribe—*Ille venena, Colkba, et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas, tractavit.*"

It is not our intention to pursue, through the whole of this quarto volume, a regular system of criticism or analysis. We have declared our general opinion of its style and merits, and it would not be just towards the author, or gratifying to the reader, were we to set out in search of minute errors, and detail all the trifling variations from the most approved modes of writing. We shall only select a few passages descriptive of events, places and personages, such as in our judgment are most calculated to interest the reader, and stimulate his curiosity to peruse this truly valuable work.

BRITISH VALOUR.—The conduct of the troops (in the celebrated battle of the 21st of March) cannot but excite wonder in military men, of whatever

nation they may be. Surrounded, partly broken, without ammunition, still to continue the contest, and remain conquerors is an extraordinary evidence of intrepidity, discipline, and inherent conduct. The British service may not only pride itself on that day for the battle gained, but as it serves for the ground work of future glory, and if its details are properly impressed, must diffuse universally instruction and confidence in danger.

MASSACRE AT EDKO.—The inhabitants of this village, at the first landing of the French, had committed some act of hostility against the detachment sent to occupy Rosetta. Bonaparte, in his dispatches to the directory, mentions this circumstance, and adds, that having given orders for the reduction of this town, it was assaulted accordingly; he then proceeds to applaud the gallantry of the troops, who stormed, in as pompous a manner as if another Israel had been taken; whereas this village had not even the mud wall which surrounds all the others in Egypt. As a proof of the resistance, 150 men, women, and children, were put to the sword, and not a Frenchman was hurt; yet no doubt the banner of Edko is suspended in the Temple of Mars at Paris.

THE NILE AND THE BATHS AT ROSETTA.—The Nile, the celebrated Nile, afforded, uncombined with its bounties and wonderful properties, no pleasure to the sight; the muddy stream, rotten banks, putrifying with the fatness of the slime, left from the waters, its narrow breadth being not more than a hundred yards across, impressed with no idea of majesty; but a reflection on the miraculous qualities of this river, an anticipation of the luxuries the very kennelly waters would afford, rendered it an object of considerable gratification. The baths at Rosetta were esteemed very fine, and Savary describes them as such; therefore they must be mentioned. The curious stranger enters first into a large saloon, where many people are laying naked in bed, or getting up, having performed their ablutions: he then passes through narrow passages, smelling shockingly, from the abuses allowed in them, each becoming gradually warmer, till the steam heat is almost intolerable: when he arrives in the room where the baths are, there he sees a number of naked people, in various attitudes, some in the water, others rubbing down by the attendants, with gloves filled with cotton. Their horrid squalid figures, with their bald heads, excepting a little tuft of hair left on the crown, and bristly black beards, made the place resemble a den of satyrs. No scene could be more disgusting; and it is astonishing how any person could remain five minutes, since the air is so tainted and oppressive. Hundreds of English, attracted by the description, attempted to get as far as the baths, but were obliged to turn back when they had advanced a little way. The Mosaic pavement, with which however the floors are paved, is really beautiful, and repays some inconvenience.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH.—Sir Sydney was endeared to officers and men by his conduct, courage and affability. With pride they beheld the hero of Acre; with admiration they reflected on the convention of El Arish: they had witnessed his exertions, and calculated on his enterprize. The Arabs regarded him as a superior being. To be the friend of Smith, was the highest honour they coveted, and his word the only pledge they required. No trouble, no exertions, no expence, had been spared by him to obtain their friendship, and ele-

was in their opinions the national character. But the order was given, and remonstrance would have been unworthy: it is true, that as a seaman he could not complain on being ordered to reassume the command of his ship; but the high power he had been invested with, the ability he had displayed as a soldier and statesman, entitled him to a superior situation in this expedition, and the interest of the service seemed to require, that the connexion he had formed with the Mamelukes, should through him be maintained. The army saw Sir Sydney then leave them with regret, but he carried with him their best wishes and gratitude.

GALLIC GRATITUDE.—The following anecdote is related as the cause of Morad Bey's personal inveteracy against the French. Some of their officers of rank assembled at the house of Madam Morad Bey, the widow of the great Ali Bey, who entertained them with all the hospitality she could possibly manifest, and as they retired, presented the young Beauharnois with a ring of considerable value. A few days afterwards a contribution was laid on her property of far greater extent than her proportion had previously been fixed at, and much beyond her means to pay. On complaint being made, she received for answer, "that as it was understood she still possessed very costly ornaments, no mitigation could be pleaded." This exaction then appeared to be founded on the present she had so generously, but as it proved imprudently given, to the relative of Bonaparte, with the motive of shewing honour to that general. As such it was considered as the grossest breach of faith and hospitality, nor could Morad Bey ever speak of the transaction without the bitterest expressions of indignation.

EGYPTIAN DWELLINGS.—All language is insufficient to give a just idea of the misery of an Egyptian village. But those who have been in Ireland may best suppose the degree, when an Irish hut is described as a palace, in comparison to an Arab's sty, for it can be called by no other name. Each habitation is built of mud, even the roof, and resembles in shape an oven. Within is only one apartment, generally of about ten feet square. The door does not admit of a man's entering upright; but, as the bottom is dug out about two feet, when in the room an erect posture is possible. A mat, some large cans to hold water, which it is the constant occupation of the women to fetch, an alkaras or drinking pitcher, made of fine porous flag, found best in Upper Egypt, near Cusis, and in which the water is kept very cool, a slice pan, and coffee pot, are all the ornaments and utensils. Here then a whole family eat and sleep, without any consideration of decency or cleanliness; being, in regard to the latter, worse than even the beasts of the field, who naturally respect their own tenements. It was scarcely possible to witness this disgusting scene, to behold men, women, and children, so wretched, so hideous, and so abject, without reflections not very conforming to doctrines which, for the happiness of the world, should be inculcated.

THE SIROCCO.—This day will ever be remarkable to the Egyptian army—a Sirocco wind darkened, with a burning mist, the atmosphere; the thermometer was at 120 in the shade; the ground was heated like the floor of a furnace, every thing that was metallic, such as arms, buttons, knives, &c.

became burning hot; the poultry exposed to the air, and several horses and camels, died: respiration was difficult, and the lungs were parched with the fiery particles. Had the heat continued forty-eight hours, the effects would have been dreadful; but happily, as night drew on, the wind cooled, and at last changed to the north-west.

THE GRAND VIZIR.—The Grand Vizir is an old man, with a very expressive and engaging countenance, but having only one eye, the other being put out in throwing the dgiredde; a silvered beard of extraordinary length and beauty, a remarkable cleanliness in person, gave him a majestic and pleasing appearance, whilst the affability and particular elegance of his manners, operated irresistibly in his favour; nor was this impression even diminished by a more intimate knowledge of his character; brave, loyal, and humane: if not endowed with the most splendid talents, he ornamented by his virtues the high dignity he was invested with.

The account of the pyramids, and the sphinx, though well worthy of attention, is too long to be extracted; but we give with pleasure the following description of the **MUMMY PITS** and **BIRD PITS**. About thirteen miles distant are seen the pyramids of Sacarah, which are not so large as those of Giza. Under them are the celebrated mummy pits, which extend several leagues, tradition affirms as far as the great pyramids of Giza. The operation of descending into these pits is extremely disagreeable. Bedouin Arabs are the conductors, who bring the adventurers to some holes, down which they sling themselves by a rope about thirty yards, whilst the loose stones, tumbling from above, inflict the severest injuries. On reaching the bottom, they are shewn an opening like an oven, to get into which they are obliged to fall flat on their faces, and creep in that manner, or rather shove themselves backwards, their legs going necessarily first for fear of suffocation, for twenty yards, over rubbish and ruins, in total darkness. The height of the passage does not really admit of the smallest bend in the person to assist the progress. When this uncomfortable avenue is passed, the catacombs or vaults allow of a man's standing upright. In the bird-pits millions of earthen pots lie, in the recesses in which the sacred birds of Egypt, particularly the Ibis, are enclosed; and occasionally the bones of animals are found. These pots are closed by a strong cement, which no air can penetrate. When broken, there drops out what is apparently a lump of burnt claders, which proves to be the cloth in which the bodies were preserved. In almost all, the string which bound them remains perfect; and their feathers are preserved, with their very shades of colour. The mummy pits, where human bodies are deposited, have been much ransacked by the French; at least that part which was open to their researches. Still several whole bodies are found even now, without penetrating far, and two or three perfect mummies have been brought to England. Indeed the Arabs, for fear sequins, would always engage to find and bring one into Cairo.

GENERAL KLEBER.—Whilst the British camp displayed this festivity, the French lines presented a gloomy scene of mourning: for as at the obsequies of General Kleber, real sorrow again agitated every heart. It was not the usual heark, the trappings of ceremony, the imposing stiffness of parade, but the silent manliness of unaffected grief, which diffused the mournful solemnity.

Every soldier, as the coffin passed, felt that therein their benefactor's, a father's bones reposed; a leader, whose intrepidity had been their admiration and example; whose talents had often secured them the victory, and who, in the hour of distress, never abandoned them; the man who, when Bonaparte deserted them, cheered their desponding spirits by his paternal exhortations, and whose exertions were continually devoted to their welfare. They dwelt on his merits, they reflected on his fate, and Kleber became deified and adored. Had Bonaparte witnessed this scene, he would have himself regretted, perhaps, the exclamation which he made with indignant pride, when Kleber, wishing to heal up some differences which existed between them, began his letter with the fraternal term of "*Camerade*"—"Camerade! Camerade! *qu'est ce qu'il y'a de commun entre Kleber et moi?*" Fortunate was it for Bonaparte, that the hand of an assassin deprived Kleber of life. His word was passed, his resolution fixed, to take ample vengeance. Nor did personal resentment only urge him. The public wrong he had also pledged himself to redress. Neither would the aggrandisement of his rival have humiliated him by servile obsequiousness and dereliction from his oath. As an officer, Kleber must rank among the first; as a man, he was equally estimable; and the trait of regard for discipline he displayed, when Bonaparte, rifling the military chest, leaving only a few papers or trappings, which by accident adhered, quitted the army without any previous communication, stripped Alexandria of artillery, and subjected him to all the evils which penury, discontent, and weakness could expose a commander to, must ever obtain an universal applause. Still faithful to his duty, and the service he engaged in, Kleber made no public complaint or appeal. On the contrary, he even framed an apology for the man who had so injured him, by which generous conduct subordination was preserved, and the rising spirit of mutiny subdued: a noble sacrifice, which exposed himself to the odium of being thought a friend to the enemy of the army, for so Bonaparte was then deemed, and which imputation, if General Kleber's virtues had not been his own safeguard, would have produced the most fatal consequences. Several English officers had been present at the procession, and witnessed the tears of affection which flowed from the eyes of the soldiery; nor is his name ever mentioned amongst them, without exciting feelings of regret, admiration, and gratitude—at that time it was always accompanied by the vow of devotion to his cause. The skeleton of the assassin was also conveyed to France. This wretched being had been impaled alive, and lived in that state for three days. Neither on the cutting off his hand, nor the dreadful operation which humanity and manhood revolt at, did he betray the least fear. His only cry was for water, and occasionally a curse against those who had betrayed him, with the hopes of pardon, into confession.

GENERAL MENOU.—General Hope went into Alexandria to sign the capitulation. General Menou received him with every mark of attention, and invited him to dinner. The repast was only horse-flesh; but those who know the French general, will know that his society would amply compensate for the want of a more luxurious diet. On the morning of September the 2d, Lord Keith came on shore to ratify the terms, and a capitulation was concluded,

which embraced every desirable object, without unnecessarily degrading the conquered. General Menou was certainly entitled to every consideration which a brave but unfortunate officer has a right to expect from a generous enemy; and General Hutchinsonson knew well how to appreciate conduct which had been so honourable, and to accede every indulgence not incompatible with the interests of his country, and credit of the army. Policy obtained from him the terms of Cairo, and the noblest of motives induced his consent to these. That man who does his duty, must at the same time acquire the esteem of his adversaries, or they but ill merit their success. General Menou's defence was such as his country had every reason to be satisfied with; a longer resistance would not have been sufficiently considerate for the troops under his command, unless they voluntarily devoted themselves to render glorious, by their sacrifice, the memory of the army of the east.

RAVAGES OF THE FRENCH IN LOWER EGYPT.—Independent of the ravages of the plague, the French have destroyed about 40,000 inhabitants, and ill treated, in almost every place, the women: and yet General Desaix's conquest of that country has been extolled in raptures, as glorious to the French arms and to humanity.

We perceive that the desire of communicating useful and interesting information has already led us to extend this article to an unusual length; we shall therefore abstain from giving the descriptions of Cleopatra's Needle, and Pompey's Pillar, and from making any extracts from the remarks on the moral and physical state of Egypt, or the papers in the appendix. We cannot however conclude without repeating our earnest recommendation of this work to the attention of our readers, whom it must highly gratify, as well on account of its literary and philosophical, as of its historical and political merits.

Facts and Observations respecting the Air-pump Vapour Bath, in Gout, Rheumatism, Palsy, and other Diseases. By Ralph Blegborough, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. 3s. 6d. 12mo. Lackington, Allen, & Co. 1803.

THE first rude essay at constructing a telescope is said to have been made by a boy, the son of one Theodore Jansen, a spectacle grinder, in Holland, who, diverting himself with placing two double concaves on a lath, found that the weather-cock of a steeple was magnified, when he viewed it through them. It is better ascertained that the first idea of Newton's sublime system was suggested by an apple falling from a tree, while he sat musing in a garden. This event, trifling as it might seem to inattentive observers, immediately set his great genius to work. Gravity, said he to himself, reaches

to the top of that tree—to the top of the highest tree—to the summit of the loftiest mountain. Why not as high as the moon? And if so, may she not be retained in her orbit by the same cause, whatever that cause be. The glorious issue of these soliloquies is well known to philosophers. A discovery not so splendid, but certainly not less useful to mankind, had a similar origin. The very ingenious Mr. Smith, of Brighton, happening to read, in some romantic account of the crusades, the story of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the wound of an arrow which had penetrated her beloved Edward, his mechanical genius was immediately set to work. What is suction (he asked himself) but the removal of atmospheric pressure? Does not this cause the milk to flow from a woman's breast? and the blood from the wounds of the scarificator in cupping? Suppose, then, a large portion of the body,—for example, a gouty leg, subjected to the action of the air-pump, as a small surface is in using the syringe cupping-glass, must not blood and juices rush towards such part, and, in so doing, probably remove the morbid obstructions? The result of this self-interrogation clearly evinces the native force of inventive genius that gave rise to the air-pump vapour-bath, described by the author in this neat little work, which, we understand, is worthy of observation.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1802. Being an impartial collection of the most exquisite Essays and Jeux d'Esprits, principally Prose, that appear in the Newspapers and other Publications. With Explanatory Notes and Anecdotes of many of the Persons alluded to. Vol. 6. Small 8vo. 6s. Ridgway. 1803.

“ANOTHER and another still succeeds,
And still the last is welcome as the former.”

The Peasant's Fate; a rural Poem; with miscellaneous Poems. By William Holloway. Second Edition. 12mo. 1803.

WE are told, for we rather avoid any inquiry after the critical opinions of others, lest they should imperceptibly influence our own; but we have been loudly told, that, after this publication had so far received the sanction of the public favour as to have a second impression called for, in less than a twelvemonth after the appearance of the first, some of our censorial brethren have risen up in battle array against the author, and against the work; have employed the knife instead of the pen, and have dissected instead of analyzing his book. The motives for such invidious treatment we are not anxious to enquire, since a general solution has been given by the poet, who instructs us, that

“Envy will merit as its shade pursue;”

and when the present author is informed that on the publication of Cowper's poetry, it was censured by the conductors of a long-established review, as "dull and languid, without either novelty, spirit, or animation," the intelligence may arm his mind with the panoply of philosophic fortitude, especially as a popular writer has assured his fellows, that even a production of excellence must be expected to entail upon its author a thousand mortifications.* After these consolatory hints, imparted in the spirit of critical benevolence, we have only to announce this reprint of a volume from which we received much pleasure, and which we can cordially recommend to such of our readers as have any regard for our candour or judgment.

Modern Discoveries; or a Collection of Facts and Observations, principally relative to the various Branches of Natural History, resulting from the Geological, Topographical, Botanical, Physiological, Mineralogical, and Philosophical Researches, of celebrated modern Travellers in every Quarter of the Globe. Carefully translated, prepared, and reprinted, from the Works of the most eminent Authors. By Francis Blagden, Esq. Professor of the French, Italian, Spanish, and German Languages. Odo-Decimo. 1802.

THIS promises to prove a useful, interesting, and valuable collection. The works already published are Denon's Travels in Egypt, and Golberry's Travels in Africa; and they furnish a very favourable specimen of the abilities of the translator. The apology he offers for this collection carries considerable weight.

"The consequence of travellers having too far extended their remarks on particular subjects or branches of science has been, that they have sometimes found it necessary to curtail the general information which might have been expected; or if they have inserted the latter, the size of the volume has been so far extended, as to render its publication at a moderate expence utterly impracticable. On the other hand, the publishing of works of real merit on a large scale, and attended with overstrained embellishments of the graphic and typographic arts, has been the means of introducing such editions to splendid and expensive libraries only; while the enormous price of the volumes renders them unattainable by the most numerous part of society. On this subject, the public complaint has been appropriately expressed in the words of Juvenal:

"Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo."

To remedy this most serious inconvenience, the editor has thought, that by printing his edition in all the beauty of typogra-

* Lewis's Monks, vol. ii. p. 154.

phy, together with the convenience of portability, and also by condensing, in a very few instances only, such matter in the original works as may be conceived generally uninteresting, he should be enabled to publish, in a regular series of volumes, a complete and extensive collection of Facts and Observations, adapted to the present state of literature and science; a collection which, while it is calculated for the information of the nation at large, will not discredit the patronage of princes; for, by a strict attention to the double object of elegance and economy, he will be able to present the most superb works that have been published in every European language, at a price which can neither be felt nor regretted by any enlightened individual, whatever may be his rank in society."

Mr. Blagdon, who appears to be perfectly adequate to the task he has undertaken, proposes to publish a volume on the first day of every month, and as each work will be completed at the end of a volume, the public may purchase any set of travels they please, without binding themselves to continue the series.

The plan is very liberal, and worthy of general encouragement.

The widowed Bride, or Cetina. A Novel founded on Facts. By Sarah Ann Hook. 3 Vols. 12mo. Lane and Newman, 1803

IN the list of female worthies who adorn the present age by their genius, the fair author of this novel is entitled to no mean rank. Nature seems to have been her guide, and elegant simplicity the language she has adopted. *The Widowed Bride* is written with all the simplicity of Sterne, and in many parts is equally fascinating with the style of that popular writer.

DRAMATIC.

Delays and Blunders. A Comedy in Five Acts. As performing at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. By Frederick Reynolds. 2s. Longman and Rees. London, 1803.

THIS comedy, like every other production of Mr. Reynolds, abounds in lively incident, in temporary satire, in appropriate allusion to the manners of the day, and above all in pleasant business and humour, which, springing from the subject, more properly belongs to the comic department of the stage.

If there be not novelty in delineation of character, there is at least happiness of contrast, and variety of sentiment. The morality of the piece is spotless, and the unities are strictly preserved. Mr. Reynolds has, certainly, above all his contemporaries, the merit of exhilarating his audience, and enlivening by reflection the gaiety of domestic life.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAL, SPECULUM CONVERSATIONIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. Show.
The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

 THEATRICAL SCALE OF MERIT.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING very much attached to theatrical amusements, and, at the same time inclined to regulate my judgment by the opinions of the newspaper critics, I am often extremely puzzled in the laborious operation of making up my mind by the indefinite—I was going to say almost unintelligible—terms made use of by the aforesaid judges. It appears to me to be saying next to nothing, when they say that such a performer is *capital*, another *inferior*, that one has *outdone* his usual *outdoings*, and that another has *outdone* the *outdoings* of every body else. Such phrases, being so many degrees of comparison, convey no information, because they are comparisons with a something in the author's head, which he does not state in plain terms.

Complaining the other day of these difficulties to my worthy friend *Jonathan Lloyd, Esq.* of the *Stock Exchange*, he put me upon a scheme which I think worth communicating to you, and I hope soon to see it adopted, as the only infallible way to render dramatic criticism explicit and intelligible. I shall give it as nearly as possible in the words of my friend, who is one of the most precise men in the world :

“ Your complaint, my dear Dangle, is strictly just ; but so it ever will be, unless critics and speakers in general on all subjects, will consent to adopt the terms of the consolidated funds. At our *house* no man is at a loss to comprehend another. Were one of us to say, that *omnium* had risen *considerably* in the course of the day, he would be laughed at as an incorrigible blockhead, and nobody would understand him ; but when he says, it left off at $7\frac{1}{2}$, it is plain how the case stands. Now, my dear friend, let these critics only adopt our scale, and you will find the merits of a play or player will be placed on the most distinct and intelligible ground. For example, instead of representing the progress of a performer by the vulgar degrees of comparison, *good, better, best*, say at once, that *Cooke* began at $58\frac{1}{2}$ and left off at $65\frac{1}{2}$; that the critics did Capt.

Caulfield in *Hamlet* at 50½, but that he sunk in *Ranger* to 37½; that another performer, by various reports from the country, had been raised to 70, but that he fell in one day no less than eight *per cent.* that a comedy had begun at 62½, fluctuated very much in the course of the evening, and left off at 50: you see, my dear Dangle, how plain all this is. You might, likewise, consider a manager who announces, by extravagant puffing, a new piece, as a bear who pretends to sell what he is not possessed of, and is obliged frequently to *waddle out* at a great loss, his delightful comedy at 70 being often reduced as low as a *farce* of 49. Kotzebue—all the world, you know, are *bulls* of Kotzebue; he, I say, as we have *nothing to give in return*, may be deemed a species of *Imperial loan*, and *done* accordingly. Viewing matters in this light, I flatter myself that I have a more correct idea of dramatic merit than the most enlightened of our critics, and am often enabled to detect false accounts. I have frequently been told of a performer rising wonderfully, when to my certain knowledge he never got beyond 52½, and very few *clappers* at that. There are some very *venturesome* fellows among them, who affect to have large *concerns*, and yet, egad! are seldom able to pay the *first instalment*. Dramatic dealers in *nominal stock* are not quite so lucky as with *us*—But let that pass—This is my way of judging plays and players, and I know no other so correct. Were it once introduced, we should understand one another better. It is nonsense to talk of rising and falling. There is no rising and falling but at the Stock Exchange that can be clearly understood. When I am told that Kemble rose two *per cent.* in the fourth act of *Hamlet*, I know directly what is meant, as he left off at 79½, in *To be or not to be*. But some actors, I am sorry to say it, manage their stock so badly, that in the course of the season they don't vary an eighth *per cent.* and generally leave off just where they began. I have only to add, that this *ratio* would be of great service, at the end of a season, to the *holders of tickets*, which I have often seen hawked about the Garden, at a loss of ten or twelve *per cent.*"

My friend Jonathan having explained his scheme so particularly, I do not think it necessary to add any comments of my own, but submit it to the better judgment of your readers, and am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

DANGLE.

REMARKS ON THE DRAMATIC POETS.

BY PHILIP NEVE, ESQ.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

FROM a survey of the whole dramatic works of Beaumont and Fletcher, it would be difficult to draw any general conclusion concerning their merit. So unequal are their pieces, that they admit of every degree of estimation, from excellent to bad. Their schemes are taken rather from tales than history; though it is not always easy to discover the sources that have supplied them. Their plots are, in general, better than either their conduct of them, or their writing: many of their chief characters are individuals; yet, among fifty-four dramas, may be found partial excellences of all sorts.—What plays were written by these authors conjointly, or what by either severally, it is now impossible, beyond a very small number, to distinguish; but it cannot be supposed that many were written by Beaumont, who died (in 1615) at the age of twenty-nine, when Fletcher was both born ten years before him, and survived him as long.

Of all their dramas, the comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife* is that which has most deeply and most deservedly fixed the public attention. Observing, throughout these authors, particularly Fletcher, to whom solely this play is attributed, a continual disposition to treat female errors with severity, it is not wonderful, that he could not resist the temptation of devoting a whole piece to the picture of a character of entire libertinism. By the words, in the second act, reported by Estifania, as from Perez,

——he is an ass not worth acquaintance,

That cannot mould a devil to obedience—

The author seems to intend a contrast between the characters of Perez and Leon, as well in their institution, as their progress in the action of the drama; whereas Leon is, in truth, rather an instance that the dissimulation of one sex can exceed the penetration of the other, than that an ass can rule a vixen. The two actions of this play are conducted with very happy coincidence. It is replete with comic incidents; all of which fall out very naturally, and justly entitle it to the high applause it has always received on the stage. In the conduct of Margarita's character, it is observable, at the opening of the third act, that she expresses her doubts of Leon's "being really master of the ignorance he outwardly professes;" whereas nothing, but an entire confidence in such ig-

norance, could introduce, with great effect, her astonishment at his breaking out, a page or two afterwards. And here may be noted the difference of the masterly pen of Shakspeare; who, so far from weakening his characters by injudicious anticipations, often prefaces them, as it were, to their own greatness. In the fifth act, Leon, after the repeated experience of Margarita's treachery, is perhaps too easily credulous of her reformation, the moment she promises it. Mr. Garrick has, with great judgment, in his alteration added a short argument between them, which strengthens the probability of Leon's conviction, as a ground of his faith.

Cacafogo very far surpasses the other buffo-character of these authors, Bessus, and approaches much nearer to the humour of Falstaff, without being so manifestly a copy of him. Cacafogo's avarice gives great variety to the character, whilst in him Falstaff's gluttony, lechery, and cowardice, are well preserved. His language is excellent; and the trick put upon him by Estifania, with the chain and trumpery of Perez, highly comic. Mr. Garrick altered the catastrophe of this comedy; with which alteration it now appears upon the stage. It is not easy to judge of stage effect, but upon the spot; yet there seems nothing reprehensible in the original form of it, but the unnecessarily sending of Leon abroad with his company, after the scheme, for which alone his commission was obtained, is at an end; which circumstance is also preserved by Mr. Garrick.

Bonduca is a tragedy, in which the character of Caratach is excellently drawn. Nor is it surprising that the authors should so well succeed in writing after the fine model Tacitus has left of him. Hengo is a very worthy élève of the manly Caratach. The Druid-sacrifice is an exhibition of solemn and striking effect. The daughters of Bonduca, in their threatened revenge against the Romans they have ensnared, shew a stern and masculine spirit, well suited to themselves, their cause, and their situation.

The Knight of the burning Pestle is a comedy of peculiar character; formed on Thomas Heywood's *Four Prentices*; which was intended to ridicule the prevailing fashion of romance-reading; and of which ridicule this play is meant as a continuation. Cervantes had published his *Don Quixote* in 1605; Thomas Heywood his play in 1612; and in 1613 was published this comedy, which is not without much humour; particularly in the relief of the prisoners from the barber-surgeon's, and the march of the knight's company through Whitechapel.

The Prophetess, a tragical history, seems a composition peculiarly happy in itself, and was well adapted to an age in which the

intervention of spirits in all the common occurrences of life was fully believed, from the king to the peasant. Delphia is, like Medea, the sublime of magic. Her power, as it were, produces the story; and the poet has managed his machinery with such excellent art, that it is no where forgotten, and no where fails to forward the plot. The images are equal to any thing to be found on the subject.—The conclusion of the second act sets at work all the powers that sustain the fable, without giving room to guess at the effects of any of their operations. Delphia's magic law, that "the same affection Diocles shews to Drusilla, shall be shewn to him by Aurelia," is productive of great variety, in the progress of that part of the story; which is conducted very regularly to the end of the third act. But, like all things of great ostentation upon a false basis, which must fail somewhere, here the piece falls off, and the two last acts can scarcely be thought to have proceeded from the same pen which produced the former.

These four pieces seem as different as any that can be selected from the volumes of these authors; to the advantage of whom many others might be pointed out, if a reader could be supposed to be interested in partial sketches of plays, not thoroughly good. Among the beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher, however, must not be omitted the scenes with Ordella, in the fourth act of the tragedy of Thierry and Théodoret. One passage also, in the Humorous Lieutenant, claims every attention. The chief characters of the play are Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Ptolemy, the successors of Alexander. The three last, in arms, and in opposition to Antigonus, are surrounded by his troops, and in imminent danger. Upon some night-alarm, that the enemy are advancing upon them, Seleucus, sword in hand, disdaining to yield, breaks forth to his associates:

Let no man fear to die: we love to sleep all;
And death is but the sounder sleep. All ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrow;
Nor go we out, like tedious tales, forgotten:
High, high we go, and hearty to our funerals;
And, as the sun that sets, in blood we'll fall.

Had Alexander, before he joined his last battle at Gaugamela, spoken these words, the dignity of the personage and the occasion, suiting to the grandeur of the image in the last line, had perhaps rendered it one of the most sublime passages poetry can furnish.

THE PRESENT STATE OF
THE PORTUGUEZE STAGE.
FROM LINK'S TRAVELS.*

ONE of the principal amusements of the rich is the Italian opera, which is not supported by the court, but by private individuals. It was at that time in all respects excellent, and the singers have rendered every other opera to me insipid. The best of these performers was added to it at the time, when the French occupied Rome, and turned out the Castrati from the great opera. Crescentini eclipsed all the rest; but I should only name him to those who knew Italy, which is the mother of music, before the late troubles. In Lisbon unmarried women are not allowed to perform at any theatre; and here, where their places are supplied by Castrati, little more is lost than an illusion of the imagination, which perhaps misleads the judgment. The opera was my principal amusement at Lisbon. The house is large and handsome, the disposition of its parts excellent, and the attention of the manager, that every one should be in his proper places, very exemplary. Sometimes also Portuguese operettas are performed, generally farces, as afterpieces, in which the Portuguese language has a pleasing effect in the Italian mouth of Zamparini.

Besides the opera-house called *teatro de Carlos*, there is a portuguese play-house called *teatro do solitre*, situated in a narrow little street behind the public promenade: it is much less than the opera house, very narrow, and is but little visited by persons of condition. Under such circumstances little can be expected. Here also no women perform, their parts being filled by men who can scarcely conceal their beards. The players are frequently artisans. A shoemaker who had been at work all day performed among other comical old characters, and was not the worst of the actors. The pieces represented are generally translations from the Italian, less frequently from other languages, and still more rarely original. But I have never myself seen or heard announced, even on this stage, the Portuguese merry-andrew who is called *gracioso*. All the tragedies and serious plays are bad, or ill-performed, nor can any thing be more wretched than the principal lovers. The afterpieces are miserable farces, almost more so than the Spanish *saynetes*; but the *tonadilla* is not at all known. Among their greater pieces, however, some are not without merit; the nation in general have a strong inclination to wit and satire, and the language is particularly calculated for the expression of humour.

* Translated from the German by J. Hinckley, Esq.

CURSORY REMARKS ON SHAKSPERE.

No. X.

THE following coincidences between Shakspeare and Massinger are so striking as to be worthy of notice.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Hamlet.

Massinger has precisely the same figure in his *Great Duke of Florence*.

Giovanni. Pray you believe, Sir,
What you deliver to me, shall be lock'd up
In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself
Shall keep the key.

SHAKSPERE.

Ros. Take you me for a *sponge*, my lord.

Hamlet. Ay, Sir; that *soaks up* the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities it is but *squeezing* you, and, *sponge*, you shall be dry again. *Hamlet.*

MASSINGER.

These *sponges* that *suck up* a kingdom's fat,
To be *squeez'd* out by the rough hand of war.

Duke of Milan.

SHAKSPERE.

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

Massinger reverses the image :

————— my eyes
Would keep you company, as a forlorn lover,
But that the burning fire of my revenge
Dries up those drops of sorrow.

Bashful Lover.

In Macbeth there is a thought not much unlike this, though the metaphor is different.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

I beg to retract my assertion that Johnson had not noticed the word "grizzled" in his dictionary. I find I was in error.

J. L.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. EDITOR,

In wandering along the romantic Wye, one pleasant evening, enjoying those beautiful scenes which decorate the banks of that delightful river, I was awakened from my reverie by the sounds of an instrument most delicately modified by the voice of a lovely girl, who sang the following song, which, having finished, she rose from the trunk of an old tree,

————— o'ercanopied
With luscious woodbine ———
and, without perceiving me, slowly retired,

THE WYE.

SOFT as those tear-besprinkling smiles
Which deck with loves each pitying eye,
This wandering river woe beguiles,
And steals an hour from misery.

Tender is the mellow hue
Which softens all the evening hour;
This stream displays as soft a view,
And wakes a sympathetic power.

Sweet is the shore the Arabs boast,
With roses cover'd, and with gum,
The Wye, as sweet, delights us most,
Since far remov'd from worldly hum.

Soft is the strain that soothes the mind,
Disposing all the soul to weep;
So soft, so mild, so gently wind,
These lovely waters to the deep.

MORTIMER.

THE SEASONS.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

SUMMER.

GAY Summer now returns with gaudy vest,
With roseate hues, and sunny smiles array'd,
And the thick foliage, by the breeze imprest,
Crowds into masses, and embrowns the shade.

Serenely bright the creeping river flows,
 With drowsy murmur gaining on the ear,
 For now no sigh across its bosom blows,
 And not a sound of living thing is near.
 Amidst the tufted glooms, and hid from sight,
 The anxious female eyes her sportive young,
 Her mate pours forth his sonnet of delight,
 And carols with a clear, and liquid tongue :
 While with a grateful, simultaneous voice,
 The fields, the waters, and the woods rejoice.

LINES,

WITH GREAT RESPECT, INSCRIBED TO MISS WALSTEIN,

At the closing the Liverpool Theatre, November 24, 1802.

The glee, the jest, the repartee,
 Ah ! can they bid the heart be free ?
 The sportive song, the circling bowl,
 Ah ! can they joy the grief-fraught soul ?
 The song, the bowl, the festive joy,
 May chase those cares that life annoy :
 But, if love possess the mind,
 Its cares destroy each comfort kind.
 Can aught but love afford relief,
 And cure the bosom of its grief ?

Walstein, thy song, surpassing fine,
 Thy form, describ'd aright, divine,
 The many virtues of thy breast
 Have stol'n from ev'ry heart its rest.
 Whether, as arch Thalia, gay,
 Thou teach us light to cheat the day,
 Or, fair Euterpe's self display,
 And sweetly charm our cares away ;
 Or, foremost of the Thespian train,
 Thou greet us ; come, sweet maid, again ;
 More *grateful shall our hearts declare
 How much they feel thy worth their care.

Devonia.

J. P. B.

* Miss W.'s benefit was by no means so good as, in proportion to others, she might justly have expected.

VERSES.

Supposed to be written by the unfortunate Post Dermody,

IN A STORM,

While on board a Ship in His Majesty's Service.

Lo ! o'er the Welkin the tempestuous clouds
 Successive fly, and the loud piping wind
 Rocks the poor sea-boy in the dripping shrouds ;
 While the pale pilot, o'er the helm reclin'd,
 Lists to the changeful storm ;—and as he plies
 His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him sad,
 Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad :
 And the half-strangled tear bedews his eyes.
 I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
 Mark the drear tempest and the yawning deep,
 Nought dreading in the green sea's laves to sleep.
 For not for me shall wife or children mourn ;
 And the wild winds will ring my funeral knell
 Sweetly as solemn peal of pious passing bell.

Nottingham.

H. K. WHITE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

JAN. 20.—*She would and she would not*.—Mr. Bartley made a respectable stand in Don Philip, in the absence of Mr. Barrymore. His figure is not sufficiently important ; but he possesses feeling and good sense, and, with proper encouragement, may become a favourite with the public.

21.—*Cymbeline*.—Powell, for the first time, appeared in Jachimo, a character of some difficulty. Mr. Powell spoke it judiciously, and brought the part pretty forward on the scene ; but he was, in some situations, too tame and even, for the crafty Italian, engaged in an adventure fraught with so much personal danger, and of so uncertain an issue. His colouring was chaste, but it wanted warmth.

26.—*Merry Wives*.—Mr. Robert Palmer is a very able representative of the fat Knight, as he proved by his performance in the first part of Henry IV. He was equally successful on this occasion. He seized the leading points with great felicity, and displayed much rich and natural humour throughout the character. Both Cooke and Stephen Kemble have the advantage of him in certain passages, but, taken altogether, we think Mr. Palmer's Falstaff comes the nearest to the author's intention.

27.—*Busy Body*.—Mr. Russell, in *Sir George Airy*, exhibited so much ease and gaiety, that we could wish to see him oftener in similar characters ; at least we know not any actor, at present in Drury Lane, who has a right to dispute his claim to them.

29.—*Hear both Sides*—A comedy by Mr. Holcroft, the design of which will appear from the following outline.

"*Headlong* (a) is a liberal and high-spirited young man of fashion, whom a thoughtless disposition had almost ruined. His extravagancies have so angered his uncle, that he made a vow to disinherit him. While want of fortune obliged him to reside abroad, his friend *Fairfax* (b) wrote to him that his uncle was dying, and remitted money to enable him to return. About this time, however, *Headlong* met with *Caroline Melford* (c) at a masquerade at Venice, and falling deeply in love with her, his return to England is too long delayed. The action of the piece commences on the day of his arrival; and doubts are immediately suggested respecting the character of *Fairfax*, whom *Headlong's* uncle had left his sole heir. This suspicion is maintained until the last scene, in which the real character of *Fairfax* appears. He had consented to become the heir of *Headlong's* uncle only that this young man, whom he loved from a child, might be certain of enjoying a fortune he would otherwise have lost. It is generously bestowed on him, and *Headlong*, now roused to a sense of his follies, feels the error of associating with gamblers and sharpers."

There are various incidental and episodic characters, which scarcely require to be mentioned; none of them having the force of strong interest or originality to recommend them.

The play discovers some good writing; the sentiments are in general just, and the moral inoffensive; but the piece is languid and gloomy in representation. There are three or four old men decorated with wigs "*curiously carved*," who croak about the stage in monosyllables and half sentences, borrowed from the German and French stages, at whom it is impossible for Gravity itself to withhold a smile.

The plot too is forced and frivolous. It is a house built upon the sand. A word of explanation from *Fairfax* upon the arrival of *Headlong*, would have set every thing right. The ambiguity of his conduct, with regard to the will, justifies all the young man's suspicion, and lays his character open to the obloquy which is attached to it by *Headlong's* friends. One would reasonably expect that an upright and considerate man, who, with the same benevolent intention had become possessed of an estate, would take the earliest opportunity of discovering to the party most concerned, the true motives of his conduct. Instead of which, *Fairfax* raises a dust for the mere satisfaction of laying it. He renders himself, to all human appearance, an obnoxious character, provokes animadversion and abuse, and then exclaims, "Was ever man so ill-treated as I am!"

Where is the utility then of the moral? It is true appearances may deceive; we should not condemn with precipitation: but if a stain appears to rest upon a person's character, and he does not chuse to wipe it off, will not virtuous men avoid him, or express their indignation? and shall not the person whom he has apparently injured and reduced to beggary, be entitled to the common privilege of complaint?

The plot of this comedy, therefore, is an idle pretence; "the baseless fabric of a vision!" and unfit for dramatic management. *Fairfax* is neither entitled to compassion nor applause; and when he at last unfolds himself, we are

(a) Mr. C. Kemble.

(b) Mr. Dowton.

(c) Mrs. Pope.

not at all pleased at finding that the man who had been shaking his head, and looking vastly wise through four acts, was thus studiously mysterious, merely that in the fifth he might launch out into a laboured and egotistical eulogium on his own character for integrity, and his wonderful forbearance under the calumnious aspersions of men, who, in reviling him, had done just as all other men must do under similar circumstances:—so that the axiom which is so good in itself, “*hear both sides*,” remains unenforced upon the audience, like a bad sermon from a good text.

Of the acting we must speak in high terms. Downton played *Fairfax*, a part of a loftier cast than has usually fallen to his lot, in a very chaste, impressive style. Wroughton, in the *Old Steward*, was excellent. Collins shewed himself another *Edwin* in *Gregory*, and Charles Kemble in *Headlong* was easy, gentlemanly, and, in the impassioned scenes, extremely interesting. Bannister made a very prominent part of *Transit*, a character made up of sentiment and eccentricity, who unexpectedly, and highly improbably, finds a wife in Eliza, whom he had long believed dead, and, to increase the absurdity, a father in the man, Sir *Aspen*, who had been the author of the report by which he was made a supposed widower. *Eliza*, who has discovered the situation and pecuniary embarrassments of her husband, follows him to his place of confinement, and, concealing her features under a mask, converses with him, relieves him, and keeps his curiosity in suspense till the proper time arrives for a discovery. Mrs. Jordan did all that could be done for this character, which was not much, though she treated us with a song into the bargain. Raymond and Mrs. Pope rendered all possible justice to the *Melfords*, and Cherry, in the cheating lawyer, or *Item*, or *Silly*, for they are all alike, displayed the skill of a finished comedian.

The prologue, spoken by Mr. Bannister, was intended as an apology for leaving the common track, and hazarding bold novelties on the stage; but surely the comedy of *Hear both Sides* did not require an apology of this kind. The epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Jordan, versified and applied the old saying, “*Give a dog an ill name*.” It was neatly written, and pointedly delivered.

The comedy was well received; but its attraction did not last many nights.

9.—*Merchant of Venice*.—Mr. Fearon attempted Shylock, but he was not so successful in it as in Richard. The deep and gloomy malignity of the Jew was but feebly depicted. His best scene was that in the third act with *Tubal*, upon the discovery of his daughter's flight. The house was thin, and the effect of the representation exceedingly flat.

19.—*Hero of the North*.—Every body has heard of *Gustavus Vasa*, and the success with which, assisted by the Dalecarlians, he opposed the Danes, who had obtained possession of Sweden, and delivered his country from their yoke. It being the author's object to furnish an *Operatic Spectacle*; he has been obliged to confine the historical part of his action within very narrow limits. *Gustavus* in the mine discovers himself to his comrades, and a few faithful adherents; when he is next exhibited we find the *Hero of the North* availing himself of a ridiculous love intrigue between a Swedish peasant and Carlogitz, a Danish chieftain, to get possession of the garrison commanded by the latter. Though any stratagem in war be allowable, this is an action which does not set off the deliverer of his country to much advantage. The rest is all uproar and battle, and *Gustavus* is scarcely heard “amidst the din of arms.” It is unfortunate for Mr. Dimond that the tragedy of Brooke furnishes so ready and unavoidable a comparison;

but the dramatic amateur cannot fail to bring that play to recollection, and sensible as we are of the restrictions to which Mr. Dimond has been forced to conform in preparing his drama for representation, it is much to be lamented that a grand historical subject, already so nobly illustrated, should be blended with the "baser matter" of a modern opera, the credit of which, if any is to be had at all, is only to be shared by the scene painter, the mechanist, the taylor, and the compiler of the music.

Having observed thus much with respect to the subject, we must admit that Mr. Dimond has shewn a good deal of address in the general construction of his opera, which may safely challenge competition with other productions of the same nature, prepared by more experienced hands, and aided by stronger auxiliaries.

Mr. Dimond is a young man of considerable poetical promise. Some of the dialogue of this piece is very creditable to his taste and genius. The language of the old poets might occasionally be traced, and a few puerilities were noticeable; but the author's youth is an excuse for this. Few of our writers for the stage have even a relish for poetry: Mr. Dimond is not a stranger to its inspiration, and we may reasonably expect much future amusement from a writer who has so early begun to cultivate the public favour.

The music, composed and selected by Mr. Kelly, is not very striking. The dresses, scenery, &c. are splendid and appropriate, and the performers, among whom Mr. Raymond must be distinguished for having preserved the piece on the last night, at a very critical moment, exerted themselves with the greatest success.

COVENT-GARDEN.

JAN. 17.—*Othello*.—Mr. Charles, a gentleman of promising talent, appeared in this very arduous character, and acquitted himself so creditably as to be called upon to act it thrice. His figure is tall and elegant; his voice unequal, but capable of powerful exertion; his judgment is mature, and his acquaintance with the text appears to be critically just. His chief fault consists in laying the whole weight of tone and emphasis on single words, and in falling into an attitude somewhat grotesque at the close of an impassioned speech. These defects appeared stronger in his performance of Jaffier (7th Feb.), which, however, as well as his *Othello*, exhibited many beauties by way of counterpoise, such as entitle him to very respectful consideration, and will authorize his friends to entertain the most sanguine expectations of his future eminence.

FEB. 2.—Capt. Caulfeild, late of the guards, came forward in *Hamlet*, and gave strong proofs of genius in some of the important scenes of the character. We have not room at present to enter into an examination of the performance. We have heard it extolled as the highest achievement of the art. Such praise, however, can have the effect only of instilling notions into the young actor, which will probably never be realized. He certainly possesses much merit; and, if he has a serious view to the stage as a profession, he may no doubt obtain a respectable footing there. But, in making this choice, we sincerely hope he will not relinquish any thing more substantial. The honours of the stage are very precarious at best, and he has much, very much, to acquire, before he can prefer an undisputed claim to them. Capt. Caulfeild attempted *Ranger* on the 16th of January, but here we cannot say a single word in his favour.

KING'S THEATRE.

Mrs. Billington's indisposition has occasioned a suspension of the serious opera. Signora Gerbini, however, increases in popularity, and the new ballet of *Laurette* by Mons. Gallet, with Parisot, Hillisberg, Mons. and Mad. Coralli, and the Labories, attracts very fashionable and crowded audiences. The music is by Mr. H. Smart.

A new comic opera, with Anfossi's music, called *I Viaggiatori Felici*, is to be produced immediately.

THE ORATORIOS.

Ashley, at Covent Garden, has no competitor; and of course he will have a profitable season. He has commenced with the *Messiah*, in which Miss Parke, in consequence of the Billington's illness, sang with wonderful taste and science. Braham was very impressive in the opening, "Comfort ye my people," and Bartleman distinguished himself as much as usual. Miss Munday and Miss Shipley, two provincial singers of great promise, received a hearty welcome.

Instead of the painting of Handel exhibited over the organ in former seasons, there is placed a medallion, with his profile, surmounted with the circle of a serpent, emblematical that his fame will have no end; the head and tail of which are supported by two angels.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cooper, from the New York and Philadelphia theatres, is engaged at Drury Lane, at the instance of Mr. Erskine, Junr. and will shortly make his *entrée*. This gentleman appeared about eight years ago at Covent Garden, in the character of Hamlet, in which he excited considerable attention. He afterwards performed Macbeth and Lothario at the same theatre. Mrs. Johnson's return to the American stage has been greeted with an universal welcome: her popularity is as high as ever. Mrs. Merry has accepted the hand of Mr. Wignell, the manager of the New York theatre. Kemble is expected in London in the course of the present month. Much of his time has been passed on the continent, in company with Lord and Lady Holland. Barrymore continues much indisposed. Mrs. Esten is performing at Edinburgh all her principal characters, with the greatest attraction and success. It is said, that she is to have fifty guineas a night.

The theatrical community at Covent Garden has been lately much alarmed at a report that Mr. Lewis was about to quit the acting management; a report, however, that has been contradicted in the public prints. Whenever this event shall take place, we are persuaded that it will be attended with the sincere and general regret of the company. Mr. Townshend, late of Covent Garden, has accepted a liberal offer from the proprietors of Sadlers Wells, who are forming such arrangements for the opening, as cannot fail of rendering that theatre one of the most fashionable places of public resort during the ensuing summer. Incedon has renewed his engagement with Mr. Harris at £.16 per week. He has recently had permission to perform a few nights on the Bath stage, an indulgence which few performers have the good fortune to obtain.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF W. A. MOZART.

Translated from the German.

THERE seem to be men of genius created for every age, and talents that, sooner or later, vanquish every obstacle that can be opposed to their progress by malice or misfortune; though their country should become a tyrannical step-mother to them, yet foreign ones will not fail to do them justice. The life of the celebrated Mozart, who has been (by the sublimity of his music), the astonishment, as he continues to be the delight, of all Europe, owes birth to these reflections.

Can it be conceived that the court of Vienna, which generally protects fine arts, should have known so little the worth of this great man, who sought an asylum there, and spent in that city the last ten years of a life, which was, alas! too short. It is a painful reflection, that poverty has frequently been the fate of genius, and the reward of its industry in every country: but those who have the dispensation of the favours of princes, and who can pay attention to the adulation which poverty of talent bestows, and who leave in obscurity, and often become the persecutors of the man whose high mind will not stoop to degrade itself, are not less blamable, and deserving of reproach.

The following circumstances are from the "*Leben Gorchichts von Mozart*," or *Life of Mozart*, from original documents by Professor Niemtschek.—Published at Prague 1798.

Mozart's father was chapel-master at Salzburg: his lessons for the violin had the honour of a second edition, an omen of his son's success, who was born in that city in the year 1756. At the age of three, being in the room with his sister, who was four years older, while she took lessons on the harpsichord, he used to amuse himself by sitting at the instrument, and discovering thirds, with which exercise he must have been extremely delighted, as he spent entire hours at it. Influenced by this inclination, his father taught him short airs; and the progress of his scholar far exceeded his hopes. A minuet or short song he could generally learn in half an hour, and would afterwards play it with taste and expression. As he possessed great sensibility, and organs which were susceptible of every soft impression, he acquired, even from his infancy, a habit of entirely devoting himself to those persons and things by which he was most interested; and this was frequently the cause of misfortune to him. At the age of six he had made such progress as enabled him, while playing, to compose little things which his father was obliged to write. Henceforward harmony was his sole pleasure, and he received none from his infantine sports, unless music had a share in them. His progress was not in that slow degree by which no surprise is occasioned, but was continual, and daily excited wonder. A remarkable instance of this kind is recited in Mr. Schlichtegroll's Necrology. On his father's return, he was one day found with a pen in his hand. "What are you writing?"—"A concerto for the harpsichord."—"Indeed! something extraordinary fine, no doubt: let me see it."—"I have not finished it yet." His father took the paper, and, at the first glance, could not discover any thing but a confusion of spots of ink and notes. By sitting

his pen too full, and not knowing properly how to handle it, he had blotted his paper, wiped it with his hand, and written on the blots. But upon his father's examining it, he gazed at it with ecstasy, and bedewed it with his tears. "Look at this," said he to a friend who had come in with him, "what regularity and precision there is here: but it cannot be played—it is too difficult."—"It is a concerto," answered his son, "and must be practised till it can be performed:—you shall hear." He then began to play, but could make no progress; the execution of it was beyond his powers; he could not make them understand what he meant. In 1762 he was taken by his father to Munich; his sister was also of the party: here, in the presence of the elector, and to the admiration of the whole court, he performed a concerto: he afforded as much pleasure at the court of Vienna, and was called by the Emperor Francis 'the little sorcerer.' Here he began to shew that character which he ever retained, of indifference to the praises of the great, who admire what they do not understand. Once, in particular, when close to the emperor, he asked for Mr. Wagenseil, "for," says he, "he will understand me." That gentleman being present, says Mozart, "I am going to play one of your concertos, and you must turn the leaves for me." When he played before persons who were not musicians, he always did it with indifference, and then only performed trifling airs, dances, &c.

By his father he had only been taught the harpsichord, but he had taught himself the violin, and one day surprised his father most agreeably, by offering to play the second violin, and in this he acquitted himself admirably. Impediments cannot be seen by genius. Elated with his success, he undertook to play the first, and, though he might have performed better, he executed what he had undertaken. The delicacy of his ear was such, that he could distinguish every gradation of sound, and was so fond of study, that it was frequently necessary to force him from his instrument. Nor did this assiduity afterwards diminish. He constantly spent a large portion of the day at his harpsichord, and frequently was at it till very late at night.

He had an inclination to every species of science, and in the mathematics made considerable progress. He pursued the advice of his parents with so much docility, as to render coercion unnecessary: he was of a mild, flexible disposition, and kindness itself to his companions, with whom music was the principal subject of conversation.

He undertook his first great musical journey in 1763, and was accompanied by his father and sister. Fame preceded them through all Europe. At Versailles he was heard by the court in the King's chapel. His performance was more admired on the organ than the harpsichord. There were two public concerts given by his family at Paris, by which they got fame, and the honours of the press. The first compositions of our Orpheus were engraved here, and dedicated to Madame Victoire, and a second set was dedicated to Madame la Comtesse de Tesse. These were sonatas for the harpsichord.

They proceeded to London, from Paris, and here they likewise gave two concerts: they consisted of the symphonies composed by young Mozart, who sung with much expression, and was accompanied by his sister, both accompanying themselves on the harpsichord. In one of these concerts his majesty was present,

and a ground bass being given him, was accompanied by young Mozart with a beautiful melody. At London he composed six sonatas, which were printed there.

This musical trio passed from London to Holland, again travelled through France, and returned home, after an absence of three years; this was in 1766.—He now took a year's repose, which he dedicated to the study of composition, and he soon became familiar with the depths of it.

Emanuel Back, Hasse, and Handell were his models and guides, but at the same time he paid particular attention to the old Italian masters.

He returned to Vienna in 1768, and was engaged by Joseph the Second, to compose a comic opera, which was entitled 'La Finta Semplice,' and which, though approved by Metastasio, was not performed. While he was with Prince Kaunitz, the first Italian ariette that came to hand was often presented to him, that he might make an accompaniment of various instruments in their presence, which he did to their great admiration.

[To be concluded next month.]

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 64.]

Covent-Garden—Season 1760-1.

THURSDAY, JAN 1, 1761.—*Henry V.* R. of Pros.

2.—[Not acted for four years] *Refusal*, or the *Ladies' Philosophy*. Sir Gilbert Wrangle, MACKLIN; Granger, SMITH; Frankley, Dyer; Witting, (1st app. on this stage) GIFFARD; Cook, Dunstall; Maid, Mrs. Green; Ly. Wrangle, Mrs. Pitt; Sophronia, Mrs. Vincent; Charlotte, Miss MACKLIN, in which she danced a minuet with Mr. Polctier. L. & *la Mode*.

3.—*K. John*. *Tho. and Sally*. 5.—*Jov. Crew*. R. of Pros. 6.—(a) *Bold Stroke for a Wife*. *Leibe*.

7.—*Royal Merchant*. Bertha by a GENTLEWOMAN (her 1st app.) R. of Pros. 8.—*B. Opera*. L. *Valet*. 9.—*Comus*. *Cath. and Pet.*

10.—*M. of Venice*. Shylock, MACKLIN; Launcelot, Shuter; Lorenzo, Mattocks; Portia, (1st time) Miss MACKLIN. L. *à la Mode*.

12.—*Jov. Crew*. R. of Pros. 13.—*Rom. and Juliet*. Paris, Mr. SUTTON (his 1st app.) *Florinel and Perdita*. 14.—*Refusal*. L. *à la Mode*. 15.—*H. IV.* R. of Pros. 16.—*B. Body*. Miranda, Mrs. Vincent. *Tbo. and Sally*. 17.—*Othello*. Emilia, Mrs. Green. *Ib.* 19.—*Jov. Crew*. R. of Pros. 20.—*Refusal*. L. *à la Mode*. 21.—*Comus*, *Knights*. 22.—*Jov. Crew*. R. of Pros. 23.—*C. Lusus*. Aura, Mrs. Vincent. *Ib.* 24.—*B. Opera*. *D. and no Duke*. 25.—*Jov. Crew*. R. of Pros. 27.—*Misc.* *Tbo. and Sally*.

(a) For the benefit of a gentleman under misfortunes.

28.—[1st time] **MARRIED LIBERTINE** (b). Macklin (Ld. Belville, the Libertine); Davis, (Townley, his nephew), R. Smith; Buck, (Ser-geant) Perry, (Corporal); Weller, (*Belville's Servant*); Miss Macklin, (Angelina); Mrs. Abegg, (Harriet); Mrs. Green, (Lucy); Mrs. Pitt, (Pert); Mrs. Ward, (Ly. Belville). Prose and Epil. by Mr. and Miss Macklin.

(6) This play, written by Macklin, met with but little success, and has never been printed. A very strong opposition was made to it during every night of its run, which were no more than the nine necessary to entitle the author to his three benefits. Prejudice against the author seemed, however, to have been in a great measure the basis of this opposition, which, although in some measure overborne by a strong party of his countrymen, who were determined to support the play through its destined period, yet shewed itself very forcibly even to the last. I cannot, however, help thinking its fate somewhat hard; for although it must be confessed that there were many faults in the piece, yet it must also be acknowledged that there were several beauties; and, I own myself apt to believe, that, had the play made its first appearance on the Drury-Lane stage, with the advantages it might there have received from the acting, and had the author remained concealed till its fate had been determined, it might have met with as favourable a reception as some pieces which have past on the public uncensored. What perhaps might also add to the prejudice against it, was a conjecture that was spread about the town, that Mr. Macklin, in his character of Lord Belville, had a view towards that of a man of quality then living, and extremely well known; but this I imagine must have been merely conjecture. *Baker.*

Mr. Kirkman, in his *Life of Macklin*, states, that the comedy was first acted on the 30th of January, a trifling mistake, which may be corrected from our register. As the play is not in print, the following brief outline of the plot will perhaps be acceptable to our readers:

Lord Belville, a nobleman about 60 years of age, of rank, of abilities, of importance to his country, and of established honour in all the occurrences of life, is yet so overborne by, and lost in, an insatiable passion for women, that he is supposed to spare no expence, however extravagant; scruple no means, however villanous; nor consider any consequence, however fatal, in the pursuit of his darling inclination. Nor is this inclination particular, but general and indiscriminate, for women of every rank, and every disposition; having frequently several amours of this kind on his hands at the same time, to the ruin of his fortune, his reputation, his honour, and the peace and happiness of his family. His lady, though perfectly informed of every step of his conduct, had for many years borne his behaviour with silent patience; till at length discovering that he had ruined an innocent young creature, a tenant's daughter, whom she had brought from the country, and taken under her care and protection, and that he had commenced an amour with a cousin of her own, she becomes enraged beyond sufferance at these transactions, added to a threat of a separation thrown out by her lord, on some pretty warm remonstrances which

29.—*Id.* 31.—*Id.* FEB. 2.—*Id.* *L. à la Mode.* 3.—*Id.* 5.—*Id.* 7.—*Id.* 9.—*Id.* 10.—*Id.* 12.—*M. Wren.* *R. of Pres.* 14.—*C. Levee.* *The. and Sally.* 16.—*Theodora.* *R. of Pres.*

17.—[set time for 5 years] *Wonder.* *D. Equiz* (1st time) *Hess*; *Col. Belton*, *Smith*; *D. Lopez*, *Becket*; *D. Penke*, *Collins*; *Gibby*, *Shutten*; *Frederick*, *Anderson*; *Lisardo*, *Dyer*; *Isabella*, *Mrs. Burden*; *Flores*, *Mrs. Pitt*; *Inis*, *Mrs. Green*; *Violante*, *Miss MacELIN.* *T. and Sally.*

19.—*Wonder.* *L. à la Mode.* 21.—*Id.* 23.—*Jov. Circ.* *R. of Pres.* 24.—*Wonder.* *L. à la Mode.* 26.—*M. of Venice.* *Id.* 28.—*Refusal.* *Willing*, *Creswick.* *Id.*

she made to him, in her first scene with him in this play, and she is determined on some method of revenge, whereby she may be able to expose and set him forth to himself in the most ridiculous and contemptible colours, not without some hopes of bringing him to a sense of his follies, and a disposition to reform them. This is the principal, nay, indeed, the sole action of the piece. Lord Belville, after experiencing a variety of difficulties, is rendered fully sensible of the folly and baseness of his conduct, becomes entirely reformed, and is reconciled to his lady.

* Author's nights.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

ITALY.—Regular tragedy, or, as the French term it, "*La Tragedie parlée*," is in Italy a kind of innovation, not unworthy of remark. Hitherto the Italians disdained tragedy properly so called, and for eloquence and taste they uniformly substituted tinsel and common-place argument, sacrificing sense to sound, and reason to *sing-song*. The spell is, however, broken, and a poet of the name of VINCENT MONTI has dared to become an original.

On the 28th Nov. the tragedy of *Caius Gracchus* was performed at Milan with extraordinary success, and the young author was allowed to possess all the treasures of the imagination, with the most sublime ideas, and an astonishing vigour of sentiment: thus the "*Idioma Gentil, Sonante e puro*," bids fair eminently to rival the other languages of civilized Europe, on a more extensive domain.

PARIS.—THEATRE FRANÇOIS.—A new interlude, was lately performed at this theatre, entitled *Melpomene and Thalia*, or *The Festival of Apollo*, as a tribute to the memory of Molière, the deservedly regretted comedian. The fable, though light, is not uninteresting. *Melpomene* and *Thalia*, desirous of giving a *fete* in honour of *Apollo*, resolve to send *ambassadors* to the regions below, for the purpose of recruiting for their theatres; the choice falls on *Molière*—*Mercury* is dispatched by *Melpomene*, and *Morus* by *Thalia*. When the two ministers meet, they are surprised that they have been both sent on the same errand. This

circumstance affords an opportunity of bestowing a merited panegyric on the deceased performer.

A decree has been passed in France for the direction and administration of the Theatre of Arts, which contains the following, among other regulations:—the prefect of the palace is to have the superintendence of the Theatre of Arts, but without any responsibility. Under him are to be a director and administrator, who are to be responsible, and who are to be appointed by the First Consul. No new piece, no new ballet, can be performed, no new decorations can be used, without an estimate of the expence being laid before the First Consul, and approved of by him. The salaries of the performers, and other persons employed in the theatre, are to be laid before the First Consul for his approbation; and the Minister of the Interior is to appropriate fifty thousand livres a month, (about twenty-five thousand pounds a year) for the use of the theatre, &c.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre WOLVERHAMPTON.—The inhabitants of this town have been much gratified with the performances of the inimitable Mr. Quick. His *Scrub*, *Miser*, *Benjamin Dove*, *Barnaby Rattle*, *Doctor*, (in *Animal Magnetism*) *Justice Credulous*, *Sancho*, &c. are all excellent pieces of acting; the rich and irresistible emanations of genuine comedy.

We are always happy, Mr. Editor, to do justice to the merits of any performer in this company, and we therefore must beg you to understand our opinion of Mrs. Dawson, in the last Mirror, as relating *solely* to her exertions in tragedy. The manager, probably from mistaking the nature of her powers, pompously introduced her under the heroic banners of *Melpomene*, and we were bored with the roar and thunder of tragedy—nothing but tragedy! We are happy, however, to say, that in genteel comedy she is an interesting and pleasant actress. Her *Miss Hardcastle* and *Jacintha* were much admired, and received very general and deserved approbation. Her pronunciation will admit of some trifling corrections, and we hope she will not think us too critical if we entreat her not to neglect any means of improving it.

The benefits this year, upon the whole, have been well attended, tho' we are sorry to state that Mr. and Mrs. Chambers' nights have, for these several seasons, been neglected, notwithstanding the latter, in old women, is equal, perhaps, to any performer out of London. Mr. Fox's night was very thinly attended, to what it had used to be, and Mrs. Fox had scarcely an individual in the boxes, and very few in the other parts of the house. The manager has certainly injured the interest of the theatre by retaining this comedian in the company, after such marked irregularity of conduct. The liberties he has taken upon the stage are most grossly insulting to the public, and such as call for the most severe and unqualified reprehension. This is not merely the opinion of an individual, but the echo of the town, and his recent behaviour

calls loudly, for it calls with many tongues, for a *speedy ejection*. Mrs. Gibbon has improved much upon the town lately, and her performance of several characters has deservedly rendered her a great favourite. Mr. Gibbon, likewise, is an attentive and assiduous performer, and is frequently greeted with loud and uniform approbation. We are sorry that an ill state of health should have kept so valuable an actor as Mr. Archer from the stage. The estimation in which this performer is held was evinced in his appearance in Archer, after several nights absence, when his exertions to accommodate the town, by playing with Mr. Quick's Scrub, occasioned a relapse, which, we are sorry to hear, will deprive the public of his services for the remainder of the season.

Wolverhampton, Feb. 10.

CIVIS.

BIRMINGHAM Private Theatricals.—On Tuesday, the 1st Feb. the comedy of the Poor Gentleman, and the farce of the Spoil'd Child, were performed at our theatre, by some ladies and gentlemen of the town, aided by several of Mr. Hoy's performers, from the theatre Wolverhampton, and Miss B. Biggs, who, in passing through the town, kindly offered her service on the occasion, (it being for the benefit of a young gentleman of the name of Jew). She performed *Miss Lucretia Mac Tab* with great spirit, and a Mr. Dawson, in the part of Ollapod, evinced great judgment and taste, and gave a very animated representation of the apothecary *à la militaire*. A Mr. Gibbon performed Lieutenant Worthington, and Mrs. Gibbon Emily. The other characters were respectably sustained.

The whole of the performance went extremely well off, and the audience testified their approbation by repeated plaudits. Every lady and gentleman performed gratis, and, after the expences of the theatre, &c. Mr. Jew will have netted 150l. of which he is well deserving, having on former occasions exerted himself, in an eminent degree, in conjunction with Messrs. Oatly, Buckton, &c. &c. in aid of the funds of the general hospital and charity schools, &c. in the years 1801 and 1802; and as we have no regular theatrical performances in the winter, it has afforded a novel and pleasing source of amusement to the inhabitants.

VERITAS.

BIRMINGHAM Theatricals.—The gentlemen and ladies of the *Thespian Society*, who have, on former occasions, benevolently displayed their abilities on the boards of the regular theatre, for the benefit of the General Hospital, and Blue Coat School, &c. &c. again came forward on the 10th of January, in aid of Mrs. Clutterbuck's Recitations, and performed the play of *Speed the Plough*, and the farce of the Devil to Pay, which went off with great spirit. Mrs. Clutterbuck has supported adversity with the same dignity she so lately did prosperity, and displayed a courage and perseverance as uncommon as praiseworthy. She played Nell, in the farce of the Devil to Pay, in a most correct and animated manner.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION OF COLONEL DESPARD, &c.

Colonel Despard, and six of his associates, who had been convicted of high treason, were executed on Monday morning, Feb. 21, on the top of the New Gaol in the Borough. As soon as the warrant for execution was received, on the preceding Saturday, it was communicated to the unhappy persons by the keeper of the prison, Mr. Ives, with as much tenderness and humanity as the awful nature of the case required. We believe it was expected by all—by all it was received with resignation and fortitude. Colonel Despard observed, upon its being communicated to him, that the time was short: yet he had not had, from the first, any strong expectation that the recommendation of the jury would be effectual. From the moment of his conviction, he had begun to prepare himself for the last moment that was to close all sublunary scenes upon him for ever! During the whole of the interval between the period of the passing and the executing of the sentence, he behaved with composure. Much of his time was employed in writing, some in reading, the greater part with his wife, Mrs. Despard.

Soon after the warrant was received, all papers, and every thing he possessed, were immediately taken from him. He was strictly searched, to discover whether he had any knife or means of self-destruction concealed about him, and every thing that was thought might enable him to put an end to his existence, was conveyed out of his reach. There is no reason to suppose he had the slightest design to commit suicide; but these are the usual and necessary precautionary measures. Mrs. Despard was greatly affected when she first heard that his fate was sealed; but, on Sunday, she recovered her fortitude, when, accompanied by another lady, she had a last interview with him about three o'clock. The lady wept bitterly; but first Mrs. Despard, and then the Colonel, reproached her with her weakness. Mr. and Mrs. Despard bore up with great firmness, even at the parting; and when she got into a coach, as it drove off, she waved her handkerchief out of the window. The other prisoners bore their fate with equal hardihood, but conducted themselves with less solemnity than Colonel Despard. Their wives, &c. were allowed to take farewell of them on Sunday; and the scene was extremely distressing. Five of these men attended chapel on Sunday morning, a chapel within the gaol, and for its inhabitants only. Macnamara, being a Roman Catholic, did not attend; neither did Colonel Despard, who has constantly refused the assistance of a clergyman.

Mrs. Despard, after having taken leave of her husband at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, came again about five o'clock; but it was thought advisable to spare the Colonel the pangs of a second parting, and she was therefore not admitted into the prison. She evinced some indignation at the refusal; and expressed a strong opinion with respect to the cause for which her husband was to suffer.

After Mrs. Despard had left the Colonel on Sunday afternoon, he walked up and down his cell for some time, seemingly more agitated than he had been at the period of his taking leave of his wife. Between six and seven in the evening, he threw himself on the bed, and fell into a short sleep. At

eight o'clock he awoke, and addressed one of the officers of the prison, who was with him, in these words:—"Me!—they shall receive no information from me—no—not for all the gifts, the gold, and jewels, in the possession of the crown."—He then composed himself, and remained silent. The above expressions might induce some to suppose that endeavours had been made to prevail upon him to make disclosures.

After Mrs. Despard had left the Colonel, he was visited in the evening by the gentleman who had acted as his solicitor, who came to ask him where he wished to be buried? He was silent for some minutes, and at length replied, that he believed several of his countrymen were buried at Pancras; he therefore desired to be buried there.

The clergyman of the prison, Mr. Winkworth, had several times made overtures to the Colonel to commune with him; but the Colonel always declined the clergyman's offer, politely, however, thanking him. Mr. Winkworth on Sunday repeated his request, but received the same answer. Mr. Winkworth wished him to accept a book from him, which he also declined. The Colonel, we understand, said, that he was not particularly attached to any form of religion, and that his mind was entirely made up upon religious matters.

Colonel Despard slept from three to half past four on Monday morning; the remainder of the night he passed in walking up and down his cell. The rest of the prisoners slept about two hours.

At five St. George's bell tolled, and continued tolling for about an hour.

At half past six the prison bell rang, the signal for the unlocking of the cells. Mr. Winkworth, the clergyman, and Mr. Griffith, the Roman Catholic priest, the same gentleman who attended Quigley when he was executed, came to the prison, and were immediately admitted to the prisoners.

At seven o'clock five of them, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, and Wrattan, went into the Chapel; Colonel Despard remained in his cell, and Macnamara praying in his cell with the Roman Catholic priest. The five prisoners conducted themselves with much decorum in the Chapel. They attended to the prayers with great earnestness, but at the same time without seeming to lose that firmness which they had displayed since their trial. The sacrament was then administered to them.

The service in the Chapel lasted three quarters of an hour. Before it was over Colonel Despard and Macnamara were brought down from their cells.—Their irons were knocked off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. Despard walked up and down before the Chapel door, but did not enter the Chapel. Macnamara walked about in earnest conversation with the Roman Catholic priest, and with a book in his hand.

After the five had received the sacrament, they were brought out of the Chapel, and their irons were knocked off. The executioner then tied their arms and hands, in the same manner as he had before bound Colonel Despard and Macnamara.

Notice was then given to the Sheriff that they were ready. Colonel Despard, who stood the first, retired behind, and motioned to Francis, who was making way for him, to go before him. The hurdle had been previously prepared in the outer court-yard. Macnamara and Graham were first put into the

hurdle, and drawn to the lodge, where the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the stair-case that leads up to the scaffold. The hurdle then returned and brought Broughton and Wrattan, then Wood and Francis. Last of all Colonel Despard was put into it alone. Macnamara seemed intent upon the book in his hand. Graham remained silent. Broughton jumped into the hurdle, smiled, and looked up to the scaffold. Wood and Francis both smiled; and all of them surveyed the awful scene with much composure.—Despard shook hands with a gentleman, as he got into the hurdle, and looked up to the scaffold with a smile.

As soon as they had all been conveyed in the hurdle to the staircase that leads to the scaffold, they were escorted up one by one.

As soon as the prisoners were placed on the hurdles, St. George's bell tolled for some time. It was about half past eight when they ascended the scaffold.

As soon as the cord was fastened round the neck of one, the second was brought up, and so on till the cords were fastened round the necks of all the seven.

Macnamara was first brought up; he still held a book in his hand, and when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed, with the greatest devotion, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me. Oh! Lord, look down with pity upon me."

Graham came second. He looked pale and ghastly, but spoke not.

Wrattan was the third; he ascended the scaffold with much firmness.

Broughton, the fourth, smiled as he ran up the scaffold stairs, but as soon as the rope was fastened round his neck, he turned pale, and smiled no more.—

Wood was the fifth, and Francis the sixth. Francis ascended the scaffold with a composure which he preserved to the last. Wood and Broughton were equally composed. Of all of them Francis was the best looking—tall, handsome, and well made. He and Wood were dressed in soldier's uniform. The rest were in coloured clothes.

Colonel Despard was brought up the last, dressed in boots, a dark brown great coat, his hair unpowdered.

The Colonel ascended the scaffold with great firmness. His countenance underwent not the slightest change, whilst the awful ceremony of fastening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head, was performing. He looked at the multitude assembled with perfect calmness.

The ceremony of fastening the prisoners being finished, the Colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the scaffold, and made the following speech to the multitude:—

"Fellow citizens, I come here, as you see, after having served my country—faithfully, honourably, and usefully served it, for thirty years and upwards, to suffer death upon a scaffold, for a crime of which I protest I am not guilty. I solemnly declare that I am no more guilty of it than any of you who may be now hearing me.—But, though His Majesty's ministers know as well as I do, that I am not guilty, yet they avail themselves of a legal pretext to destroy a man, because he has been a friend to truth, to liberty, and to justice." (There was a considerable huzza from part of the populace the nearest to him, but who, from the height of the scaffold from the ground, could not, we are sure, distinctly hear

what was said.) The Colonel proceeded :—" Because he has been a friend to the poor, and the oppressed. But, citizens, I hope and trust, notwithstanding my fate, and the fate of those who, no doubt, will soon follow me, that the principles of freedom, of humanity, and of justice, will finally triumph over falsehood, tyranny, and delusion, and every principle hostile to the interests of the human race.— And now, having said this, I have little more to add." (The Colonel's voice seemed to falter a little here. He paused a moment as if he had meant to say something more, but had forgotten it. He then concluded in the following manner)—" I have little more to add, except to wish you all health, happiness, and freedom, which I have endeavored, as far as was in my power, to procure for you, and for mankind in general."

The Colonel spoke in a firm and audible tone of voice. As soon as he had ceased speaking, the clergyman prayed with fire of the prisoners. Macnamara prayed earnestly with the clergyman of his own persuasion. Despard surveyed the populace, and made a short answer, which we could not hear, to some few words addressed to him by Francis, who was next him.

The clergyman now shook hands with each of them. Colonel Despard bowed, and seemed to thank him as he shook hands with him. The executioners pulled the caps over the faces of the unhappy persons, and descended the scaffold.— Most of them exclaimed, " Lord Jesus receive our souls !"

The last and most dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed.— The most awful silence prevailed, and the thousands present all with one sword stood uncovered.

At seven minutes before nine o'clock the signal was given, the platform dropped, and they were all launched into eternity !

Col. Despard had not one struggle : twice he opened and clenched his hands together convulsively : he stirred no more.

Macnamara, Graham, Wood, and Wratton, were motionless after a few struggles.

Broughton and Francis struggled violently for some moments after all the rest were without motion. The executioner pulled their legs, to put an end to their pain more speedily.

After hanging about half an hour, till they were quite dead, they were cut down. Colonel Despard was first cut down, his body placed upon saw-dust, and his head on a block. After his coat had been taken off, his head was severed from his body, by persons engaged on purpose to perform that ceremony. The executioner then took the head by the hair, and carrying it to the edge of the parapet,

on the right hand, held it up to the view of the populace, and exclaimed,—" This is the head of a traitor—Edward Marcus Despard."

The same ceremony was performed at the parapet on the left hand. There was some hoisting and hissing, when the Colonel's head was exhibited.

The Colonel's body was now put into the shell that had been prepared for it.

The other prisoners were then cut down, their heads severed from their bodies, and exhibited to the populace with the same explanation of—" This is the head of another traitor."

The bodies were then put into their different shells, and are to be delivered, to their friends for interment.

SERAPTIANS'S DESCRIPTION OF DJEZAR PACHA.—I stopped at the residence of the Commissary for the Republic of the Seven Isles. Immediately afterwards the Dragoman of the Pacha, informed of my arrival, came to conduct me to Djézir; who received me in an apartment where he was alone, and where there was no other furniture than a carpet. He had beside him a four-barrelled pistol, a carbine, a sabre, and an ak. After satisfying his curiosity after my health, he asked me, "If I was well assured, that when our knell is rung in heaven, it is possible to change our destiny?" my answer was, "that I believed as he did in fate." He continued to speak a long time in that strain—and I saw that he affected an extreme simplicity, and that he wished to pass for a man of wit—and, what was more, for a man of integrity. He repeated to me several times, "It is said that Djézir is a barbarian:—he is but just and severe. I treat the First Consul," added he, "not to send to me, as a Commissary of Commercial Relations, a blind man or a cripple, because the world would not scruple to say, it is Djézir who reduced him to that state." In a minute afterwards, he said to me again, "I desire that the Commissary you are to send, may establish himself at Seld; because that is the principal commercial part of my dominions. That Agent will not be necessary in this place, where I shall be myself the Commissary for France, and where your countrymen shall meet the most amicable reception. I have great esteem for the French. Bonaparte is small in stature, but he is the greatest of men: I also know that he is much regretted at Cairo, and that they wish to have him there again."

I said to him a few words on the peace between France and the Sublime Porte, and he answered me—"Do you know why I have received you, and why I have pleasure in seeing you?—It is because you came without a Firman, I disregard the orders of the Divan; and I have the most profound contempt for its stupid Viziers. They say Djézir is a Boianian, a man of no account—a cruel being: but, in the mean time, I do not want the man, though they seek me. I was born poor; my father bequeathed me nothing but his courage. I have raised myself by dint of exertion, but that has not rendered me proud: for every thing will have an end, and to-day, or perhaps to-morrow, Djézir himself may be no more; yet that he is old, as his enemies say," (and at the same time brandished his arms in the manner of the Mamelukes, which he did with singular agility), "but because God hath so ordered it. The King of France, who was powerful, has perished; Nebuchadnezzar, the greatest amongst the monarchs of his time, was killed by a goat."

He spoke many sentences of the same kind, and detailed to me the motives which had decided him to make war against the French armies. In the whole of this discourse, I remarked the pleasure with which he desired to be reconciled to the First Consul, and dreaded his anger.

This is the apologue of which he availed himself, to shew me the reasons which had forced him to resistance—"A Negro slave," said he to me, "after a long journey, wherein he had suffered all manner of privations, arrived in a plantation of sugar-canes. He stopped to refresh himself with that delicious juice, and determined to take up his abode in that field. A minute afterwards, as two travellers passed, who had followed him, the first said to him, 'Salomea.'—(Health be with you) 'The devil take you,' answered the black slave. The second traveller then approached, and demanded why he gave so wicked an answer

to so kind a salutation? "I have good reasons for it," replied he. "If my answer had been friendly, that man, who has accosted me, would have seated himself near me, and would have taken part of my food; he would have found it good, and he would have striven to obtain the exclusive possession."

I have recommended the care of the Christians to Djezar, and particularly the convents of Nazareth and Jerusalem. He has assured me that he will treat them with great attention. Djezar has assured me at different times that his word is as valid as any treaty.—Our conversation was interrupted for some minutes by very agreeable military music, which he caused to be struck up.

His palace is built with great taste and elegance; but in order to get at the apartments, one must pass through an infinite number of winding passages; at the bottom of the staircase is the prison, the door of which is always open from noon till evening. As I passed along, I beheld a crowd of unhappy persons crammed together there. In the court-yard are twelve field-pieces, with their ammunition-cases, in good order. I never beheld a more hideous nor disgusting spectacle than that which was exhibited by the Minister of Djezar, whom I met as I was going away. The Pacha had caused one of his eyes to be pulled out, and his ears and nose to be cut off. I saw in the city more than one hundred persons in the same condition. On seeing domestics of Djezar, and even the inhabitants of Acre, a man imagines himself in a den of robbers, who are ready to assassinate him. That monster has stamped the seal of his atrocious character on every thing that surrounds him.

We have to announce to the lovers of antiques, that an ancient stone pillar, in a high state of preservation, was found, a few weeks ago, in the bed of Arlbeck, at Caton, four miles from Lancaster. It is about eight feet high, and bears an inscription dedicatory to the Emperor Adrian, the concluding line of which is not perfectly legible; but we are led to suppose, that it is in the usual style of Roman military stones. The circumstance of finding this pillar confirms the supposition of the Roman Military Way having passed through Lancaster (the *Longovicum* of the Romans), to *Bremetonacæ*, the *Over-burrow* of our day.

The Fine Arts have received an excellent auxiliary by the discovery of a multiplying process, which is to be distinguished by the title of *Lithography*; which, by making any drawing on a plain-faced piece of stone or marble, merely with a pen and liquid ink, resembling Indian-ink, or with a composition not unlike French or Italian chalk, any number of impressions may be taken off by an easy method, as correctly and fully as the original, in the course of a few minutes, or a proportionate time. This invention has already undergone the investigation, and met with the admiration and approbation of the first artists of the Royal Academy.

Cambridge, Jan. 23.—The Vice Chancellor has appointed the following subjects for Sir Wm. Browne's prizes for the present year.—For the odes, *Helvetiorum Lucus, et Querconia*. For the epigram, *Ex nitido sit Rusticus*.

The innkeeper who was lately taken into custody at Deal, on suspicion of having committed a murder in Lincolnshire about twelve years ago, has been liberated. Three persons from the place where the murder was committed, have been there, and affirm that he is not the man who absconded about that period.

MURDER.—On Saturday, January 22, a cool, deliberate, and horrid murder was perpetrated in Greenwich hospital, upon one of the pensioners by another, the circumstances of which were as follow :—The perpetrator, who had been some years a pensioner, was of a disposition so violent and quarrelsome, as to render himself very obnoxious to his associates, and became so extremely troublesome, in this respect, at the public houses in the town to which he was in the habit of resorting, that, for a considerable time past, none of them would admit or entertain him. About a month since, he had been guilty of some gross breach of duty within the college, for which he was brought before the board of commissioners, upon the charge of a fellow pensioner, who acted in the capacity of a boatswain, and the fact being substantiated, he was mulcted of two months pocket-money, and severely reprimanded, but without any further disgrace.—This, however, was sufficient to exasperate him to vengeance against his accuser, and another, his birth-mate, who had corroborated his testimony, and on the night mentioned, he determined to carry his purpose into execution. He went in the dead hour of the night, into the cabin or apartment of the deceased, who was alone, and wrapped in sleep, and with a large poker, at a single blow, he literally beat out his brains, and killed him so instantaneously, that he never uttered a single groan. Fortunately for his bedfellow, for whom a similar fate was intended, he had obtained permission to sleep out of the hospital for that night with his family. The murderer then went into the next birth, where an aged pensioner was in bed, and minutely examined whether he was asleep, lest he might have heard any thing of what had just passed. The man, who heard the blow, and expected every moment a similar fate, lay still as if fast asleep; but on the murderer having left him, and retired to his own cabin, the man immediately got up and alarmed the guard, a party of whom directly came to the place and secured the murderer, after a stout and desperate resistance. Monday morning the coroner's jury returned their verdict of wilful murder on the body of the deceased, and the perpetrator was committed to Maidstone gaol; but so far was he from evincing any signs of remorse for the deed, that he only declared his regret at not having the opportunity of killing the other man, who had so fortunately eluded his desperate purpose.

The following whimsical fact took place in Paris a short time since :—Madame Simon, lately a celebrated actress, and now the wedded wife of one of the most opulent *Parvenus* in the capital, sent for an eminent artist; and told him she would give a hundred louis d'ors for her perfect likeness; the painter promised he would pay becoming attention to the order, and exert his best faculties to give satisfaction. He succeeded even beyond his own expectations, and sent the highly finished portrait home: it however happened that, when the correct copy was handed to the original, she was surrounded by a swarm of loungers, who took a malicious pleasure in repeating that the portrait was not at all like her—"No (says one to her) though it may be a very good likeness of your deceased grandmother. Another added, "that a stupid and unmeaning look could never be a substitute for vivacity and expression of countenance." A third *petit maître* exclaimed, instead of a mouth, he has delineated an oven, and for roscate, he has given you livid lips." A fourth swore that, "instead of animated eyes, the dauber had made apertures, resembling two burnt holes in a

carpet." A fifth was going to offer his critique, when the enticed beauty rang for a *Lapiste*, to whom she gave the portrait and 50 louis, with orders to tell the unfortunate painter, that if the sum she sent did not satisfy him, he might keep the picture. The artist, astounded, told the footman to wait while he wrote a line to his mistress, which he did as follows: "*Madame, partagez la difference;*" or, in familiar English, "let us *split* the difference." What then must have been the surprise of Madame Simon, when on opening the note (not a *bi-hé-doux*!) she found one half of the portrait, and then learned from the domestic, that Monsieur G—— had put the 50 louis into his pocket.

BIRTH.

At Mulgrave Castle, the Right Hon. Lady Mulgrave, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At St. George's church, Hanover-Square, Major General Gent, to Miss Temple French. By special license, at the Earl of Jersey's, in Stratford-Peace, by the Rev. Egerton Robert Neve, John Ponsenby, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Fanny Villiers. Lately, in the Isle of Wight, J. P. Murray, Esq. M. P. for Yarmouth, only son of the late Hon. General J. Murray, to Miss Rushworth, eldest daughter of E. Rushworth, Esq. of Freshwater House, and grand-daughter of Lord Holmes.

DIED.

The 24 Jan. at Kirk-Christ Leszevre, in the Isle of Man, (of which he had been vicar nearly thirty years), the Rev. Thomas Corlette, who, in the year 1765, was, from his competency in the Manks language, appointed corrector of the press, and sent to London to superintend the printing of the first edition of the Manks Common Prayer Book, and of the Gospels and the Acts of Apostles. In St. John's Street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Wemyss, widow of the late Hon. James Wemyss, and sister to William late Earl of Sutherland. Margaret Clergue, ci devant member of the convent of St. Clair, in the city of Toulouse, at the age of 106. She had been confined to her bed for many years, and for the last two years totally deaf. Her hair continued to her death of the finest jet black, and scarce a wrinkle deformed her countenance. She had been a perfect beauty in her youth. Lately, in Austria, at the age of 103, a man who served under Prince Eugene, in all his campaigns, in the regiment which bore the name of that great general. He subsisted afterwards by his exertions as a day-labourer, until the age of 97, and died at last without having been afflicted with sickness or pain. Mrs. Towers, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Towers. In Grosvenor Place, Mrs. Long, sister to the late and aunt to the present Sir James Tynley Long, Bart. The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, widow of the late M. Henniker, Esq. second son of Lord Henniker. Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Mannors, of the 96th regiment. Thomas Simmonds, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Cripplegate Without.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MARCH, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. ARNOLD, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HIS SON.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	146	Mrs. Gunning's Hair Apparent ..	179
Biographical Sketch of the late		Peter Pindar's Horrors of Bribery ..	ib.
Dr. Arnold	147	Rebecca Edridge's Lapse of Time ..	180
A Picture from Nature	152	The History of Man	ib.
Specimen of modern Biography ..	163	Mason's Life of Earl Howe	ib.
Series of Select Poems by Ladies.		Mrs. Pilkington's Abridgment of	
Rachel Speght	155	Goldsmith's Natural History ..	ib.
Select Sentences.—No. VII.	156		
Tour into South Wales	158		
The Prisoner—a recent Fact	160		
Christianity reversed	162		
Portrait of a great Character	163		
The Wooden Leg, an Helvetic			
Tale	164		
Pedantry not confined to Men			
of Letters	167		

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GENERAL.

Madame de Staël-Holstein's Del-			
phine	169		
Proverbs, or the Manual of			
Wisdom	172		
Letters from Mad. de Séveigné ..	173		
Clapham's Abridgment of the			
Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Ele-			
ments of Christian Theology ..	175		
The Church of England vindicated			
from Misrepresentation	176		
White's Bellgrove Castle, or the			
Horrid Spectre !	177		
Old Nick, a Satirical Story, 2 Ed.	ib.		
Green's Plans of Economy,	178		
Prospectus of a new and superb			
Edition of the British Classics	ib.		
Bowie's Thoughts on the late Ge-			
neral Election	ib.		
Ten Letters, principally upon the			
Subject of the Nottingham			
Election	ib.		
A Letter to the Burgesses of Not-			
tingham	179		

BRITISH STAGE.

Seymour's Notes upon Shakspeare	183
Portrait of Madame Dumesnil ...	184
John Bdl, or the Englishman's	
Fire-side	186
Retrospect of new Performers—	
Mr. Cooper	190

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sonnet, by the Author of the pre-	
ceding Series	193
To the Moon	ib.
Genius, an Ode	194
Stanzas by W. Toone	196

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Oratorios	197
Haymarket Theatre	198
Theatrical Chit-Chat	ib.
New Royal Circus	199
Astley's Amphitheatre of Arts ...	ib.
Sadler's Wells	200
Bon Ton Theatricals	ib.
Musical Biography	201
History of the Stage	202

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Edinburgh	206
Hull	ib.
Newcastle upon Tyne	ib.
Imperial Parliament	210
News, &c.	ib.

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.



The Portrait of MR. BRAHAM will appear next Month. In the mean time, we exhibit a Portrait of the late DR. ARNOLD, from an original Painting by his Son.

A Portrait of Madame Storace, from a fine Painting by Mr. Charles Allingham, will adorn No. 91.

And, in No. 92, will appear a Portrait of the late Mr. Roger Kemble, from an original Painting by Mr. Sharp.

We thank JULIUS (*Newcastle upon Tyne*) for his sensible Letter, which we have inserted, without abridgment, in the present number.

Further favours from Q. Z. have been received, and shall appear without delay.

An Anacreontic, by J. P. B. (*Liverpool*) as soon as possible.

Also, A short Sketch of a long-known Friend, by J. C. C.

There are some inaccuracies in ELIZA's last communications, which render them unfit to meet the public eye.

Mr. S. we hope, will excuse the freedom we have taken with his remarks.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER (*York*) shall be noticed in our next.

A Masonic Address, spoken at *Birmingham*, also in our next.

CANDID's Letter from *Manchester* was not received in sufficient time for this number.

ARVIRAGUS has obliged us by his observations.

R. S. has formed an erroneous notion.

T H E
MONTHLY MIRROR,
FOR
MARCH, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
THE LATE DR. ARNOLD,
Born August 10, 1740.—Died October 22, 1802.

With a Portrait.

THERE is something mournful in the task of recording departed genius, and the memory of those talents which have long delighted—something still more painful in bearing testimony to the frail tenure of human excellence, and the final close of a long and laborious career in the paths of science—yet is it a pleasing labour to celebrate the name of a man who has been distinguished by the union of talents and virtues, and who has left behind him indelible memorials of the most elegant taste, and the profoundest professional knowledge.

The subject of the present memoir, whose name has been before the public for many years, and whose works have been so highly and so deservedly celebrated, received the rudiments of science under Mr. Gates, master of the young gentlemen of His Majesty's Chapels, and completed his musical education under the late Dr. Nares. Of what might be his disposition in early life, we may, perhaps, form a very favourable conjecture from the fact, that his first master so highly esteemed him, that at his death he bequeathed him a handsome legacy, and the reversion of a very good estate, but which he did not live to enjoy.

He was introduced into the King's chapel, under the immediate patronage of the Princesses Amelia and Caroline; the former of whom answered for him at the font. What might be his progress, or his application in this celebrated musical seminary, we know not; but we have not heard of any authenticated instances of juvenile productions which are calculated, from their singularity, to astonish or alarm credulity. His course seems to have been remarked, when he left his masters, for unremitting application to study, and persevering attention to scientific research; and from this steady cultivation of the seeds of knowledge, arose that formed and complete genius, which, while a long tide of fashion lasted, astonished the world, and

which, when that fashion subsided, still charmed the votaries of the old, and improved the followers of a newer style.

The first patron to whom the public appear to be indebted for the extrication of his talents from obscurity, was the celebrated BEARD. He saw the youthful spark of genius, and, by producing it to the animating gale of public favour, fanned it into a blaze.

His public career commenced about the year 1763, as composer to Covent Garden theatre, of which Beard was then a proprietor, and the flattering success which crowned his operatic efforts, cherished thoughts of greater undertakings, and bolder flights.

What he had once resolved to undertake, was not long delayed by sluggish procrastination. He saw that the death of Handel had left a chasm in the musical field, in which many had sunk who had attempted to fill it, and, with a confidence which proved a just appreciation of his own powers, resolved on the same attempt, of which the failure of others had taught him the danger. This resolution he completed in 1767, in the composition of the sacred drama of the *Cure of Saul*, from the pen of the late Dr. Brown. This oratorio was no sooner heard, than the name of the composer was established. The musical world heard, with amazement, this energetic production of a genius of twenty-seven years growth. Jealousy and envy were, as usual, active in depreciation; but a success so unlimited attended him, that the work was allowed by the public voice, as well as by all the candid members of the profession, to be by far the grandest and ablest production that had appeared since the death of the immortal Handel, who first established that species of music in this country.

He knew, however, that one labour had not erected the reputation of Hercules, and therefore pursued, with unremitting zeal, and renovated ardour, the first triumphs of success. The *Cure of Saul* was followed with equal applause, and increasing reputation, by *Abimelech*, the *Resurrection*, and the *Prodigal Son*. During the intervals of which productions, he brought forward many less durable, but more profitable works. These are still the standing favourites among our English operas.

In 1769, an enterprising spirit led him to the purchase of Marybone Gardens, which he adorned in so beautiful a style, that they became the scene of fashionable resort. He erected a stage, and composed many beautiful burlettas, which were performed by the first singers of the day, and which, to use the theatrical phrase, were *got up* with expensive elegance. Amongst the performers were the well-remembered names of Miss Catley, Miss Brown, afterwards Mrs. Cargill, Miss Harper, now Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Barthelemon, Mrs.

Thompson, Miss Thomas ; Mr. Charles Bannister, and Mr. Reinhold.

In this scheme the tide of success had a long course, and might have flowed still longer had not an anxiety to gratify the public taste, by the production of novelties, involved him in new expences, and fresh plans.

At an immense salary, he engaged the celebrated Torri, whose brilliant fireworks have had no equal in this country. The consequence of Signor Torri's exhibition was, that the burlottas were no longer followed, and on those nights on which the fireworks were not displayed, the gardens were entirely deserted. When the novelty of this exhibition was over, it was too late to return to what had before charmed the multitude, and as no second Torri could be found, the gardens were relinquished at the expiration of the lease, after an ineffectual struggle to revive them, and the proprietor retired from the concern a very considerable loser.

In the mean time, (viz. in the year 1771) Dr. Arnold married Miss Napier, the only daughter of Doctor Napier, an eminent physician, and a lineal descendant of the far-famed Lord Napier, of Marcheston, whose life has been written with so much elegance by the present Earl of Buchan. He received with this lady a considerable fortune, and though, in consequence of several successive difficult and dangerous labours, a temporary separation and sea air were found necessary for the re-establishment of her health, yet were the last years of his life passed with this exemplary and highly accomplished woman, in uninterrupted harmony, and in the constant acknowledgment of those nice and valuable attentions which render the progress of life happy, and its decline easy. This lady still lives to lament a loss, which even those who knew him less cannot too sincerely deplore, and, if the testimony of one who has known her well in every relation of life, for nearly thirty years, may be relied on, the poignancy of that anguish, which final separation leaves in the widow's breast, must be soon soothed into peaceful resignation, by the recollection of a steady perseverance in the exercise of every domestic duty, and a faithful and affectionate discharge of every claim upon the wife and the mother.

In the year 1773, his celebrated oratorio of the *Prodigal Son* was performed, at the particular request of the stewards, at the installation of Lord North at Oxford. The handsome manner in which this request was complied with, produced the composer an equally handsome offer of an honorary degree in the university, and although he declined that, as a compliment, which he knew himself so well qua-

lified to obtain by regular and scientific gradation, it still excited the desire of Academic honours, which he immediately sought and procured. His exercise on this occasion was Hughes's "*Power of Harmony*," a poem well adapted to the display of versatile talents.

At the expiration of the Marybone lease, Dr. Arnold returned to Covent Garden Theatre, a part of which property Mr. Colman, the father of the present dramatist, had about this time purchased.—He there laid the foundation of an intimacy with the translator of *Terence*, and the author of the *Jealous Wife*, that lasted till that unhappy derangement which closed the life of Mr. Colman.

When that gentleman left Covent Garden, and succeeded Foote in the property of the little theatre, Dr. Arnold, with the same zeal which distinguished his friendships throughout life, and in which he ever sacrificed his own interest, followed the fortunes of his friend, though he relinquished, by this step, more than half his yearly emoluments. The friendship of Dr. Arnold continued to be essentially serviceable to the son, till the latest period of his own life. Independent of private connexions, his musical productions and arrangements added dignity to the theatre, and the former will long continue to delight the public: perhaps, with all due respect for living composers, we may assert that the stage has sustained a loss by his death, which it may be very long ere it can be replaced.

In 1783 Dr. Arnold was appointed organist to His Majesty, and composer to the chapels royal; and in this situation he furnished a very considerable number of church services and anthems, which, though little known to the world in general, are among the most estimable and lasting of his works.

In 1784 he was an active promoter and assistant in the grand commemoration of Handel, that took place in Westminster Abbey, and was appointed one of the subdirectors of that celebrity which, under the auspices of so many noble personages, reflected the highest honour on the national taste and musical genius of Great Britain. He felt, indeed, throughout life, a warm and earnest interest for the affairs of the Royal Society of Musicians, and that institution, which now lifts its head in wealthy independence, and distributes princely assistance to decayed musicians, and their unprovided families, owes a great part of its opulence to the zeal and liberality of Dr. Arnold. In the very early period of his life, when this society was yet in its infant state, and was struggling for existence against a course of ill success, he generously presented to it his oratorio of the *Curs of Saul*, then in the zenith of popular estimation, and this work effected that turn of fortune to which they are now

indebted, under royal munificence, for extensive patronage, considerable funded property, and increasing success.

When the last war stopped the progress of the commemorations at the Abbey, the annual performances were continued, first at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, and afterwards at Whitehall chapel; and, as the noble directors declined the management on a smaller scale, the whole labours rested on the shoulders of the sub-directors. On these occasions Dr. Arnold was ever the most active and indefatigable member. His zeal for the good cause bore him up through innumerable fatigues, anxieties, and vexations. He had to contend occasionally with such turbulent spirits as required a skilful negotiator to manage, and by a happy suavity he generally contrived to ameliorate discontents, to conciliate jealousies, and to reconcile opponents. The situation of conductor of these performances he filled till within the last two years, when the annual concert of the Royal Society of Musicians was incorporated with the King's concerts, as the last of which it still continues to be acknowledged.

In 1786, Dr. Arnold, under the immediate patronage, and by the particular desire, of THE KING, undertook a magnificent edition of the works of Handel, in score, which he completed in one hundred and eighty numbers, forming thirty-six folio volumes. This work comprehended all the oratorios, anthems, operas, concertos, fugues, trios, duetts, lessons, &c. excepting such Italian operas as were neither interesting nor vendible. From these, however, and the whole of Handel's works, he compiled two very fine oratorios,—*The Redemption*, and *Time and Truth*. He had a remarkable and most happy facility in the adaptation of English words to foreign airs, and the world are indebted for a familiar acquaintance with a great part of the most beautiful of Handel's music, to his judgment and skill in this particular, by which he has, as it were, inoculated so much excellent music into our own language.

Soon after the commencement of the above-named work, he published four volumes of cathedral music, in continuation of the plan on which Dr. Boyce had furnished his elegant and estimable work.

In 1789 he became conductor of the Academy of Ancient Music, by election, a situation which he filled with peculiar credit, and where his loss will long continue to be sincerely lamented.

Amongst the many other public institutions in which Dr. Arnold distinguished himself, we must not omit to mention the *Glee Club*, at which he presided, we believe, from its commencement. This society, which, during his life-time, was the resort of all the amateurs, and of the first personages in the kingdom, and which afforded

to the lovers of vocal harmony the richest feast, is, we are sorry to find, likely to fall into decay. Their sun is set, and their day is over.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A PICTURE FROM NATURE.

THOSE who have never observed our boldest coasts, have no idea of their tremendous sublimity!—The boasted works of art, the highest towers, and the noblest domes, are but ant-hills when put in comparison. The single cavity of a rock often exhibits a coping higher than the ceiling of a Gothic cathedral. The face of the shore offers to the view a wall of massive stone, ten times higher than our tallest steeples. What should we think of a precipice three quarters of a mile in height? And yet the rocks of Saint Kilda are higher. What must be our awe, to approach the edge of that stupendous height, and to look down on the unfathomable vacuity below!—to ponder on the terrors of falling to the bottom, where the waves, that *swell like mountains*, are scarcely seen to *curl* on the surface, and the *roar* of an ocean, a thousand leagues broad, appears softer than the murmur of a brook! It is in these formidable mansions, that myriads of sea-fowls are for ever seen sporting; flying, in security, down the depth, half a mile below the feet of the spectator! The crow and the chough avoid those frightful precipices. They choose smaller heights, where they are less exposed to the tempest. It is the cormorant, the gurnet, the tarrock, and the terne, that venture to these dreadful retreats, and claim an undisturbed possession. To the spectator from above, those birds, though some of them are above the size of an eagle, seem scarcely as large as a swallow, and their loudest screaming is scarcely perceptible! To walk along the shore, when the tide is departed, or to sit in the hollow of a rock, when it is come in, attentive to the various sounds that gather on every side, above, and below, may raise the mind to its highest and noblest exertions. The solemn roaring of the waves, swelling into, or subsiding from, the vast caverns beneath; the piercing note of the gull; the frequent chatter of the guillemotte; the loud voice of the auk; the scream of the heron; and the hoarse, deep, periodical croaking of the cormorant, all unite to furnish out the grandeur of the scene, and turn the mind to *Him* who is the essence of all sublimity!

Q. Z.

SPECIMEN OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY:

A SHEET OMMITTED IN A

VOLUMINOUS LIFE OF JOHNSON.

APRIL the 20th, I dined with him at Sir J. R. ———'s. I regret that I have preserved but few minutes of his conversation on that day, though he was less talkative, and fuller of capriciousness and contradictions than usual; as the following dialogue may shew —whilst at the same time it proves that there is no question so entirely barren of matter or argument, which could not furnish him an occasion of displaying the powers of his mighty mind. We talked of public places; and one gentleman spoke warmly in praise of Sadler's Wells. Mr. C——, who had been so unfortunate as to displease Dr. Johnson, and wished to reinstate himself in his good opinion, thought he could not do it more effectually than by decrying such light amusements as those of tumbling and rope-dancing: in particular, he asserted that "a rope-dancer was, in his opinion, the most despicable of human beings." Johnson (awfully rolling himself, as he prepared to speak, and bursting out into a thundering tone), "Sir, you might as well say that St. Paul was the most despicable of human beings. Let us beware how we petulantly and ignorantly traduce a character which puts all other characters to shame. Sir, a rope-dancer concentrates in himself all the cardinal virtues."

Well as I was, by this time, acquainted with the sophistical talents of my illustrious friend, and often as I had listened to him in wonder, while he "made the worse appear the better reason," I could not but suppose that, for once, he had been betrayed by his violence into an assertion which he could not support. Urged by my curiosity, and perhaps rather wickedly desirous of leading him into a contest, I ventured, leaning briskly towards him across my friend the Duke of ———'s chair, to say, in a sportive familiar manner, which he sometimes indulgently permitted me to use, "Indeed, Dr. Johnson I did I hear you right? A rope-dancer concentrates in himself all the cardinal virtues?" The answer was ready:—Johnson, "Why, yes, Sir, deny it who dare. I say, in a rope-dancer there is temperance, and faith, and hope, and charity, and justice, and prudence, and fortitude." Still I was not satisfied; and, desirous to hear his proofs at full length:—Boswell, "Why, to be sure, Sir, fortitude I can easily conceive."—Johnson (interrupting me), "Sir, if you cannot conceive the rest, Sir, it is to no purpose that you conceive the seventh. But to those who cannot comprehend, it is necessary

to explain. Why, then, Sir, we will begin with temperance. Sir, if the joys of the bottle entice him one inch beyond the line of sobriety, his life or his limbs must pay the forfeit of his excess. Then, Sir, there is faith. Without unshaken confidence in his own powers, and full assurance that the rope is firm, his temperance will be but of little advantage: the unsteadiness of his nerves would prove as fatal as the intoxication of his brain. Next, Sir, we have hope. A dance so dangerous, who ever exhibited, unless lured by the hope of fortune or of fame? Charity next follows: and what instance of charity shall be opposed to that of him, who, in the hope of administering to the gratification of others, braves the hiss of multitudes, and derides the dread of death? Then, Sir, what man will withhold from the funambulist the praise of justice, who considers his inflexible uprightness, and that he holds his balance with so steady a hand, as never to incline, in the minutest degree, to one side or the other. Nor, in the next place, is his prudence more disputable than his justice. He has chosen, indeed, a dangerous accomplishment; but, while it is remembered that he is temerarious in the maturity of his art, let it not be forgotten that he was cautious in its commencement; and that, while he was yet in the rudiments of rope-dancing, he might securely fail in his footing, while his instructors stood ready on either side to prevent or to alleviate his fall. Lastly, Sir, those who, from dullness or from obstinacy, shall refuse to the rope-dancer the applauses due to temperance, faith, hope, charity, justice, and prudence, will yet scarcely be so hardened in falsehood or in folly, as to deny him the laurels of fortitude. He that is content to totter on a cord, while his fellow-mortals tread securely on the broad basis of *terra firma*; who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a superficies, compared to which, the verge of a precipice is a stable station; may rightfully snatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boast that he exposes himself to hazards, from which he might fly to the cannon's mouth as a refuge or a relaxation! Sir, let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer."—When he had ended, I could not help whispering Sir J. R.—Boswell, "How wonderfully does our friend extricate himself out of difficulties! He is like quicksilver: try to grasp him in your hand, and he makes his escape between every finger." This image I afterwards ventured to mention to our great Moralist and Lexicographer, saying, "May not I flatter myself, Sir, that it was a passable metaphor?"—Johnson, "Why, yes, Sir."

 SERIES OF SELECT POEMS BY LADIES.

 NUMBER XXI.

RACHEL SPEGHT,

ANOTHER weft of the *Muses*, published in 1621, 4to. a poem of considerable length, in six-line stanzas, entitled,

"Mortalities Memorandum: with a dreame prefixed, imaginative in manner, reall in matter. London, printed by Edw. Griffin for Jacob Bloome."

Live to die, for die thou must ;

Die, to live amongst the just.

This argumentative and admonitory production, is dedicated by the fair authoress to "Her most respectful Godmother, Mrs. Marie Moundford, Wife unto the Worshipfull Doctour Moundford, Physitian;" and her metrical address to the reader may call to remembrance the versification of Tusser, an agricultural poet, who flourished in the reign of Elizabeth.*

"Readers too common, and plentiful be,
For readers they are that can read a, b, c ;
And utter their verdict on what they doe view,
Though none of the *Muses* they yet ever knew.
But helpe of such readers at no time I crave,
Their silence than censure I rather would have ;
For ignorant dances doe soonest deprave.

But, courteous reader, whoever thou art
Which these my endeavours dost take in good part,
Correcting with judgement the faults thou dost finde,
Wish favour approving what pleaseth thy minde :
To thee, for thy use and behoofe, I extend
This poore *Memorandum* of our latter end :—
Thus, wishing thee welfare, I rest a true friend,

To those which art affect,
And Learning's fruit respect.

RACHEL SPEGHT."

* See Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry. iii. 309.

The following is as favourable a specimen of this lady's moral Poem, as perhaps can be selected.

" The *Mariner*, which doth assay to passe
The raging seas into some forraigne land,
Desireth much to have his voyage ended,
And to arrive upon the solid sand.
All creatures with desire doe seeke for rest,
After they have with labour beene oppress.

The *Pilgrim*, which a journey undertakes,
Feeding his fancie with exoticke sights,
Deemes not his way much irksome to his foot,
Because his paine is mixed with delights :
For tis his joy to thinke upon that day
When he shall see the period of his way.

Men are as *Sailors* in this irksome list,
Who at the haven always cast their eye ;
As *Pilgrims* wandering in an uncouth land ;—
Then who is he that will not wish to dye ?
And he, whom God by death doth soonest call,
Is in my mind the happiest wight of all."

S. K.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. VII.

CICERO gives a proof how far a man devoid of courage may be a spirited writer.

I CANNOT see why people are ashamed to acknowledge a passion for popularity ?—The love of popularity is the love of being beloved.

THE world may be divided into people that read ; people that write ; people that think ;—and foxhunters.

ONE may, modestly enough, calculate one's appearance to procure respect upon the road ;—because there respect and convenience so remarkably coincide.

THERE is nothing more universally commended than a *fine day*.—The reason is that people can commend it without *envy*.

LONG sentences in a short composition, are like large rooms in a small house.

It seems with *wit* and *good nature*, "*utrum horum mavis accipere.*" But *taste* and *good humour* are universally connected.

POETRY, and consumptions, are the most flattering of diseases.

THE words "*no more*," have a singular pathos!—reminding us at once of past pleasure, and the future exclusion of it.

THE superior politeness of the French is in nothing more discernible than in the phrases used by them and us to express an affair being in agitation. The former says, "*sur la tapis.*"—We say "*upon the anvil.*" Does it not also shew the sincerity and serious face with which we enter upon business? and the negligent and jaunty air with which they perform the most important.

HOPE is a flatterer—but the most upright of all parasites: for she frequents the poor man's hut, as well as the palace of his superior.

If you write an *original* piece, you wonder no one ever thought of the *best* of subjects before you!—If you translate, of the *best* of authors.

EVERY *good* poet includes a critic. The reverse will not hold.

WE want a word to express the "*Hospes*" or "*Hospita*" of the ancients: among *them*, perhaps, the most respectable of characters. Yet with *us*, translated *Host*, which we apply, also, to an inn-keeper. Neither have we any word to express "*Amica*"—as if we thought a woman was always somewhat more, or less, than a friend.—

TO endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

"I had once the curiosity" says Montesquieu, "to keep an account of the number of times I heard a story repeated. During three weeks that it occupied the polite world, I heard it told two hundred and twenty-five times—which I thought quite sufficient."

What an unfortunate necessity is it, in the constitution of man, that his understanding is scarcely matured, when the organs of his body begin to fail!

TOUR INTO SOUTH WALES.

LETTER I.

[Continued from page 94.]

Britten Ferry, August 6, 1803.

LEAVING Caerphilly at the rising of the sun, we pursued our route over the steep and heathy mountain Eyllysyllian, which overlooks part of the valley we had left, and an extensive range of mountains to the north-west. The fine bridge over the raging Taffe, is (as Mr. Wyndham observes), perhaps the largest of stone in the world, if we except that of Brioude, in Auvergne, built by the Romans. It is a segment of a circle one hundred and forty feet in breadth; and the height of the key stone from the spring of the arch, thirty-four feet: that at Brioude, over the Allier, is a semicircle of eighty-five feet above the water level, and its chord one hundred and ninety-five.

It is truly a wonderful performance, which will immortalise its builder (Edwards) and when viewed from the river, has a most enchanting and imposing effect. The road continues along the banks of the Taffe, and exhibits many a grand and beautiful scene.

The ancient city of Llandaff, the see of which is now filled by the learned camelion Dr. Watson, is little more than a village, situated on a gently rising eminence. The remains of its once beautiful cathedral, (erected by Bishop Urban, in 1120) are very fine, and the church contains two alabaster monuments of great taste, and in a style far superior to the age in which they are supposed to have been executed.

The castle of Llandaff, with many others in Wales, were destroyed by the last of her heroes, Owen Glendyr; in delineating whom, Shakespeare has drawn the national character of the Welsh.

At the reformation this see was valued at 154l. 14s. 2d. This event, by the nonpossession of a bible in their vernacular tongue, was a great inconvenience to the Welsh; and in consequence, Elizabeth, in the eighth year of her reign, passed an act of parliament to enable the Bishops of Llandaff, Hereford, St. David's, St. Asaph, and Bangor to translate the Old and New Testaments, with the Book of Common Prayer and administration of the sacraments. This act was not punctually observed, since the Old Testament was wholly omitted. However, in 1588, Dr. William Morgan, Bishop of Llandaff, undertook its translation, in conjunction with many others.

Some little distance from this decayed bishopric the road lies over a high mountain, from which is a most rich and beautiful prospect;

on the left rose hills covered with oaks and underwood, which casually admitted, through the opening of their sides, sketches of the neighbouring channel; while on the right, and immediately behind us, lay extended the fine and extensive vale of Glamorgan. The mountains which backed it stretched their enormous bases at a distance, covering each other, and closed by the Hely Mountain in distant perspective.

Cowbridge, called by the Welsh Pont-Van, which stands pleasantly in the middle of what is denominated the garden of Wales, contributes little to the instruction or the pleasure of the traveller; but the country around affords rich materials for the painter, in the numerous fragments of antiquity which lie scattered in almost every direction.

There is a sensible difference in the population, and the general appearance of the peasants and their cottages, when compared to most other counties in Wales. This is entirely owing to the improved state of agriculture, and fully exemplifies a fine passage in Tully.—“*Omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid conquiritur, nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine libero dignius.*”

The castle of Mana-Chael attracted us to the right; its entrance is supported by three high arches, and corresponds with another portal on the south, of the same dimensions. The style of building is modern Gothic, and appears to have been designed more for convenience than strength. Proceeding under the Ogmore hills, on one of which stands the small castle of Ogmore, the only one which escaped the fury of those wars which so long devastated Wales, the small town of Pile soon presented itself. The church-yard of this place is in the truest Welsh character; and the flowers which decorated the graves, regaled our senses with the sweetest odours. When the remains of a deceased relation are first deposited, their friends bring flowers in a handkerchief, and sprinkle them on the grave; on their decaying, a variety of herbs and annuals are planted. This elegant and amiable custom prevails in Persia, and many other parts of the East; but it is not so frequent in South Wales as we were led to expect. English manners are beginning universally to prevail; and in the eagerness to adopt the advantages arising from them, like all imitators, they strive to copy defects as well as beauties, and neglect customs which have been sanctioned by age, and ought to be endeared by practice. To this practice Shakespeare alludes, in his beautiful play of Cymbeline; and Collins is equally observant of costume in his exquisite dirge, sung over Fidele.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring.

From Pile the eye has to regale upon an almost perpendicular mountain, whose enormous sides are embrowned with wood, even to its summit; which, owing to the thinness of the air, was lost in the clouds that upulated in fantastic columns beneath. At the foot of this mountain stands the now-neglected seat of Mr. Talbot, and his magnificent orangery.

After having visited the abbey church, the chapter house, and the sculptured cross in Morgan street, we continued our route to Tybar and Aberaeron. The houses here are excessively tinged with the smoke of the iron and copper works, which will merit attention. We rode along the skirts of the Waen mountains, on whose sides were browsing flocks of sheep and some solitary goats, till we discovered the beautiful village of Britton, straggling along their sides in a most enchanting and picturesque manner. Almost every cottage commanded an extensive view of the sea, and conveyed ideas of rustic elegance and content. I remember few spots more calculated for partial retirement, few scenes more tranquilly lively.

The river Neath here is seen to a most beautiful advantage; the woods on the west side overlooked by the mountains and the rocks which skirt the water's edge; the ships below, loading coals and cullum; the channel, with a distinct view of the Somersetshire hills, and harmonized with the setting sun, presented a most vivid and finished picture.

Adieu.

MORTIMER.

THE PRISONER,

A recent Fact.

"A dreadful din was wont
"To grate the sense, when entered here, from groans,
"And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of chains,
"And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges!
"And ever and anon the light was dashed
"With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
"Of grim and ghastly excoitioners."

CONGRÈVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant; and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence; but the capture of our West India fleet, in the late bloody and protracted war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonourable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome gaol. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and, with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve, from day to day, had fled: but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead—The keeper interrupted his devotion by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more——

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery—He who, with apathy, had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature, for once, predominated in a gaoler.

At this instant the child cried!—O heavens, said Henry, I am too guilty to have my prayer heard.—He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment.—At last he thus broke out—“This is too much—My heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day.”

What do I hear, replied Henry?—Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate——

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the ordinary advanced

to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a pardon, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed: Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy.—She ran to the Man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane gaoler freed him from his fetters.

CHRISTIANITY REVERSED :

A NEW OFFICE OF INITIATION, FOR 'ALL' YOUTHS
OF THE SUPERIOR CLASS.

Being a Summary of Lord Chesterfield's Creed.

I BELIEVE that this world is the object of my hopes and morals ; and that the little prettinesses of life will answer all the ends of human existence.

I believe, that we are to succeed in all things, by the graces of civility and attention ; that there is no sin, but against good manners ; and that all religion and virtue consist in outward appearance.

I believe, that all women are children, and all men fools ; except a few cunning people, who see through the rest, and make their use of them.

I believe, that hypocrisy, fornication, and adultery, are within the lines of morality : that a woman may be honourable when she has lost her honour, and virtuous when she has lost her virtue.

This, and whatever else is necessary to obtain my own ends, and bring me into repute, I resolve to follow ; and to avoid all moral offences : such as scratching my head before company, spitting upon the floor, and omitting to pick up a lady's fan. And in this persuasion I will persevere, without any regard to the resurrection of the body, or the life everlasting. Amen.

Quest. Wilt thou be initiated into these principles ?

Ans. That is my inclination.

Quest. Wilt thou keep up to the rules of the Chesterfield morality ?

Ans. I will ; Lord Chesterfield being my admonitor.

Then the Officiator shall say,

Name this child.

Ans. A fine gentleman.

Then he shall say,

"I introduce thee to the world, the flesh, and the devil, that thou mayest triumph over all awkwardness, and grow up in all politeness; that, thou mayest be acceptable to the ladies, celebrated for refined breeding, able to speak French and read Italian, invested with some public supernumerary character in a foreign court, get into parliament, (perhaps into the privy council), and that, when thou art dead, the letters written to thy bastards may be published, in seven editions, for the instruction of all sober families.

"Ye are to take care that this child, when he is of a proper age, be brought to court, to be confirmed." A. M. T.

PORTRAIT OF A GREAT CHARACTER.

By David Hume.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE is a great diversity of opinion with respect to the resemblance which the numerous portraits, published in this country, of a distinguished foreigner, bear to the original. In some the artist has not attended to the expression of the eyes, in others the nose has been thought too straight, or the mouth too small; in none has the likeness been allowed to be complete. I think, Sir, the following portrait will supply all that has hitherto been wanting. It has been usually taken for a striking likeness of an English Regicide, who exercised the sovereign authority in these realms about a century and a half ago; but I doubt not you will agree with me in opinion, that the whole has indisputably a modern air, and requires no *varnish* to bring out the minuter touches of the pencil.

I am yours, &c.

KIT-CAT.

THE PORTRAIT.

ALL composure of mind is now for ever fled from the C— C—. He feels that the grandeur which he has attained with so much guilt and courage, cannot ensure him that tranquillity which it belongs to virtue alone, and moderation, fully to ascertain. Overwhelmed with the load of public affairs, dreading perpetually some fatal accident in his distempered government, seeing nothing around him

but treacherous friends or enraged enemies, possessing the confidence of no party, resting his life on no principle, civil or religious, he finds his power to depend on so critical a point of factions and interests, as the smallest event is able, without any preparation, in a moment to overturn. Death too, which, with such signal intrepidity, he has braved in the field, being incessantly threatened by the poniards of fanatical or interested assassins, is ever present to his terrified apprehension, and haunts him in every scene of business or repose. Each action of his life betrays the terrors under which he labours. The aspect of strangers is uneasy to him. With a piercing and anxious eye, he surveys every face to which he is not daily accustomed. He never moves a step without strong guards attending him. He wears armour under his clothes, and farther secures himself by offensive weapons, a sword, falchion, and pistols, which he always carries about him. He returns from no place by the direct road, or by the same way which he went. Every journey he performs with hurry and precipitation. Seldom he sleeps above three nights together in the same chamber: and he never lets it be known beforehand what chamber he intends to choose, nor entrusts himself in any that is not provided with back doors, at which sentinels are carefully placed. Society terrifies him, while he reflects on his numerous, unknown, and implacable enemies. Solitude astonishes him, by withdrawing that protection which he finds so necessary for his security.

THE WOODEN LEG,

AN HELVETIC TALE,

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

ON the mountain, from which the torrent of Rauti falls headlong into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called Echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and Echo bade the valleys seven times resound his melodious song. On a sudden, he perceived a man climbing, with pain, the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy, tottering steps; for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him, on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked on him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a

year; and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are, to many, the straightest and most active. I doubt not, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you; though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below, from the hollow of that rock?

OLD MAN. I like the frankness which glows on thy features. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said—Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for, without that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the Echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and valleys, while your songs resound from one mountain to another.—Liberty! sweet Liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us, is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is, with us, a season of joy.

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He does not deserve to be a free man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

OLD MAN. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels*, I come once each year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I have now come for the last time. From this spot I still behold the order of the battle, in which liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side, the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses' hooves. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side; and the smoke of Nefels, in flames, filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of the hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling round him the dis-

* The battle of Nefels, in the canton of Glaris, in 1388.

persed troops. I hear the rustling of the banner, which he waved in the air: it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side, they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran, at the call of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or to die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge; but, still forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or, as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and, with a tremendous crashing, breaks down the trees which interrupt its course. On every side, the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy, in his flight, rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, imploring Heaven to aid us.—Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended, I was cured, but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain; I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never, in this life, shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said—No, father, in this life you can never show him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, Heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who thy deliverer was?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. I am much deceived, if he was not my father. Oft he has told me the story of that battle; and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive!

OLD MAN. O God! O angels of Heaven! Was that generous man thy father?

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He had a scar here—(pointing to his left cheek)—he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

OLD MAN. His cheek was covered with blood, when he bore me off. O my child! My son!

YOUNG SHEPHERD. He died two years ago; and, as he was poor, I am forced, for subsistence, to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said—Heaven be praised, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, he said to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; golden locks shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them—My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the happiest of mortals.

PEDANTRY

NOT CONFINED TO MEN OF LETTERS.

THE denomination of pedant has long been improperly confined to men of literature, although in reality it is equally applicable to men of every description. A pedant is one whose ideas are so totally engrossed by the object of his peculiar studies, that his common discourse is enlarded with its technical terms. When this does not arise from affectation, it is by no means reprehensible, but serves to shew the parties have attended to the study of their occupations.

Owing to this kind of pedantry, the profession or occupation of the majority of any company may be discovered, every different calling having its peculiar allusions, jokes and witticisms. When a gentleman being asked for a toast gives the Chief Justice, his honour the Master of the Rolls, or repeats the bon mots of Mr. Justice Bullhead, or Sergeant Splitcause, it requires no extraordinary sagacity to discover that the proposer of such toasts is a limb of the law.

On a like occasion, a person drinking his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, or his brother of York, the Bishops of Durham and Winchester, pretty clearly points out a candidate for ecclesiastical preferment.

The health of the Chancellor, is a more equivocal index, as he has considerable patronage to bestow on the professors of the law, as well as those of the gospel; so that the proposer of this toast may be either a candidate for a law office, or a living; to determine which it will be necessary to consult the context of his discourse.

When a smart young fellow talks of the 18th, the 36th, or 64th, without discriminating to what those numbers refer, now and then larding his discourse with an oath, and often emphatically mentioning *the service*, we may boldly pronounce him a military man.

If he cites some late determinations respecting proofs, drinks the Master General, and talks of the warren, it may be inferred that he is a military man, clothed in blue instead of scarlet.

Sailors are so notorious for their professional allusions, that they proclaim themselves in every sentence. In walking the street, if one of these gentlemen wishes you to quicken your pace, he will desire you to carry more sail; if to wait for him, to lie to; and if he desires you to hasten any business you are about, he will request you to bear a hand.

When a buckish young fellow talks of Jack Sprat, of Queens; Tom Jackson, of Maudlin; Joe Thomas, of Brazen Nose; and Griff Jones, of Jesus; he may be safely set down as an Oxonian or a Cantab.

The Bedford, the Garden, the Town, the Ton, and the Houses, emphatically pronounced by a well-dressed man, mark the speaker to be a gentleman of gallantry and pleasure, and probably a wit and a critic.

The Alley, Consols, Scrip, Omnium, Tickets, and the Rescounters, pronounced by a man in a cut wig, are indisputable marks of a stock-jobber, or lottery-office keeper. One of these recovering from an illness, or being interrogated as to his health, will answer, he is cent. per cent. better: or speaking of the circumstances of a friend or acquaintance, will observe, he is above or below par; taking up an empty bottle or bowl, he will pronounce it a blank; and describing a person in a dangerous situation will, declare he would not underwrite him on any consideration. If pedantry be an improper display of one's professional knowledge, these are all surely as much entitled to the denomination of pedants, as the scholar who makes an ostentatious shew of his learning.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

 QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

Delphine. By Madame de Staël-Holstein. A Romance, in 3 Vols, or six Parts, "and every Part a Volume."

THIS work claims a very distinguished place in the literature of its class. While the moralist is busy in an examination how far its influence may be pernicious or favourable to society, and the politician, with a meaner object, is seeking for opportunities to indulge the rancour of party, the novel is making its way by the strong power of character, and the fascination of sentiment. An English reader cannot but be forcibly reminded, by its incidents, of the Cecilia of Miss Burney, and the author of *Delphine* sometimes does a violence to her train of events, to produce a dissimilarity in the minutest features, that the strong likeness of the greater may not be too apparent. Now and then, but not so frequently, she marks her predilection for the Grandison of Richardson, and the slight difference in the name of a tutor, shews she had been meditating upon the venerable Dr. Bartlet.

Whatever ridicule may now attend the notion that the Epic of Homer originated in a moral, to exemplify which the fable was constructed, it is clear that this has really been the process in the work before us, and one more important to human happiness it will be difficult to discover. The epigraph of *Delphine* states it in two lines—

A man should be able to oppose public opinion—

A woman ought to submit to it.

To establish these truths, *Leonce* is made to sacrifice his happiness to fallacious appearances; and the virtues of *Delphine* are the causes of her misery. *Leonce*, with a contempt for others, is a slave to their censures; and *Delphine*, who is the object of general admiration, is the victim of envy. *Leonce* is modelled after the *Tancrède* of Voltaire; he is guilty of suspicion in love—but it is the Spanish part of his character. *Delphine* dares to be singular, and attempts to regulate opinions, and compel approbation—she is listened to with admiration, which injures self-love, and consequently ends in impatience. In the midst of a circle of common beings, she is a luminary painful by its extreme brightness—a comet that disturbs a placid and uniform system. Such a character provokes cabal and resistance; its entrance is the signal for malevolence, silently hoping to find

error; its exit for calumny, admitting its talents, to blast with affected candour its virtues more securely. This is the imperfect side of her character; but her very moral excellencies are rendered, by incaution, equally fatal. Her pity is excited; she bestows her aid on the afflicted. Concealment is required; her honour, once pledged to the sufferer, is wounded by its own firmness. The public finger points at her conduct; her lover breaks from her in alarm; but, true to the silence she has promised, she allows her reputation to be sullied, and her heart outraged, rather than violate the sanctuary of her compassion. In this display of her heroine, Madame de Staël, though not servilely, yet strictly follows Miss Burney. It may be said of Leonce too, as of young Delville, that he desires her, torments himself about her, and her about himself; but he never loves his mistress as she merits to be loved. But the greatest excellence of the book is the character of Madame de Vernon; she has the arts of captivation in the highest degree; that is, though every thing she does and says is the result of calculation, it seems the sport of hazard. Affected languor is her way to the heart, and her shield from the confidence it demands. She avoids explanation, not as a difficulty, but a fatigue; and it may be supposed that she could silence your doubts, if she could but endure the exertion. She dies too early in the novel; the subordinate agents act far indeed below the superior style of her mischief—they carry on the ruin she originated; but Delphine perishes by meaner hands, as Achilles, who had slain Hector, fell by Paris. Her end, however, is made one good use of; it elevates the character of Delphine to almost angelic forgiveness of repented injury—whether Madame de Vernon *could* repent is another question. Horace, we think, would have determined against such a negative upon her whole life, and moderns may doubt the efficacy of such repentance.

It is time to speak of the most important part of this work, we mean its moral tendency. There is one blot, which a single letter would remove, or indeed, an addition to one already written. We refer to the seventeenth letter of the fourth part, as a production which, left as it is, without an antidote, is pernicious in the extreme. We allude to the reasons of M. Lehensei, for persuading Leonce to divorce his wife, that he may marry Delphine. With the experience of the wretched effects of such a doctrine before her eyes, it is to us matter of the highest astonishment and concern, that an enlightened lady should be found an advocate for so precarious a tenure in love, which hardly merits a better title than legal prostitution, and justifies all the severity with which the indignant eloquence

of Burke has stigmatised it. If it be demanded, why we infer in the author any approbation of this kind? the answer is, because all the powers of her mind are flung into the scale of divorce, and nothing but the pity of female friendship laid in that of permanent union. She has not had the decency to treat the ears of prejudiced moralists with the repetition of any old and exploded reasons, which once convinced mankind that the sacred pledge should be only (if, indeed, then) violated by death. Hear her refutation of the great objection to *her* system—the situation of the *children*. “Moralists forget,” says she, “that if the possibility of divorce be happiness for men, it is also one for children, who will be men in their turns. They consider children, generally, as if they were always to remain such; but the present children are the future husbands, and you sacrifice their lives to their infancy, when, for the sake of that childhood, you deprive their maturity of a right which might one day save them from despair.” Grant this—Is every thing to be thus resolved into individual gratification? Put it as high as you will, or as you can, has a human creature no greater object than the satisfaction of his taste? Are there no other and more important duties attaching to his condition? If he is to be the fickle slave to every succeeding exhibition of female excellence, personal and mental, how is the best of his faculties made the medium of the worst of his crimes!

“I do not love you as at first.

“The fair Elizabeth has caught my eye;

“My heart is vacant, she shall fill *your* place.”

The great comfort of marriage is in the knowledge, that it is our *interest* to be reconciled in casual disagreements, since we are bound to accompany each other the whole of the voyage. But under the accursed sense of power to separate, every difference stimulates disgust, and (as we for ever cheat ourselves as to *motives*) he, whose eye has fancied a fairer form, soon persuades himself, that a mental discordance separates him from his wife. He pleads infirmities of temper, as insupportable bars to his happiness with a woman, who at first was thought an angel in her mind; and probably would still have been deemed such, were these defects not found, or rather *made*, by a newer passion. But what is the argument as above quoted?—Is it not a consoling promise, that the deserted child may, when he shall become a father himself, be indulged in the satisfaction of abandoning his own offspring? Is it not the alienation of the child from one parent at least; probably, through a step-mother,

from both? Does it not tear asunder the sweetest bond of nature, the revered dependance of filial affection? Can the child enter into the reasons of separation? Must he not form his party? Will he not side with power? Can he equally love the parent, who does *not* support him? When he is able to judge properly, will he respect the deserter of her who bore him? But he is one day to be a parent himself, to abide in his turn the dreadful results of the original convenience, and experience the same filial indifference, contempt, or abhorrence. Miserable prerogative! unhappy father! destituted man! with neither affection in his infancy to rear him, honour in his manhood to dignify him, or pious gratitude to bedew his pillow, when the last groan concludes his existence! What are the libels upon a government compared with such an attempt upon the moral character of man! Every virtuous mind must read it with indignation; every admirer of talent regret that it should be thus abused. If the arguments of *Lebensei* must stand, let *Delphine* at least reply to them with arguments—let not the poison be suffered, like the deadly upas, to stand, with no antidote near it, to infect and destroy the vital principle of social existence!

"Proverbs," or the "Manual of Wisdom," being an alphabetical Arrangement of the best English, French, Spanish, Italian, and other Proverbs; to which are subjoined the wise Sayings, Precepts, Maxims, and Reflections of the most illustrious Ancients.

We have here brought, in the most engaging and impressive manner, under our eye, the very *pith and marrow* of the art and wisdom of different nations—yea, "of the great globe itself, and of all which it inherits," comprised, as it were, in a nut-shell.

It is introduced by a new and appropriate dedication.

"To the conceited fool, who thinks himself wise, and is not so; to the wise, who, sensible of his own defects, has humility enough to wish to receive a new ray of knowledge from another's wisdom; in other words, to Mr. A. and Mr. B. with a sovereign contempt for the former, and a sincere affection for the latter, this little volume is warmly recommended, as singularly useful to both,

By their most obedient humble servant,

THE EDITOR."

In a well-written preface, following this address, it is observed that,

"Quaint and affected as many of the Proverbs, on a superficial view, may seem, they are all founded in reason and good sense; and, like common law, are antecedent to written records. Indeed, the absolute form of expression, which so often characterizes them, is the best evidence of their antiquity; of that sacred regard which has been paid by the people, to preserve not only their

cases, but the very words, in which they have been handed down to posterity. Proverbs, however, that contain only local allusions, and a reference to circumstances no longer existing, have only had a limited circulation, and have generally sunk into neglect, with the occasions that produced them; while those that possess an universality of application, have, on the contrary, gained strength and currency from age. The former may amuse the curious enquirer, but are scarcely worth drawing from their obscurity; the latter never fail to profit or improve; and of such our collection is principally composed."

The wise Sayings, Precepts, Maxims, and Reflections (from the most illustrious ancients), which are appended to this collection, are of themselves a valuable little treasury. The nature of the work precludes, in a manner, all partial extract; but we can most truly and warmly recommend the whole as an entertaining and instructive little "Manual of Wisdom."

This compilation bears the marks of being made by no common hand; for to select the maxims of the wise from the masses of folly, that, in the shape of wisdom, are scattered about books, even as they are in the world, is in itself an act of wisdom.

Letters from Mad. de Sévigné, translated from the French, by Mrs. Mackie, in three Volumes.

Without at all deducting from the merit of the former translations of the admirable correspondence of this celebrated French woman, with her daughter, the Countess of Grignan, we shall only observe, that, in this age of abridgment, when Gibbon, Voltaire, and every other justly popular writer, have been epitomized, it is a matter of surprise that the letters before us have not been brought into a more compendious form, for the use and delight of those who have not time for performances of great extent.

This desideratum, however, is at length admirably performed in the present instance; and, by thus bringing under one point of view the graces and elegancies of this charming writer, we have the double advantage of both a near and remote prospect of a miniature, and of a full length; and we must confess that it required no small degree of judgment thus agreeably and faithfully to condense so diffuse, though so beautiful, a collection.

It would far exceed the bounds which we are constrained to observe, and indeed it would be a volume in itself, to point out the various touches of fancy, feeling, taste, and tenderness exhibited in the original, and transferred into the copy. The room which we can allow to any one article, however pleasing, is a brief general character, confirmed by two or three short specimens.

And, in pursuance of that plan, we have to observe, that there is

as much moral, natural, or political information conveyed in these letters, and in as *piquant*, agreeable, and animated a manner; as could well be offered in the same compass, by any writer whatsoever; the turns are frequently as delicate and happy as they are unexpected; the wit is often poignant, yet tempered by pleasantry; the good sense is as abundant as the good humour: and, if we may be permitted the expression, there is a *fashion in the thought*, as well as a *poish in the expression*; and, what throws a charm over the whole, there is nothing either studied or affected. There is a peculiarly happy play of words in some parts, as well as a sterling morality in others; to which is added much military and naval history of Mad. de Sévigné's times; and the facts are always placed before the reader in the clearest and liveliest manner. Indeed, what Mad. de Sévigné says of her daughter's eloquence is as descriptive of the correspondence of the mother. How engagingly does she express herself upon the subject of hope—"You say that hope is delightful;—ah! surely it must be more so than even you believe, since it supports and nourishes more than half the world." How demonstrable of an affectionate heart is the following expression, in a letter to her daughter, then ill!—"Only put a line at the top and bottom of the letters, for I must see your hand-writing."

It should be observed, that the notes, by Mrs. Mackie, are extremely satisfactory, often conveying either an impressive fact, and interesting anecdote, or a just delineation of character.

The following anecdote of the famous Mad. de Maintenon will be acceptable to our readers.

"I must tell you a little private anecdote, which will surprise you. It is, that the friendship between Mad. de Montespan and her travelling friend*, has for these two years past been an absolute aversion, amounting quite to hatred: endless complaints on one side and the other. The reason is, that the friend is so haughty that she has refused to obey Mad. de Montespan's commands. She is willing to submit to the father of the children, but not to the mother. She takes this journey on his account, and not at all on her's. She acquaints him with all that happens, and does not write to the mother, who *scolds the king*, for having so many attentions for such a *proud creature*. It is thought that this cannot last, unless the aversion goes off, or the good success of the journey softens all hearts. This secret has been whispered these six months—it now begins to be known—how much it will astonish you—don't you admire how falsely we reason sometimes, when we are ignorant of the real springs? I call this missing a thread in my tapestry. Every thing seems clear when we know the real secret.

* Madame Scaron was at that time travelling with the little Duke du Maine, who tried all the baths in France for a lameness which never could be cured. She was created Marchioness of Maintenon soon after her return.

The testimony borne to the virtues and talents of this illustrious lady, by the daughter whom she so tenderly loved, and to whom this beautiful correspondence was addressed, is a most feeling tribute of filial grief and affection for the mother, while it makes us regret that more of the letters of the Countess de Grignan have not been preserved.

Mad. de Séveigné was seized at Grignon with her last illness on the 6th of April, 1696. A continued fever caused her death the 14th day, at the age of seventy years and two months. The two following letters will prove how sincerely she was regretted by her daughter and son-in-law.

"Madame de Grignan to Mon. de Moulceau.

"Grignan, April 18, 1696.

"Your postiness need not make you fear renewing my grief, by talking to me of the deplorable loss I have recently sustained ;—it is a subject that cannot be one instant effaced from my mind, and is so engraven upon my heart, that nothing can either increase or diminish it. The natural goodness of your heart would make you feel for me—but you also have lost the most faithful of friends, whose incomparable merit can scarcely be equalled : nothing is more worthy of your regret ; but I, alas, what have I not lost ! In my excellent mother every perfection was united. To me she was in every character invaluable :—a loss so complete, so irreparable, does not allow me to seek consolation in any thing but tears and lamentations. I have not yet strength enough to look up to Heaven, from whence all comfort flows. I can only turn my eyes around me, where every object tells me I shall see no more the parent who loaded me with favours, whose society was so charming, and who every day gave me new proofs of her attachment ; certainly it requires a fortitude more than human to bear so cruel a separation, and such heavy privations. So far from being prepared for this calamity, the perfect health which my mother enjoyed, and an illness of a year, which had reduced me to the point of death, had made me almost hope that the order of nature would be inverted in our case. I flattered myself too much. I flattered myself that I should never suffer this terrible misfortune ; it has fallen upon me, and I feel it in all its magnitude. I deserve your pity, and some share in your friendship, if it can be deserved by the greatest veneration for your virtues."

An Abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's Elements of Christian Theology. For the Use of Families; containing Proofs of the Authenticity and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; a Summary of the History of the Jews; a brief Statement of the Contents of the several Books of the Old and New Testaments; a short Account of the English Translations of the Bible, and of the Liturgy; and a Scriptural Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ Church, Hampshire, and of Great Ouseborne, Yorkshire.

THE thanks of the public are due to the Bishop of Lincoln, for

his permission of an abridgment of a work, the value of which may, in some measure, be appreciated, by its extensive and rapid circulation. Of the editor, Mr. Clapham, we have often had occasion to speak, when his publications came under our review; and though we thought that, in some of his sermons, *he dealt too much in politics*, we were always willing to allow him judgment in the management of his discourses, and taste in the execution of them. In this Abridgment of the Elements of Christian Theology, his wanted judgment is exercised; but, whether under the direction of the right reverend author, or not, we are left only to conjecture. Be that as it may, this abridgment is executed with singular felicity; whilst nothing material is omitted, nothing superfluous is inserted in it.

Mr. C. in a very conspicuous and elegant introduction, shews in what manner this abridgment may be rendered extensively useful.—

His address to the governesses of ladies' schools is admirable; and, we add, they will be extremely culpable, if they do not give it their most serious attention. He next impresses the utility of this valuable publication upon parents and heads of families; and then, with a most animated and laudable zeal, acquaints the clergy how much their labours, in their several parishes, will be facilitated, by introducing it into the families of their parishioners.

In order that the price might not be an obstacle to the purchase of the book, it is sold, by order of the syndics of the university press, for six shillings, although it contains upwards of seven hundred octavo pages, printed on fine and large paper, and a clear type, with a small margin.

The Church of England vindicated from Misrepresentation; shewing her genuine Doctrines, as contained in her Articles, Liturgy, and Homilies; with a particular Reference to the Elements of Christian Theology, by the Bishop of Lincoln. By a Presbyter of the Church of England.

“WITH reverence for your office, and respect for your learning and abilities, I read your Theology, and confess that great was my surprise to observe, in your exposition, the articles of the church of England so distorted from their literal and grammatical meaning; and their genuine sense asserted to be diametrically opposite to that in which I subscribed them *ex animo*, and which I have always apprehended to be the sentiment of their compilers, of all the most eminent reformers and martyrs at the time of the reformation, and admitted to be so by all the foreign churches in Christendom.”

Such is the writer's commencing paragraph. *The Calvinism of*

the church of England has been strenuously maintained by writers of great learning and authority. The author of this Vindication contends on the same side of the question, and objects to the Bishop of Lincoln's exposition, as inconsistent with the sentiments and views of the eminent and pious characters who were concerned in the reformation. He is a very able writer; he argues closely, but with moderation; and highly as we think, in a general point of view, of Dr. Prettyman's *Elements*, we are of opinion that the animadversions contained in this publication, are, in many instances, so just as to entitle them to his serious attention, and to the candid consideration of the public at large.

Bellgrove Castle; or, The Horrid Spectre! a Romance, in four Volumes. By T. H. White. 12mo. See. Strand. 1803.

As the rage for spectres and hobgoblins is not yet gone by, this romance will afford considerable gratification to the admirers of the mysterious and horrible. We cannot say much in favour of the originality of the author's plan, for he seems to have collected his materials from every accessible quarter; but we think Mr. White may challenge his competitors to match the "ingredients of his cauldron," without any danger of being outdone either in number or variety.—These volumes, we doubt not, will be in great request at the circulating libraries, and the Adventures of *Orlando* and his *Squire* will be perused with much delight by the genuine votaries of *Raw Head and Bloody Bones*.

Old Nick; a Satirical Story. In three Volumes. By the Author of a Piece of Family Biography, &c. Second Edition. 12mo. Longman and Rees. 1803.

We are happy to have an opportunity, in announcing the second edition of this most clever and amusing production, of again briefly expressing our sense of its high literary merits, and of the learning, wit, and acute discernment of the ingenious author.

The reputation which the work has obtained in this country has been confirmed by the critics in Paris, who, in their *Journal General de la Litterature Etrangere*, have pronounced the following judgment upon it.

Cet ouvrage qui a eu beaucoup de succes en Angleterre, annonce des talents dans son Auteur. Il montre partout un raisonnement juste, et une grande Connoissance des hommes et des livres,

Plans of Economy, or the Road to Ease and Independence. By William Green, A. B. 12mo. 2s. 6d. London. Printed for the Author. 1802.

THERE are several hints and statements in this little book, with respect to rural and domestic economy, which are well entitled to attention. There is no bookseller's name in the title page.

Prospectus of a new and superb Edition of the British Classics: embellished with Engravings from Paintings (executed on purpose for the Work) by the most distinguished Artists of this Country; and illustrated with Biographical and Critical Essays, by Nathan Drake, M. D. Author of "Literary Hours," &c.

THIS splendid prospectus of Sharpe's edition of the British Classics, exceeds, in typographical beauty, and graphic art, all that hath hitherto appeared, in a similar form, in this country, and bids fair to raise a monument of fame and of profit to the bold and spirited adventurer who gave it birth. The ingenious Dr. Drake, whose "*Literary Hours**" we had just cause to commend, is wisely selected as the editor, and Earl Spencer, with his accustomed patronage, and ardent wish for the success of literature and the fine arts, has consented that the work shall be dedicated to him.

Thoughts on the late General Election, as demonstrative of the Progress of Jacobinism. By John Bowles, Esq. 2s. Rivington. 1802.

THE honest and unsuspecting loyalists had thought, previous to the assertion of John Bowles, Esq. that the spirit of jacobinism was extinct amongst the higher orders of society, in this country;—nor did the proceedings at the last election, either at *Brensford* or at *Nottingham*, as far as they came within our knowledge, occasion any of those disturbances which authorised the revival of such an epithet. It would better become those, whose pamphleteering services are under the immediate influence of government, were they to exercise their talents in moderation, and in the spirit of meekness soften the hard lot of those who, from very scanty means, are bound to contribute largely to the exigency of the state and the profusion of ministers.

Ten Letters, principally upon the Subject of the late contested Election at Nottingham. 1s. 6d. Hurst. 1803.

CONTESTED elections have constantly produced internal commotions and disquietude between neighbours, but it would be unfair to attribute a spirit of jacobinism, to either party, without strong

* Vide Monthly Mirror, vol. vi. p. 294, and vol. x. p. 225.

proof. These letters contain the substance of a dispute in which Mr. *Robert Davison*, a highly respected individual, and Mr. *B. Maddocks*, a man, as we understand, of unblemished character, are involved. Mr. Davison evidently possesses vast superiority over his antagonist; and though we do not feel ourselves at liberty to go his exact length in politics, still his letters exhibit many sentiments well expressed and highly patriotic, and which it is impossible that any man can entertain who is not a friend to his country.

A Letter to the Burgesses of Nottingham, 6d. Hurst. London, 1803.

THIS letter contains a strong philippic against Mr. Bowles, charging him with falshood, in regard to many of his assertions, in the pamphlet we have just noticed; indeed we have no hesitation in saying, that, notwithstanding the writer of this letter is anonymous, it is incumbent upon Mr. Bowles to substantiate his assertions by stronger proofs than he has hitherto adduced.

The Heir Apparent. By Mrs. Gunning. Revised and augmented by her Daughter, Miss Gunning. Three Volumes. 12mo. 12s. Ridgway.

THE late Mrs. Gunning had a respectable talent for novel-writing, and the publication of the *Heir Apparent*, which was discovered in an unfinished state by her daughter, will do no injury to her former reputation. In the character of Mrs. Doringfield, Miss Gunning has paid a pleasing tribute of affection and respect to her mother's memory, and no doubt the portrait she has delineated bears a faithful resemblance to the original.

The Horrors of Bribery; a penitential Epistle, from Philip Hamlin, Tinman, to the Right Honourable H. Addington, Prime Minister. To which is added a Postscript, containing sensible Animadversions on Judge Grose's solemn and serious Address to the unfortunate Tinman. Edited by Peter Pindar, Esq. 1s. 6d. 4to.

PETER is, generally speaking, a merry fellow, and often a witty one; but we cannot say that we have once smiled during the perusal of the Tinman's *penitential epistle*. The noise of his kettles would be almost as welcome to our ears as the tinkle of his rhymes. Indeed, Master Peter, you are become little better than a sort of poetical tinker yourself, and, to make the matter worse, we are afraid you have nearly exhausted your budget!

The Lapse of Time ; a Poem for the New Year. By Rebecca Edridge. 4to.

THIS effort is miserably deficient in all that constitutes harmony of numbers, and softness of poetical expression.

The History of Man, in a savage and civilised State. Written in a familiar Style, and adapted to the Capacities of Youth. Being Vol. 1 of the Minor's Magazine. 12 mo. 1803.

THIS little book is a specimen of an intended series for the perusal and benefit of the rising generation. It is compiled with care and accuracy, and is worthy of the end it is designed to answer.

The Life of Richard Earl Howe. By George Mason. 8vo. 4l. 1803.

THE author of this work is known to the public by his "Supplement to Johnson's English Dictionary," and "Poems by Thomas Hoccleve, with a preface, notes and glossary." He will however derive little fame from either of those works, especially the latter, which is edited with little taste, and less discrimination; the best of Hoccleve's pieces having been left unpublished.

Richard Earl Howe deserves a better panegyrist than Mr. Mason, and he will derive a better eulogium from the grateful recollection of his countrymen. This life is a tissue of "shreds and patches," put together without skill, and written in a style of inflated pedantry. The author professes a long intimacy with the noble Lord, whose life and heroic actions he attempts to record; but his biography affords no demonstration that he enjoyed any considerable share of the Earl's confidence.

Goldsmith's Natural History abridged, for the Use of Schools. By Mrs. Pilkington. 8vo. Verner and Hood. 1803.

"Goldsmith's History of animated nature, is so justly and universally admired, that the slightest alteration in the original design may subject the deviator to censure or disgrace; but whilst the naturalist must admire his descriptions, the delicate mother may think them too repulsive, and fear that the young mind might be incited to investigate what ought only to be explained in mature years."

These very sensible and appropriate observations we extract from Mrs. Pilkington's very modest preface, and we subscribe to their truth. Mrs. Pilkington hath executed her task with great discrimination. Nothing is omitted which ought to have been retained, nor is any thing retained, but what is calculated to produce a love for natural history, and direct the minds of youth towards this useful study.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITÆ, SPECULUM CONSTITUTIONIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Clare.*
 The Imitation of LIFE—The Mirror of MANNERS—The Representation of TRUTH.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—ACT I. SCENE I.

" Sometimes, from her eyes

" I did receive fair speechless messages."

Dr. Farmer seems to find a difficulty here, and tells us that " Sometimes" means " formerly;" and formerly, sometimes, it did; but in this place the sense, I believe, is " She has sometimes given me looks of encouragement."—The obscurity arises from the imperfect tense being used instead of the perfect: I did receive,—for, I have received.

SCENE. III.

" And when the work of generation was

" Between these woolly breeders in the act,

" The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands," &c.

This passage always appeared to me so free from obscurity as not to need a comment; but some actors, of late, have tried to vitiate it by an affected and constrained recitation: thus,

" And when the work of generation was

" Between these woolly breeders—in the act

" The skilful shepherd peel'd," &c.

Surely the meaning is no more than this;—when the work of generation was going forward—to be in act is to be in the progress of performance.

Ibid.—" Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft

" In the Rialto have you rated me, &c."

Here again the affectation of ingenuity has of late, on the stage, sophisticated the plain sense of this passage. " Many a time and oft" is a phrase of such general as well as ancient authority, that instances of its usage would be superfluous: but to serve the purposes of those refinements, the phrase is split, and the passage runs thus:

" Signior Anthonio, many a time—and oft

" In the Rialto—you have rated me."

But it was only in the Rialto that Anthonio was likely to encounter Shylock, and there where naturally he would " rate him."

Ibid.—" You have rated me

" About my monies and my usances."

The instances produced by Mr Reed to shew that "usance formerly signified "usury," will, I believe, be found to prove directly the contrary, and will support Mr. Ritson's remark, that Mr. Stevens was mistaken in that interpretation of the word. The writer quoted by Mr. Reed states that a borrower had received a thousand pounds, and this sum had been enormously augmented by "usury," which the lender termed by a more cleanly name, "usance," &c. The gentleman, indeed, who was imposed upon, might stigmatize usance as fraud, usury, or robbery, but certainly the lender was better acquainted with the value of *the cleanly distinction* he had made: and Shylock here, speaking of his own practices, would not be very prompt to declare that "usury" was among them.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

———"By this scimiter,
"That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince,
"That won three fields of Sultan Solyman."

Mr. Tyrwhitt, in extricating the poet from a difficulty, appears to have entangled himself. Morochius is still boasting of his own prowess, and of his *scimiter*, that won three fields of Sultan Solyman, besides having slain the Sophy, &c. so that he was not in the army of the Sultan, but opposed to him.

SCENE II.

———"Away, says the fiend, for the heavens!"——

"For the heavens" may be an adjuration—"for heaven's sake!" or perhaps the fiend would suggest, that while Launcelot remained with the Jew, he was out of the pale of grace, and that by running away only he could hope for heaven. If so, it is a very friendly fiend.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

———"The beauteous scarf,
"Veiling an Indian beauty"——

This Indian beauty seems to be veiled in impenetrable obscurity. Sir Thomas Hanmer would disclose her, but exhibits only "a dowdy," and all the other annotators have left her "to dwell in her necessity." I wish it were in my power to extricate her.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

———"Others, when the bagpipe sings i'th' nose,
"Cannot contain their urine for affection
"Masters of passion sways it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loathes.

Rowe's emendation of this difficult passage appears to be the

most satisfactory of any yet proposed—"masterless passion," &c. and the sense, I believe, is this:—And others, at the singing of the bagpipe, are so affected by it that they cannot contain their urine; masterless passion, that irresistible instinctive principle by which men's nerves are actuated, holds dominion over us—i. e. lords it, or sways it, and imperiously advances towards what it likes, and withdraws from what it loathes.

Ibid. "You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 "To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
 "When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven."

To "forbid to make no noise" should be to command some noise to be made; yet "bid" and "forbid" seem formerly to have been used indiscriminately, as in Chaucer's *Plowman*, Stanz. 29.

"Moses law forbode it tho
 "That priests should no lordships welde,
 "Christ's Gospel biddeth also
 "That they should no lordships held."

ACT V.—SCENE I.

"The man that hath not music in his soul,
 "Is fit for treasons," &c.

Mr. Steevens has favoured us here with some very profound reflections upon the danger that may arise from too carelessly yielding to the effect of this speech in praise of music; and though he chooses to assert that it is at once destitute of poetic beauty and unpregnant with moral or philosophic truth, yet he seems apprehensive that it might have a powerful influence on the minds of posterity, if he did not produce some effectual and unperishable antidote to the poison; and this he has copiously extracted, and triumphantly administered, from that pure source of philosophic and moral orthodoxy, the late Lord Chesterfield, in a letter from that nobleman to his son, abusing fiddlers:—but indeed Mr. Steevens might have been relieved from his anxiety if he had but considered that the sentiments uttered by a dramatic character, whether true or false, are by no means to be regarded as the sentiments of the poet; or had reflected that the eulogy here pronounced on music is only a general praise of numbers, of that nobler and sublimer harmony, that fascinating "concord of sweet sounds," embracing eloquence and poetry, which Plato himself would have approved, which Apollo professed, and which as far transcends the criticism of Lord Chesterfield, as the circuit or music of the spheres does the compass or the rattling of a dice box.

PORTRAIT OF MADAME DUMESNIL.

The celebrated French Actress, lately deceased.

BY MADAME HYPPOLITE CLAIRO.

MADAME DUMESNIL, who died on the twenty-first of February last, at the advanced age of ninety years, was long the ornament and delight of the French stage. The dramatic reader will be gratified by the following account of her, which, though written by a rival actress, does not seem to be deficient of candour, and contains several ingenious and instructive observations.

"Madame Dumesnil was neither handsome, nor possessed of a good figure. Her physiognomy, her size, her appearance altogether, though without any natural defect, seemed characteristic of the manner of a Bourgeoise, without grace or elegance, and often on a level with those of the very lowest classes of the people. However, her neck was finely formed, and her eyes were expressive and commanding; and, when she pleased, were capable of inspiring sentiments of awe and respect.

"Her voice, deficient in flexibility, was incapable of affecting the feelings; but it was strong, sonorous, and in every respect adequate to the most violent bursts of passion.

"Her pronunciation was pure: she had no impediment as to the volubility of her utterance.

"Her action was often too violent for a woman; it had neither ease nor delicacy; but she was extremely sparing in its use.

"Distinguished for her style of playing tender and pathetic characters, nothing could be more gratifying than her personification of the distress and despair of a mother. That expression of nature, which she displayed in such a character, rendered her acting as near the sublime as can be conceived. The passions of love, ambition, or pride, were but faintly represented by her; but, as she was young, jealous of rivalry, and desirous of the reputation of a first-rate actress, great hopes were entertained of her emulation and future experience in her profession. Such was Mademoiselle Dumesnil when I first appeared upon the stage.

"The system of study to which I had devoted myself, from the first moment of my appearance as an actress, by making me sensible of my own defects, in a few years, taught me to discern those of others. I perceived that the object of Mademoiselle Dumesnil was rather to captivate a multitude, than please connoisseurs. A

manting manner, singular transitions, a mode of utterance, more suited to comedy than tragedy, and a vulgar action, superseded those grand and impressive beauties of which she had before given such eminent proofs.

"The ignorant exclaimed *Bravo! Nature!*—I, who admired great talents, even in a rival, could not avoid regretting the change I perceived; and I took the liberty of inquiring the cause.

" 'You was pursuing with such certainty the road of celebrity,' said I, 'that I cannot conceive how you have deviated from it.—Sure of the esteem of the public, as well as of your own approbation, what can you propose to yourself by such eccentricities? Does the laugh you now excite appear more flattering to you than the admiration you formerly experienced? Does it become you to confound Semiramis with the wife of Sganarelle? What can you mean by those forced tones at the end of every couplet? To what object are you sacrificing your understanding, your reason, and your talents? Whatever may be the advantages you expect to derive from your new system, I assure you it afflicts me; and my frankness, upon the occasion, is a proof of it.'

" 'I have listened to you,' said she, 'and I return you my thanks; your anxiety on my account appears disinterested, and I shall answer you without reserve. You are aiming at a degree of perfection, at which you will never arrive; and which, if you should attain, no one would be sensible of. The number of persons of real sound judgment, in a mixed assembly, should there even be any, may be about one or two; the remainder judge without examination, depending upon the opinions of others, or the reputation of the actress. Volubility, bursts of passion, and whatever is singular and uncommon, strike them; they are hurried away, and applaud with rapture;—let one person exclaim *Bravo!* and the rest repeat it immediately.

" 'Your deep and learned researches escape the multitude; the public are unaffected by them; and men of judgment, whose passions are, in general, repressed by age, wisdom, and experience, conceal their satisfaction without daring to manifest it. An audience, on leaving the theatre, mixes with the rest of the public, and imparts its enthusiasm. Whence come you? What was the play? Who were the performers? Mesdemoiselles Dumesnil and Clairon,—the former was applauded to the skies, the latter appeared cold and formal. It is thus our reputations, as actresses, are formed: and, depend upon it, if you continue the same course you have hitherto pursued, I shall be exalted to heaven, and you will be left grovelling on earth.'

" 'I am far,' answered I, 'from having attained the object I propose, but I already begin to perceive it:—the path is long and arduous, but I do not venture a step without the aid of study and reason. Who constantly searches after truth, must sooner or later arrive at it; while those who pursue a dazzling illusion are sure to be misled. The public is not so ignorant as you would have it believed: you seem to forget how often it forms an accurate judgment upon the works submitted to its decision. The finest thoughts, and most delicate sentiments, immediately make an impression upon its feelings: even the galleries, which one would naturally suppose were composed of that part of the public least difficult to be pleased, will admit of no fault in violation, either in point of history, language, or the manners and consistency of the personages of the drama. The more I study these points, the more sanguine are my hopes that my studies will not be thrown away. You see that the public always attends to me, and often encourages me; and if you continue to have no other guide than folly, I flatter myself that, when we are both weighed together, the balance will be the reverse of that which you have predicted.'

" From that moment I redoubled my researches, and Mademoiselle Dumesnil pursued, unrestrained, the same line of conduct she had adopted."

JOHN BULL;
OR, AN ENGLISHMAN'S FIRE SIDE.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

THIS comedy was produced at Covent Garden theatre, on Saturday the 5th of March, and was received with the loudest and most unanimous testimonies of public approbation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Peregrine, - - - - -	Mr. Cooke.
Sir Simon Rochdale, - - - - -	Mr. Blanchard.
Frank Rochdale, - - - - -	Mr. H. Johnston.
Lord Fitz-Balaam, - - - - -	Mr. Waddy.
Hon. Tom Shuffleton, - - - - -	Mr. Lewis.
Job Thornberry, - - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Dennis Brulgruddery - - - - -	Mr. J. Johnstone.
Dan, - - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Lady Caroline Braymore, - - - - -	Mrs. Johnston.
Mrs. Brulgruddery, - - - - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Mary Thornberry, - - - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.

" The scene lies in Cornwall, upon the coast of which *Peregrine*, who has been many years absent from his country, and nearly losing his life, gains the shore by swimming from his ship, which is in danger of being wrecked. He reaches

the Red Cow, a poor inn, upon Muckelush Heath, and there learns he is near Penzance, and that his old friend, *Job Thornberry*, a brazier in that town, is still living. The voice of distress soon assails his ears; he rushes out, and presently returns, supporting *Mary*, whom he has rescued from robbers: from her he learns, that she has that morning abandoned her father's house, being forsaken by her lover, (*Francis Rockdale*) whom his father, *Sir Simon*, has engaged to *Lady Caroline Brymore*, recently arrived with her father, *Lord Fitz-Balaam*, at the Manor House, to adjust matters for that purpose; and that she is going to London to seek an asylum. He prevails on her to wait his return from a short excursion, sets out for Penzance, arrives at the house of *Job Thornberry*, at a time when the bailiffs (under a commission of bankruptcy) are in possession of his effects, and soon makes himself known to the brazier, as one who, thirty years before, when a boy, had been relieved by him, and recommended to a captain of a ship at Falmouth; he tells him that fortune having favoured him, he has returned home to reward his benefactor, to which intent he produces a small box he had swam ashore with, which has the name '*Job Thornberry*' written upon it; asserting that the contents of it belonged to him, as being the profits gained upon £. 10 which he had received from *Job* in his distress. The brazier declined his offers of assistance; observing, that his daughter *Mary*, having deserted him, he has no one left to care for. It immediately occurs to *Peregrine*, that she must be the girl whom he had just rescued, and he promises *Job*, if he will accept his assistance, and consider it as a debt, he will bring him to his daughter. This he consents to, and the brazier's debts, amounting to six thousand pounds, are paid. *Peregrine* then conducts *Job* to his daughter, who is soon forgiven by her father, and by him accompanied to the house of *Sir Simon Rockdale*. *Job* here, after having in vain demanded redress from *Sir Simon* for the injury done his daughter, meets with *Peregrine*, who is come thither to try his influence in behalf of the unhappy family. *Lady Caroline Brymore*, having learnt from *Shuffleton* that *Francis Rockdale* is secretly attached to another, consents to that gentleman's addresses, and arrives at *Sir Simon's* at a time when the endeavours of *Thornberry* and *Peregrine* have proved fruitless. She informs *Sir Simon* of her marriage with *Shuffleton*, but the baronet still obstinately refuses to redress the aggrieved brazier, when *Peregrine* declares himself to be, and that he can prove he is, the elder brother to *Sir Simon*, and heir to the estate of which he has so long had possession. Intelligence also at this time arrives, that the ship, with *Peregrine's* whole property on board, is safe in port; and *Sir Simon* at length consents to the union of the lovers."

In this plot, though we have but faintly sketched it, there is nothing new or surprising, in incident or character. The materials are recognisable in many other dramatic works, novels, &c. &c. but the dexterity with which the author has managed them, so as to give an air of novelty to the whole, and to combine every thing that charms and interests in stage representation, constitutes a merit in this case, almost superior to that of originality, and exhibits the talents of the writer in a very striking point of view indeed. We rank this play before the *Heir at Law*, and *Poor Gentleman*, of the same author, because it does not chiefly depend for its effect upon characters of

such eccentricity (however entertaining) as can hardly be supposed to exist; because, with equal whim and vivacity, it has more variety, truth, and nature; more forcible sentiments, humour certainly as rich and effective, and a tendency that is not merely unobjectionable, but calculated to excite and keep alive the most generous feelings of our nature.

Mr. Colman's object is to display the British Character in various lights, but JOHN BULL is to fix upon *Job Thornberry* as his dramatic representative. *Job* is a tradesman, in middling circumstances; he is blunt, feeling, charitable, of strict integrity, fully sensible of his rights, and resolute in maintaining them; eager to resent an injury; as ready, on concession, to forget it. To bring these characteristics into full exhibition, and to render Honest John an object of stronger interest, his domestic tranquillity is invaded, and the happiness of his *fire-side*, the Englishman's sanctuary, violated. A false friend renders him a bankrupt, and his only child, a victim to seduction, has abandoned him. *Job's* mixture of anger and tenderness in this distress is quite in character, and he exhibits several touches of nature which the heart recognises as strictly genuine. *Job* is easily induced to forgive his daughter, and though, under such serious circumstances, his pliancy may be considered by some as enforcing a dangerous example, we think *Job's* conduct in this respect both natural and moral. How many a repentant wretch has perished through parental rigour! *Mary's* remorse too renders her a fit object of forgiveness, and one must not forget how artfully she had been betrayed, and that it was a delicate sense of shame, and the conviction of her unworthiness, that drove her from her father's roof. Besides, the whole play holds up the crime of seduction to such decided abhorrence, that there is little fear that its advocates, or those who treat it lightly, will resort to such a source for any argument in its favour.

Dennis Brulgrudgery is a worthy companion to the character of *Thornberry*, and the natives of a sister isle have no ground to accuse Mr. Colman of a partiality to his countrymen. *Dennis* is drawn with infinite humour, and keeps the audience in an uninterrupted roar of laughter whenever he is before them. "It is national with him to blend eccentricity with kindness." This is his character. The goodness of his heart is as conspicuous as the whimsicality of his behaviour. *Dennis* is landlord of the *Red Cow*, but a bottle of brandy and a barrel of beer furnish the entire stock of his house; and before any customer appears at their door, the brandy bottle has been emptied, and the beer has turned sour. *Dennis* was originally bred to the church, i. e. he was a pew-opener at Belfast, but lost his place for sleeping in sermon-time; the parson accusing him of snoring so

head, that he awoke the rest of the congregation. This seems borrowed from the anecdote of Dr. South and King Charles. Mrs. *Braygruddery* is exhibited in colours perhaps too disgustingly strong, but she is servicable to the character of *Dennis*. She is quite his *hiss*, and, as one neatly enough observed, the only one he has in the house. *Dennis* is a Cornish clown, but having been written, no doubt, with Mr. Emery in recollection, the character has a Yorkshire cast. He is a proper appendage to the *Red Cow*, an inn so completely appointed; he is head waiter and ostler, only there are no horses, and no company.

In *Tom Shuffton* and *Lady Caroline Braymore*, the author has given sketches of modern fashionable manners, faint indeed, but tolerably faithful. *Sir Simon* is a country gentleman, who wishes to conceal the obscurity of his origin by a noble alliance; he has no original trait.

Peregrine is materially concerned in the plot; he is the means of saving *Mary* from a robber, and protecting her from a much more dangerous character, the unprincipled libertine; of relieving *Thornberry* from his embarrassments, and restoring to him his child; of bringing young Rochdale to a proper sense of his duty towards *Mary*, and of removing the objections of *Sir Simon* to the match, by an unexpected declaration of his name and pretensions. This conclusion is very artful and dramatic; and, from the commencement to the close of the comedy, the character of *Peregrine* excites an uncommon degree of interest; the sentiments and admonitions he utters breathe the purest morality, and are clothed in the most elegant and poetical language. They arise naturally, too, from the circumstances, and make a deep impression on the feelings of the audience.

Objections might be made to the story, as improbable, but the improbability does not exceed dramatic bounds; *Peregrine*, it is true, must be allowed to be as good a swimmer as the late Dr. Franklin, to reach the shore so heavily encumbered; and *Tom Shuffton* does not seem a likely character to obtain the confidence of such men as *Sir Simon* and his son. The conduct of *Job Thornberry*, to the Justice, is also a little too gross. The representative of *John Bull* is here to blame; he grows impudent, and loses his respectability. The last act appears to have been "slubber'd o'er in haste," to use an expression of Mr. Colman's, and does not form a conclusion so striking and satisfactory as we could wish: but these are trifling imperfections, compared with the numerous excellencies of the drama, which is indisputably the work of a wit, a poet, and a man of genius.

We have fancied that Mr. Colman may have had the *Vicar of Wakefield* in his recollection while writing some part of this comedy:

It probably never entered his head, but there are certainly some coincidences.

The meeting between *Job* and *Mary*, at the *Red Cow*, reminded us of that between the *Vicar* and his daughter *Olivia*, who, having been abandoned by *Squire Thornhill*, arrives at an obscure public house, in great pecuniary and mental distress, where her father, who has been long in search of his unhappy girl, accidentally meets with her. He hears her voice in another chamber, and hastening to her assistance, takes her in his arms, and, like *Thornberry*, assures her of his complete forgiveness, while *Olivia*, like *Mary*, is overwhelmed with shame and penitence, and can scarcely believe her father in earnest.

Do not the landlord and landlady, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, bear some degree of resemblance to *Dennis* and *Mrs. Brulgruddery*? The husband is willing to do every kindness to his poor lodger, and endeavours to soften the violent behaviour of his wife. She accuses him of tipping; he recriminates ironically, like *Dennis*. She wishes to send *Olivia* about her business, till she finds that she is not without a protector, and then she is as cringing and civil as before she was insolent and brutal.

We perceive some of the traits of Burchell in *Peregrine*. Burchell has rescued one of the *Vicar*'s daughters at a moment of imminent peril; his character has all the mystery of *Peregrine*'s, and he is, like him, unjustly suspected of dishonourable intentions. He turns out at last to be the uncle of the libertine squire, and, through his means, the *Vicar*'s family are restored to a state of tranquillity.

Whether our conjecture be right or wrong, Mr. Colman's reputation will not suffer from it. It is the privilege of the dramatic writer to select his materials from the novelist, if he please; he has still the merit of adapting, heightening, and improving the *hints* he may have gathered from other quarters; and Goldsmith may be proud of having attracted the notice of the author of such a comedy as *John Bull*.

THE PERFORMERS.—Mr. Cooke is particularly impressive in *Peregrine*; a character of this kind has seldom been so admirably acted. The whole performance indicated thought and feeling. The sentiments were well weighed, and enforced with suitable dignity and solemnity. Mr. Fawcett appeared to the highest advantage in *Thornberry*, a character rather new to him. He gave all possible interest to the affecting situations of the part, and was equally successful in displaying the rougher qualities which belong to *John Bull*.—In *Dennis Brulgruddery*, Mr. Johnstone displayed all that prodigality of humour, and rich characteristic expression, for which he is so re-

markable, and in which we can never hope to find his equal. Mr. Lewis has an indifferent part to perform, but he executes it in his best style. He contrives that even the perfidy and vice of *Shaffleton* shall not excite too much disgust. The gentleman shines through the whole, and renders the character less unamiable. Mr. H. Johnston has every qualification for such a character as *Francis Rochdale*. Emery, in the little sketch of *Dan*, is inimitable; and Blanchard deserves great commendation for his acting in *Sir Simon*.—Mrs. Gibbs is always natural, always interesting; *Mary* is adapted to her style and powers, and she did not fail to excite the general sympathy of the audience. Mrs. Davenport was excellent in *Mrs. Brulgrudgery*; and Mrs. H. Johnston brought *Lady Cardine* very conspicuously forward on the scene.

The prologue, by Mr. Dibdin, is well written, and extremely appropriate. Mr. Brunton did it justice in the delivery. The epilogue, by Mr. Colman, was sung by Mr. Johnstone, and it is needless to say with what effect. Both shall be given in the ensuing number.

RETROSPECT OF NEW PERFORMERS.

MR. COOPER, (*from the American Theatres.*)

THIS gentleman has performed, at Drury Lane, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard III.* As we have spoken of him at considerable length at a former period*, we do not much lament that we have so little room for that purpose now. Mr. Cooper has noble requisites for the profession; he has a very fine person, a voice of astonishing capacity, and a sound judgment. In each of the characters above-mentioned he displayed great ability, and exhibited some originality of manner. The "dagger scene" of *Macbeth*, and the scene subsequent to the murder, were performed in a most masterly style. This we single out as his best achievement. He did many other things so well as to merit distinguished notice; but we have not room to point them out. Among his defects are a tediousness in his pauses, and a drawl, with an occasional coarseness, in his enunciation, which excite very unpleasant sensations. He has too little variety; and he sometimes grossly violates common propriety, by what *Hamlet* has stigmatised with the term "*bellowing*," in passages and scenes which require a sober and unempassioned treatment. Upon the whole, he is a valuable actor; his faults are easily to be corrected; and, if he intend to remain in England, he will, no doubt, become a favourite with the public.

* See Monthly Mirror, vol. I. p. 45. 113, and vol. II. p. 39.

MR. KEMBLE,
AND HIS SPANISH TOUR.

THIS great and original actor, availing himself of a favourable opportunity to visit the Continent, has passed a few months very agreeably and profitably in the capitals of France and Spain. It could hardly be expected, that, so thoroughly an enthusiast in the works of Shakespeare, Mr. KEMBLE should ever admire the declamation of French tragedy; or that a master in a chaster school of acting, where all *action* is in a style of sobriety, and strictly the offspring of passion subdued to gentleness, would ever allow the compatibility of frantic gesture with frigid reasoning.—“Suit the *action* to the word,” must have forbidden for ever his enjoyment of the *Taïfere François*. He accordingly never scrupled to assert, that it *did not please him*. At the same time, his candour admitted, that what pleased so many MILLIONS must be good for *them* at least—but it required that a man should be entirely a Frenchman, either by birth, or long residence, to taste it at all. That is, supposing his mind to have formed any *standard* of excellence in the art—for there are judgments (no, not *judgments*) of so happy a facility, as to take opposite fashions with equal admiration; and allow that day and night are equally luminous. Be it, therefore, one subject of complacency to the English nation, that the greatest actor of his time does indisputably, with all its faults, prefer the stage of his *own country*.

At Madrid, he found, in the Theatre de la Cruz, an actress, as he himself says in a Spanish characteristical account of her, who, by her extraordinary talent, sustains the fame of the ancient and esteemed Spanish authors. Her countenance is admirably expressive—her voice sweet and musical—her action the echo of her thought and feeling. In a word, she yields, in his opinion, only to *one actress*, whom he has ever seen. This is high praise. But what are we to think of a lady, only *second* to Mrs. SIDDONS in tragedy, in the opinion of her own brother, who yet excels infinitely in her *comedy*? She herself never willingly takes up the buskin:—how that which is done reluctantly should nevertheless be so excellent, is matter of astonishment. LA RITA LUNA, for that is her name, is extremely beautiful, and very much respected. Hitherto, Mr. KEMBLE, we believe, has formed no engagement. If he go to Ireland at all, he will set out about the middle of May next. Mrs. SIDDONS, we regret to say, was sent for to this kingdom, on account of the almost hopeless illness of her eldest daughter. It is some alleviation of such a calamity, to find that “all is not lost—” that her brother is safe, and returned, full of resources and talent, to take his proper place in a country, which so highly esteems him, as an actor and a gentleman.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET XXV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING SERIES.

On the view of a Prospect from her Window.

In one small Prospect *Hope* at Rapture's side
 Anticipates the glow of happiest Hours,
 And shrinks from gloom to solace unallied
 Which with one changeless hue for ever lours.
 Here the neat *Cottage* with its woodbine bowers
 Bids us to seek for Comforts yet untried;
 And daisied fields, it's inoffensive pride,
 Tell us how sweet Life's joy-enamell'd flowers!

II.

There the dark *Church-yard* lifts its awful head,
 And whispers to the speculative Man
 That every hope and every future plan
 Must rest at last on its devouring bed.
 Then let me fix a firmly equal view
 On *Life's* fair rays and on *Death's* icy dew.

6 Nov. 1803.

S. W. L.

TO THE MOON,

When shining very brightly in a serene Evening.

SERENATA:

In the Character of St. Preux.

FAIR REGENT of the NIGHT! my JULIA keep
 From every care and every danger free!
 On her sweet eye-lids breathe thy softest sleep!
 Her mild chaste loveliness resembles Thee,

II.

O might I view her slumbering! . . . might I trace
 The soft blush gleaming o'er her smiling Cheek!
 And as the *Latmian Shepherd* wont to seek
 My couch irradiate with Heaven's lucid Grace—

III.

So might I gently visit *Her Repose* !—
 Ah vain, presumptuous Wish . . . still, still my Vow,
 Whate'er of Bliss my Fate may disallow,
 To her with tenderest affection flows !
 Fair Regent of the Night, my JULIA keep :
 On her sweet eye-lids breathe thy softest sleep !

C. L.

GENIUS, AN ODE.

I. 1.

Many there be who, thro' the vale of life,
 With velvet pace, unnotic'd, softly go,
 While jarring discord's inharmonious strife
 Awakes them not to woe.
 By them unheeded, carking care,
 Green-ey'd grief, and dull despair ;
 Smoothly they pursue their way,
 With even tenor, and with equal breath ;
 Alike thro' cloudy, and thro' sunny day,
 Then sink in peace to death.

II. 1.

But ah ! a few there be whom griefs devour,
 And weeping woe, and disappointment keen,
 Repining penury, and sorrow sour,
 And self-consuming spleen.
 And these are Genius' fav'rites : these
 Know the thought-thron'd mind to please,
 And from her fleshy seat to draw
 To realms where Fancy's golden orbits roll,
 Disdaining all but 'wilderer rapture's law,
 The captivated soul.

III. 1.

Genius, from thy starry throne,
 High above the burning zone,

In radiant robe of light array'd,
 Oh hear the plaint by thy sad fav'rite made,
 His melancholy moan.
 He tells of scorn, he tells of broken vows,
 Of sleepless nights, of anguish-ridden days;
 Pangs that his sensibility uprouse
 To curse his being, and his thirst for praise.
 Thou gav'st to him, with treble force to feel,
 The sting of keen neglect, the rich man's scorn,
 And what o'er all does in his soul preside
 Predominant, and tempers him to steel,
 His high indignant pride.

I. 2.

Lament not ye, who humbly steal thro' life,
 That Genius visits not your lowly shed;
 For ah, what woes and sorrows ever rife,
 Distract his hapless head.
 For him awaits no balm sleep,
 He wakes all night, and wakes to weep;
 Or, by his lonely lamp he sits,
 At solemn midnight, when the peasant sleeps,
 In feverish study, and in moody fits
 His mournful vigils keeps.

II. 2.

And oh! for what consumes his watchful oil?
 For what does thus he waste life's fleeting breath?
 'Tis for neglect and pen'ry he doth toil,
 'Tis for untimely death.
 Lo! where dejected pale he lies,
 Despair depicted in his eyes,
 He feels the vital flame decrease,
 He sees the grave, wide-yawning for its prey,
 Without a friend to soothe his soul to peace,
 And cheer the expiring ray.

III. 2.

By Sulmo's bard of mountful fame,
 By gentle Otway's magic name,

By him, the youth, who smil'd at death,
 And rashly dar'd to stop his vital breath,
 Will I thy pangs proclaim ;
 For still to mis'ry closely thou 'rt allied,
 Tho' gaudy pageants glitter by thy side,
 And far repounding fame:
 What tho' to thee the dazzled millions bow,
 And to thy posthumous merit bend them low ;
 Tho' unto thee the monarch looks with awe,
 And thou, at thy flash'd car, dost nations draw,
 Yet ah ! unseen behind thee fly
 Corroding anguish, soul-subduing pain,
 And discontent that clouds the fairest sky :
 A melancholy train.
 Yes, Genius, thee a thousand cares await,
 Mocking thy deriding state ;
 Thee, chill adversity will still attend,
 Before whose face flies fast the summer's friend,
 And leaves thee all forlorn ;
 While leaden ign'rance rears her head and laughs,
 And fat stupidity shakes his jolly sides,
 And while the cup of affluence he quaffs
 With bee-ey'd wisdom, Genius derides,
 Who toils, and ev'ry hardship doth outbrave,
 To gain the meed of praise, when he is mould'ring in his
 grave.

Nottingham,

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

STANZAS.

HARK the lark's melodious note,
 On yonder dew-bespangled thorn,
 Welcomes the birth of cheerful Spring,
 And greets the rosy, opening morn.

Now Phœbus, rising from the east,
 His rays diffusive spreads around,
 And Nature, in her mantle green,
 With fragrance decks the humid ground.

Rob'd in her many-colour'd vest,
See Flora, goddess gay, appear,
And Zephyr, with his silken wings,
Waft balmy odours through the air.

Come, then, Cleora, let us haste,
Where rural scenes invite to love,
And taste the orient breeze of morn,
And tread the deep-embowter'd grove.

For soon the gladsome scene will change,
And soon succeed th' inclement sky,
And nature wear a frown severe,
As Winter's dreary reign draws nigh.

Then let us, in the spring of life,
(A season fraught with hopes and fears)
Make virtue, lovely maid! our guide,
Ere age's frozen day appears.

Beaumaris.

WM. TOONE.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

With the exception of JOHN BULL, at Covent Garden, and Mr. COOPER, at Drury Lane (see the Stage department of this number), the theatres present nothing worthy of notice. The new comedy produces a mighty overflow, which is of essential service to the rival theatre, and will, no doubt, occupy every vacant night during the remainder of the season.

ORATORIOS.

Mr. Ashley, being deprived of the BILLINGTON, procured the powerful aid of Madame Storace, who exerted herself with uncommon effect, in some of our most favourite pieces. Braham and Incledon appeared also to infinite advantage in their respective airs; and Mrs. Billington fortunately recovered in time to conclude the season with *célas*. Haydn's *Seasons* has been an object of particular attraction.

RAYMARKET THEATRE.

Lady Perrott's annual benefit was very well attended. Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Alfonso*, as originally written, was performed in a truly respectable and impressive manner, by several *amateurs*, who kindly volunteered their services upon this occasion. *Orsino* was played with vast discrimination, feeling, and effect, and *Cesar* found a spirited and interesting representative in a gentleman who last year sustained, with so much credit, the character of Frederick, in *Lovers' Vows*. The lady who performed *Ottile* possesses several valuable requisites for the stage, and did great justice to that difficult character. Lady Perrott, in the latter scenes of *Amelrosa*, exhibited a force and animation which really surprised us. Her performances have always been distinguished for correctness, but we never imagined that she possessed such considerable powers of execution.

The *Jew and the Doctor* was the farce, in which Mr. Grove, a gentleman who has acquired great reputation as an *amateur* performer, performed *Abadnego* in a style of singular chasteness, and with the happiest effect upon the risible muscles of the audience. We understand that this gentleman has some intention of embracing the stage as a profession. He certainly possesses considerable talents as a comic actor, and would, no doubt, soon ingratiate himself with the public. The gentleman who sang *Puss in the Parachute*, with so much humour as to get an *encore*, and afterwards acted *Changeable*, has hit off the manner of Mr. Fawcett with evident closeness;—he is absolutely “his picture in lute.”

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mrs. Billington's indisposition was very serious, and the Opera-House and the Oratorios suffered greatly from her absence. She is now sufficiently restored to appear before the public. Madame Bolla is re-engaged at the Opera, and made her first appearance on Tuesday, March 22, in Paisello's comic opera of *Molinara*. Mr. Goold, the new proprietor, is said to have secured the celebrated dancer Des Hayes, for next year. Madame Hillberg retired after the present season. Kemble is returned to London, and is expected soon to quit it again for an engagement in Dublin. Very little doubt is entertained of his being next season at Drury-Lane; the numerous substitutes who have appeared in his characters, with such equivocal success, prove how much the emotions of this great actor are wanted in the theatre, and how enthusiastically his return would be greeted by the public. Mr. King, and Miss Pope, and the eldest daughter of Mrs. Siddons, have for some time been in an alarming state of health. Mr. Knight and Mr. Simmons have also been incapable, from the same cause, of attending to their theatrical duty. Miss De Camp resides near Paris, and is daily getting the better of her complaint. Capt. Caulfield is said to be engaged for next season at Covent Garden. He is shortly to have a benefit, when he means to attempt *Richard*. Colonel Greville, having suffered a severe domestic loss, retires from the management of the *Pix-Nic* theatre, which has been advertised for sale, with the scenery, &c. It is not true that Mr. Townsend has any share in the property of Sadler's Wells; he is merely engaged as a performer. Mara is

at Berlin, where she is in high reputation. Miss Waters, late of Covent Garden, has been singing, with applause, at the Edinburgh and York concerts.—Mr. Colman has sold the copy-right of *John Bull* to Mr. Harris, who does not mean to print it for some time. The Haymarket engagements are going on but slowly. Mrs. Woodfall (late Miss Collins) is among the late acquisitions. Mr. Colman, however, means to “skir the country round” in person, to secure a sufficient number of good hands against the opening. Mr. Pye, the Laureat, has an opera in hand; Miss Porter’s *Fair Fugitives*, with Dr. Busby’s music, will soon be in rehearsal at Covent Garden; and there is a *whisper*, as Bayes has it, of a new comedy at Drury Lane. *Hugo Grotius*, a play by Kotzebue, has been produced at Berlin, himself playing *Grotius*. The Prime Minister has obtained a pension from the King, of £.200 a year, for the veteran Murphy. A worthier object could not have been found, and it would be no disgrace to the country if the names of literary men were more frequently inserted in the *Pension List*.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THIS beautiful theatre having again undergone considerable improvements in decoration and convenience during the recess; although, from its perfect state last year, we thought it almost impossible that any advantageous addition could be made, will open at its usual period.

In addition to the very excellent company they had last year, we understand they have engaged Smith, from Bath, whose performance on the union pipes has been so greatly celebrated. Buckenger, the famous equestrian, whose superior skill in his art induced his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence particularly to recommend him to the manager. Mrs. Parker, late of Covent Garden theatre, takes the lead in serious pantomime. This lady’s grace and elegance have often been the subject of our unqualified praise. Miss Howells, of Covent Garden theatre, and the sprightly Miss Sims, are also engaged, together with Mrs. Macartney, and a clever little infant of the name of Lettin.

The scenery continues, where it ought, under the entire superintendence of Greenwood.

Cross (whose amiable partner has recently become a mother) crowns the whole. He is, we hear, prepared with a new splendid grand ballet of action, a comic pantomime, and a ballet dance, in addition to various other novelties. It is but justice to Mr. Cross to mention, that, to his persevering assiduity, and the excellence of the pieces produced by him, during the last seven years, much of the success of this theatre is to be attributed, and it must continue to succeed while so able a pilot is at the helm.

ASTLEY’S AMPHITHEATRE OF ARTS.

THIS powerful company, aided by considerable reinforcements of some of the most celebrated characters in serious and comic pantomime, and dance, from the continent, are preparing for the campaign. Young Astley, whose talents never lie fallow, is ready with a grand ballet of action, a comic pantomime of unusual whim, and various new dances. Laurent and Johannot again

enter the lists. Mrs. Astley, who is in herself a tower of strength, is, we understand, in excellent health, and will appear as the heroine in a serious ballet. Mr. Upton has two new pieces in preparation, and if it be fair to calculate upon the former success of this ingenious gentleman, the public may reasonably expect to derive much amusement from his exertions.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THIS theatre will open on Easter Monday, under the most favourable auspices. Amongst the new proprietors are Messrs. T. and C. Dibdin, Reeve, the composer, and Andrews the ingenious scene painter. From such an assemblage of talent it is fair to augur complete success. The theatre is to be considerably improved, and decorated in a style entirely new. The private boxes are to be rendered more convenient, and two additional ones, beautifully ornamented, are fitting up. The pit is much more commodious, and the orchestra enlarged.

The entertainments, we understand, are to be conducted upon the most respectable scale, and it will be the particular object of the managers to produce perpetual variety, heightened by novelty and locality. Townsend, late of Covent Garden, Bologna, Junr. Grimaldi, King, Menage, Davis, &c. &c. together with Signor Giovanni Batista Balzoni, being his first appearance in England. The female department is highly respectable. The band is very numerous, led by Mr. F. Ware, with Reeve at the harpsichord, and Mr. Ling the first oboe; Adams is to play the harp, and a Mr. Fitzmorrice the union pipes, whose execution is said to equal Courtney, with more taste and feeling.

The stage, musical and scenic arrangements, being divided between Messrs. C. Dibdin, Reeve, and Andrews, it will consequently be the object of each to use every possible exertion for their own credit and advantage.

The managers fancy it will conduce to the comfort of individuals frequenting the Wells, to revive what they call a good old custom, that of accommodating them with genuine red and white wine, at two shillings the bottle, and one shilling the pint. We have our doubts as to the policy of this measure.

We must, however, commend highly their determination to place a conspicuous number of patrols and lights in the fields leading from the Wells to town. This is an improvement calculated to serve them very essentially.

BON TON THEATRICALS.

The Countess of Cork gratified her friends with a dramatic exhibition on Tuesday 8th March. Mons. Volange, comedian from Paris, and son of the celebrated French actor of that name, and his Lady Madame Volange, played the comedy of *La Resolution Inutile* of Patrat, in one act. M. Volange played five different characters in this piece with great effect, and in the French proverb of *L'Intendant comédien malgré lui*, he performed no less than eight different characters. The Prince of Wales was present, and a large party of nobility, &c.

BRANDENBURGH-HOUSE.—The theatricals, under the direction of the Margravine of Anspach, have commenced this year with a new piece in three acts entitled *Nourjad*, written by her Serene Highness, which was thus represented:

<i>Sultan Achmet</i> ,	Colonel Berkeley.	<i>Mirza</i> ,	Mr. Hamilton.
<i>Nourjad</i> ,	Mr. Angelo.	<i>Zemra</i> ,	Mr. Maynard.
<i>Ali</i> ,	Mr. Nixon.	<i>Fatima</i> ,	The Margravine.
<i>Corasmin</i> ,	Mr. Kerr Porter.	<i>A Genie</i> ,	The Margravine.
<i>Two Singing Slaves</i> , }	Mademoiselles	<i>Hassan, a Dancing</i>	} Mr. Chatterley.
	Mortellar.	<i>Black Slave</i> ,	

Guards, Attendants, and the Sultan's Court.

The fable of this piece is very simple. *Nourjad* is the favourite of the *Sultan*, who had entertained him and ten other *courtiers* at dinner. The conversation turning on happiness, the *Sultan* desires each person to say what would constitute his. The *Sultan* disapproving of *Nourjad's* description, who, having a beautiful wife and child, wished for unbounded pleasure, banishes him his presence. At this moment he is introduced to the audience in the greatest distress, and after expressing all his distraction to his faithful servant *Ali*, falls asleep, and is awakened by the sound of music, when he observes the *Genie* standing before him, who offers to make him immortal, and to give him inexhaustible riches; but to enable him to enjoy them he tells him that he must sleep now and then for forty years together, to recruit his strength. This proposal he accepts, and launches into every sort of extravagance; purchases two beautiful singing slaves, and treats his wife, the amiable and beautiful *Fatima*, whom before he so much loved, with coolness and disdain. He drinks some sherbet prepared by *Fatima*, and immediately falls asleep. On waking, he finds the two beautiful slaves he left attending his court, ugly old women, and every body dear to him dead. He upbraids the *Genie*, and when it is supposed that he is sufficiently mortified, the *Genie* throws off his disguise, and in her he finds his wife. Forgiven by the *Sultan*, he presents him with the slaves, returns the riches he had received, and seeks for no other happiness than that which is to be derived from domestic enjoyment.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF W. A. MOZART.

[Continued from page 192.]

MOZART returned to Salzburg in 1769, and was there appointed master of the concerts; but as he had not yet been in Italy, he set out for that country in the month of December. As much as his talents had been admired by the English, in Italy they produced enthusiasm. The Italians, for once, forgot their national prejudice against every thing *ultra-montane*; he had hardly given proofs of his genius at Milan, when La Scrittura for the Carnivale of 1771 was conferred on him.

Bologna, at that time no less famous for its music than Milan, had, in the mean time, the pleasure of hearing him, and Martini, the famous theorist, was

astonished, whilst he listened to the young German, who played a fugue extempore, to any given subject. The praise which Bologna had loaded him with, was next resounded in Florence; he arrived at Rome in passion week, and was present at the performance of the *Miserere*. This is universally acknowledged to be the *ne plus ultra* of vocal music; it is the triumph of the human voice, and to give a copy of it is forbidden: Mozart's ambition was excited by this; he listened attentively, went home and transcribed it from memory, returned to the chapel next day, corrected his first manuscript, and produced a copy, at which all Rome was astonished. The *Miserere* is for a full band, composed of several parts, and the performance of it is extremely difficult. Mozart heard it all, and remembered, and transcribed it all. From Rome he went to Naples: he returned again to Rome, where he received the order of the golden spur from the Pope: and at Bologna he was unanimously chosen to be master of the Philharmonic Academy; for his admission a fugue for four voices in the church style was required of him; this he composed in his chamber in the short space of half an hour, and he accordingly received his diploma. He wrote the opera of *Mitridates* for Milan, and it procured him *la Scrittura* for the grand opera of the Carnival of 1773; this was his *chef d'œuvre*. After a journey of fifteen months he again returned to his native city.

[To be concluded in our next.]

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 134.]

Drury-Lane.—Season 1760-1.

THURSDAY, FEB. 12.—[1st time] *JEALOUS WIFE* (a) Garrick [*Oakley*]

(a) "The Jealous Wife, wrote by Mr. Colman, met with greater applause than any thing since the *Suspicious Husband*." *Cross's Diary*.

"The use that has been made, in this comedy, of Fielding's admirable novel of *Tom Jones*, must be obvious to the most ordinary reader. Some hints have also been taken from the account of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, in No. 212, and No. 216, of the *Spectator*; and the short scene of Charles's intoxication, at the end of the third act, is partly an imitation of the behaviour of *Syrus*, much in the same circumstances, in the *Adelphi* of Terence. There are also some traces of the character of the Jealous Wife in one of the latter papers of the *Connoisseur*.

It would be unjust, indeed, to omit mentioning my obligations to Mr. Garrick. To his inspection the comedy was submitted in its first rude state; and to my care and attention to follow his advice in many particulars, relating both to the fable and characters, I know that I am much indebted for the reception which this piece has met with from the public." *Mr. Colman's Advertisement*.

Yates [*Major Oakley*], Palmer [*Charles*], O'Brien [*Lord Trinker*], King

"The ground-work of it is taken from Fielding's History of Tom Jones, at the period of Sophia's taking refuge at Lady Bellaston's house. The characters borrowed from that work, however, only serve as a kind of under-plot, to introduce Mr. and Mrs. Oakley, viz. the Jealous Wife and her husband. It must be confessed that the passions of the lady are here worked up to a very great height, and Mr. Oakley's vexation and domestic misery, in consequence of her behaviour, very strongly supported. Yet, perhaps the author would have better answered his purpose with respect to the passion he intended to expose the absurdity of, had he made her appear somewhat less of the virago, and Mr. Oakley not so much of the hen-pecked husband; since she now appears rather a lady, who, from a consciousness of her own power, is desirous of supporting the appearance of jealousy, to procure her an undue influence over her husband and family, than one, who, feeling the reality of that turbulent yet fluctuating passion, becomes equally absurd in the suddenness of forming unjust suspicions, and in that hastiness of being satisfied, which love, the only true basis of jealousy, will constantly occasion." *Baker.*

The Monthly Reviewers have made a similar objection. "To call it the *Jealous Wife* is a palpable misnomer; for the author seems, in the character of Mrs. Oakley, to have clearly mistaken the passion of jealousy. Jealousy is one of those *ingentes curæ*, which for some time *non loquuntur, sed stupent*—Jealousy is a passion to which minds of nice delicacy and exquisite sensibility are mostly addicted. It is a passion which at first preys upon itself, and which they who feel it, industriously endeavour to conceal from the object of their mistrust. It is a passion which for a long time fluctuates between suspicion and confidence, and which, at intervals, is attended with violent gusts of tenderness and affection.

"Mrs. Oakley, however, discovers none of these symptoms. She has no more delicacy than an oyster-wench; she has nothing of that which the French call *retenue*; and throughout the whole play she does not breathe one sentiment of fondness for her husband. She is a downright virago; she opens the play, injudiciously enough, with rating her husband, we know not why or wherefore; we hear her scold before we see her, and she continues, without intermission, to play the vixen throughout the five acts."

The same writers have entered into a critical examination of the plot, characters, incidents, and language, which they treat, upon the whole, with too much severity. Their remarks, however, on the conduct of *Charles* are certainly just.—"The author tells us, in his preface, that this scene of Charles's intoxication is partly an imitation of the behaviour of Syrus, much in the same circumstances, in the *Adelphi* of Terence. But surely there is no great propriety in making a gentleman imitate the behaviour of a servant; neither, by the bye, do we see how the circumstances are in any degree the same. Besides, in this instance, the indecorum is aggravated by introducing Charles in his drunken fit before his mistress and her father, a circumstance which must be highly disgusting to a polite audience."

Sir Harry Bagge), Burton [Rascal], Moody [Capt. O'Cutler], Blakea [Pamela],

We agree with them, also, respecting the characters of *Lady Freelove* and *O'Cutler*:—"Of Lady Freelove we will only observe, that if the author had not given her a title, we should never have suspected her to have been a woman of quality. She is a shameless creature, without sentiment, without delicacy, without spirit. Her assisting his lordship in his designs against Harriot, her own relation, whose honour he had openly attempted to violate, is a proceeding so unnatural that Mother Douglas would blush to have been concerned in it.—With regard to the Irish Captain, he is a sea-monster, such a one as we hope never was, or ever will be, a commander in the navy: in short, Shakspeare's Caliban is not more brutal."

The following extracts are of a more favourable cast. "It is with pleasure we acknowledge, that in the working up his plan, the author has displayed a great deal of merit. The incidents are various, striking, and interesting. Attention is agreeably kept alive throughout, and every act is full of business and contrivance. The most capital incidents are produced very naturally, and conducted with great attention to probability. The author has given a proof of skilful management in the scene where Harriot relates the circumstance of her being rescued by Charles, and desires Mr. Oakley to admit her into his house. This, in our judgment, is the best scene in the whole play.—The dialogue is curiously contrived: every speech which Mrs. Oakley overhears tends to confirm her suspicions, and yet not a word is forced, but all arises naturally from the subject. This is indeed the *ars celandi artem*."

The writer thus sums up the whole:—"There is a good deal of humour and keen ridicule in this piece, interspersed with many sensible reflections which shew a knowledge of life: and it abounds with those changes and contrivances which surprise and entertain an audience. But the author's talent seems to lie in caricature: he is very happy in hitting off strong marked features, but cannot command those soft and delicate touches which form an agreeable and finished picture."

To the first edition of the play was prefixed a Dedication, which the author afterwards withdrew.

"In the beginning of February, Mr. Colman, who had lately sheathed his maiden sword in the farce of *Polly Honeycombe*, came forward flushed with success, and produced a comedy in five acts, entitled *The Jealous Wife*. I am not willing to enter into a criticism on this play, as, at that time, a quarrel broke out between the author and myself, and the breach was never healed. Mr. Colman had entered into a league with Churchill and Bob Lloyd, and that triumvirate, he thought, would be able to bear down all before them. Some certain artifices in Colman's conduct came to this author's knowledge, and, as they appeared to him in a bad light, he never listened to any terms of a reconciliation; he saw evident symptoms of a bad heart, and with such a man he thought a state of war much better than a bad peace. At this distance of time he does not harbour any thing like regretment. All he will say of *The Jealous Wife* is, that there was between Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard a scene most happily imagined. They were seated on a sofa, each jealous of the other, and

Mrs. Olive [*Lady Freelove*], Miss Pritchard [*Harriet*], Mrs. Pritchard [*Mrs. Oakley*]. With a new prologue and epilogue. (h)

14, 16*, 17, 19 [By Command], 21*, 23.—*Ibid.* 24.—*Essen*. P. Honeycombe. 26.—*J. Wife*. 28*, MARCH 2, 3.—*Id.*

5.—*Zara*. *Edgar & Em.* 7. *J. Wife*. 9.—*Hamlet*. Ophelia, Mrs. CIBBER. *Edgar & Em.* 10.—*J. Wife*. 12.—*Id.* 14.—*B. Opera*. *Q. Mab.*

23.—[Easter Monday—Mrs. CIBBER's benefit.] *Wonder*.—Don Felix, GARRICK; Violante, (1st time) Mrs. CIBBER. (c) P. Hon.

24.—*Tempest*. *Harl. Inv.* 25.—[Mrs. PRITCHARD's night] *J. Wife*. P. Hon.

26.—[Mrs. CLIVE's night.] *Inconstant*. *Cape. Durdete*, (1st time for 3 years) GARRICK; Y. Mirabel, Palmer; O. Mirabel, Yates; Dugard, Blakes; Orlana, Mrs. Davies; Lamorce, Mrs. Bennet; Bissare, Mrs. Clive. [1st time] *ISLAND OF SLAVES*. (d) Havard, King, Packer, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Clive (with a comic opera song in character).

27.—[Mrs. YATES's night.] *W. to keep him*. *H. Life*.

28.—(not acted for 5 Years) *Othello*, Sheridan (c); Iago, Havard; Brabantio, Burton; Cassio, Palmer; Roderigo, Yates; Emilia, Mrs. Pritchard; Desdemona, Mrs. Cibber. *Harl. Inv.*

30.—[Mr. HAVARD's night.] *F. Pen.* Callots, Mrs. YATES. End of play, a new Coronation Ode, written by Mr. Havard; the vocal parts by Lowe, Champnes, Mrs. Vincent, Miss Young, &c. P. Hon.

31.—[Mr. PALMER's night.] *J. Wife*. *H. Life*.

both endeavouring, in short artful sentences, to hide their private views, and warp with cunning into one another's secrets. A more just imitation of nature was never seen. The play met with great applause, and has from time to time kept its rank on the stage." *Murphy's Life of Garrick*.

With all its faults the *Jealous Wife* is one of the best comedies of which the stage is in possession.

(b) The former, written by Mr. Lloyd, and spoken by Garrick; the latter spoken, we suppose, from the opening lines, by Mrs. Clive, the representative of Lady Freelove.

* Author's nights.

(c) Mrs. Cibber was fond of performing in comedy, but was by no means successful in it.

(d) "This is little more than a literal translation of the *Île des Esclaves* of M. Marivaux. It has not made its appearance in print, yet I think has at least as much merit as many of the *petite pieces* which we see frequently performed on the stage. It was acted one night only for the benefit of Mrs. Clive, and was the occasion of an epistolary dispute in print between her and Mr. Shuter, whose benefit happened to fall on the same night." *Baker*.

(e) "If it were possible for spectators to be pleased with meaning alone, uttered through very ungracious, inadequate organs, Mr. Sheridan might stand high in public estimation [in *Othello*]; but execration being as necessary as conception, we can only afford him the praise of barren propriety."

Dram. Censor 1779.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre-Royal EDINBURGH.—Mr. Editor,—Being lately on an excursion in Scotland, and passing through the metropolis, I was a constant attendant of the theatrical amusements, during the short stay I made in Edinburgh. I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Eaton, who was performing with great eclat. She attracted very crowded and elegant audiences, and has lately renewed her engagement with the manager for a few nights. The theatre is rather small, but neat, clean, and remarkable for its beautiful scenery. Mr. Young, who is the acknowledged favourite in tragedy and comedy, is a sensible and correct actor. His figure is perfectly genteel, and he treads the boards with more ease than any young actor I have lately seen. I cannot pass unnoticed the abilities of Miss Duncan, who is in high estimation with the northern audience. This young lady possesses great merit in sprightly comedy, such as *Letitia Hardy*, *Rosalind*, *Hippolita*, *Beatrice*, &c. and, in the romps, and comic singing, she has few competitors on the stage. From undoubted authority, I am informed that this lady had a most liberal offer from the managers of Covent-Garden theatre.

Theatre Royal HULL.—Benefit receipts during the late season.

Mrs. Dunn,	82 16 0	Mr. Melvin,	89 17 6
Mrs. Leng,	59 5 0	Mr. Mathews,	92 9 6
Mr. and Mrs. Cummins,	84 14 6	Miss Jackson,	79 10 6
————— Williams,	78 4 0	Mr. Seymour,	38 6 0
————— French,	42 3 0	Mr. Denman,	74 15 6
————— J. Wilkinson	120 6 6	Miss De Camp,	68 18 0
Mr. Knox,	29 0 0	—— Smith,	65 16 6
Mr. and Mrs. Carr,	38 0 0	Mr. J. French,	39 11 6
Mr. Wood,	63 8 0	Mr. Bennett,	129 19 6
Mr. and Mrs. Jarman,	72 6 0	Mrs. Chapman,	78 19 6
Mrs. Ward,	42 3 6	Mr. Walcot,	44 7 6
Mr. Hope,	29 18 0	—— Knight,	54 0 6
Mrs. Aikin,	120 18 0	—— Wilkinson (manager) ..	112 16 6

Theatre NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.—Our theatre closed for the winter season on Wednesday, Feb. 16, with *Lionel and Clarissa*, and a pantomime got up for the occasion, called *Harlequin in the Clouds*. The evening's entertainments were for the benefit of the manager, Mr. Stephen Kemble. During the course of the season a great variety of performances, new and old, tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, have been represented; but part of the novelties having been produced for benefits, and got up in a very imperfect and temporary manner, I shall confine my remarks entirely to the general state of the theatre, and the merits of the company, which, though far from being a good one, is certainly superior to that of last season.

The theatre has been open nearly four months, and, though generally well attended, yet I rather imagine the season has not been very profitable to the manager, who has, indeed, no right to expect much emolument from a concern to which he pays so little attention. Every part of the theatre is disagreeably

dirty, and most miserably lighted; and the chandeliers at the back of the boxes, bestow a nightly libation of tallow upon the head dresses of those ladies who are so unfortunate as to sit beneath them. The plays are represented in a manner shamefully imperfect in every respect. The scenery is old, shabby, and dirty, and is continually going wrong. The orchestra consists of three violins and a bass, and is totally devoid of wind instruments. The prompter is heard at the end of almost every speech. The stage is frequently left vacant in the middle of an act for several minutes, and the utmost negligence, for the greater part of the season, has prevailed throughout every department of the business. But the arrival of Mr. Chippendale, the last acquisition to the company, and who now conducts, with great ability, the business of the stage, has caused a considerable alteration for the better in many of these points. Much, however, still remains to be done, which can only be effected by the vigilance and attention of the manager himself.

It is confidently reported that two of our best performers, Mr. Egerton and Miss Heard, are about to leave the company. The cause of the difference between them and the manager is variously stated. However it may be, it is by no means wonderful that performers of their abilities should be unwilling to remain in a company which must submit to the labour and inconvenience of performing three nights of the week at Newcastle, and two at Shields. Indeed, the system of keeping open two theatres at once, which are at the distance of eight miles from each other, is of itself sufficient to destroy all order and regularity at both of them; and it is not to be expected that performers can appear before the public to any advantage, when, instead of attending rehearsals, the mornings are spent in travelling between Newcastle and Shields.—Were Mr. Kemble to obtain a connexion with other theatres royal, and bring a more respectable company to this town, he would undoubtedly find both his profits and his popularity much greater than they possibly can be, while he continues to pursue his present system of dragging his company every day, at this inclement season of the year, eight miles along a dirty turnpike road. But if Mr. Kemble cannot procure a more respectable circuit of theatres than he at present possesses, it is surely very extraordinary that the proprietors of the theatre royal should not advertise it to be let to the highest bidder, by which means there would be a chance of its being again connected with towns of more theatrical celebrity than Sunderland, Shields, and Durham. Mr. Kemble has, however, long been our manager, and as such is entitled to peculiar indulgence: and, would he exert himself to merit the preference which has always been shewn him, the writer of this believes (and he judges from his own feelings) that there is far from being any wish in the public mind to see Mr. Kemble displaced from his situation. On the contrary, both he and his family are considered in this town in the most respectable point of view: and it would be difficult, and indeed almost impossible, in a provincial theatre, to supply the place of an actress such as Mrs. Kemble, whose merit, in some peculiar walks of the drama, stands unrivalled even in the theatres of the metropolis; and who, in whatever she attempts, is always correct, elegant, and interesting.

I shall now proceed to consider the merits of our dramatic corps, which at present consists of Messrs. Kemble, Egerton, Liston, Noble, Mara, Branton,

Kelly, Chippendale, Mangrove, Mills, Bland, Scott, &c.—Mrs. Kemble, Miss Beard, Miss Kemble, Mrs. Jonte, Miss Payne, Mrs. Rustel, Miss Benson, Mrs. Egerton, and Mrs. Bland.

You have lately had ample opportunities of judging of Mr. Kemble's merit as an actor, in the character of Sir John Falstaff, for which his *natural qualities* were so eminently adapted. But humour, on the whole, is not his talent; and, setting aside the imperfection of his figure, he succeeds much better in such characters as Old Norval, Solanio, Demont, Sir Christopher Carry, Sir John Flowerdale, &c. His manner of speaking, in serious dialogue, is remarkably impressive and affecting; and, in the character of Sir John Flowerdale, at his death, he drew tears from many eyes "unused to the weeping crowd." In several of the passionate old men in comedy, he is also very respectable. Mr. Egerton is of late considerably improved. His tragedy, on account of the weakness of his voice, and the restlessness of his action, must always be below mediocrity; but these very circumstances which before his representations of the heroes of Melpomene, may perhaps assist him in those of Thalia. In the *Rapids and Gobsomers* of Mr. Lewis, he is always easy, spirited, and entertaining; and, in characters of that stamp, his perpetual motion is very amusing; but, in sentimental comedy, in which he is otherwise very respectable, it is ridiculous, and totally destructive of pathetic emotions. Mr. Liston is an actor who seems to be remarkably attentive to the duties of his profession, and is possessed of an infinite fund of humour in low comedy. In the characters of awkward simple country servants, and especially in Shenkin, so Folly as it lies, he is most admirable. Indeed, take him all in all, he is the best low comedian we have had since we lost that true disciple of Momus, Little Rack. But he ought to confine himself entirely to that walk of the drama which nature has pointed out to him, and never attempt any serious characters, which his countenance turns completely to a burlesque.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Noble, whom nature has endowed with a large proportion of humour and comic force, has degenerated of late into a complete buffoon, and is only to be tolerated in characters of the broadest farce, where the grand climax of his acting consists in throwing about chairs and tables, and breaking plates. As he seldom or ever has his part off, he supplies the want of it by an extempore of his own composition, and a variety of tricks and grimaces, which throw the business of the scene into such confusion, that other actors, who do understand what they are about, are prevented from carrying on the dialogue of the play. In short, his performances are now only fit for a puppet-show or a barn, and are a disgrace to the boards of a theatre-royal. Mr. Mara's representations of Irishmen are extremely *natural*; and he is, upon the whole, a very general and useful actor, though he seldom attains any high degree of excellence. Mr. Branton has some knowledge of music, but his voice is harsh and disagreeable; and he is continually endeavouring to execute shakes and graces, which are far beyond his powers. Mr. Kelly has some humour, and his very peculiar mode of articulation is sometimes diverting enough in the characters of stupid old men in farces. The business of Mr. Chippendale is chiefly behind the curtain, where he is very active and useful, but he sometimes

appears on the stage: and, on the night of Mrs. Kemble's benefit, performed *Slender* in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* with great ability.

I shall now proceed to the ladies.—Of Mrs. Kemble and Miss Heard I shall say but little; their numerous merits are well known in London: and, in a provincial theatre, are seldom to be found two actresses of such eminent talents, and who are so peculiarly well adapted to perform together in the same theatre, as the former retains undisputed possession of those characters in which pathetic powers, and comic simplicity, are required; while the latter excels in the elegant vivacity of genteel comedy, and those violent characters in tragedy, to which the powers of Mrs. Kemble are unequal. In the play of *Jane Shore*, the raving madness and conflicting passions of Alicia are most forcibly represented by Miss Heard; while the dying scene of Mrs. Kemble, in *Jane Shore*, may be almost put in competition with that of Mrs. Siddons. The last season has been distinguished by the debüt of Miss Kemble, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kemble. She is yet very young, and new to the stage; but, from the rapid improvement she has made in the course of the season, a very high degree of future excellence may be safely predicted, in that line for which her talents are peculiarly adapted. It is said that the commendations bestowed by Mrs. Billington on the voice of Miss Kemble, were her first inducements to attempt the stage. She has evidently bestowed great pains upon her singing, and when she has by practice attained a greater extent and volume of voice, there is no doubt of her becoming a first-rate performer in that way: even at present her singing is distinguished by peculiar correctness, and there is a delicacy in her execution which is very pleasing. Her face is beautiful and expressive, but her figure is already too large, and she sometimes wants animation. Her principal defects are, however, an awkwardness of gait and carriage, which she ought particularly to endeavour to correct. Her memory is good, and when quite at her ease, she is capable of acting with great spirit and effect; but, as an actress, I am afraid she will never attain the grace and elegance of her mother: though, as a singer, her excellence will, I doubt not, be of the highest order. Mrs. Jones is a very useful actress, and a very respectable representative of the characters of old ladies and servants. She is constantly employed, and if she does not often rise above mediocrity, she seldom or never offends. Miss Payne is a much better actress than a dancer; she dresses remarkably well, and is quite at her ease in the performance of waiting maids, &c. for which her velubility and spirit are well adapted. Mrs. Russel is a tolerable singer, but, owing to indisposition, has not yet had much opportunity of appearing before the public. Miss Benson is very young, and in time will be a very elegant dancer, if she does not fall into the error of imitating the affectation of Miss Payne. The rest of the ladies and gentlemen are merely walking figures, and as such are not worthy of any particular notice.

From the above account of our dramatis personæ, you will observe that they are considerably improved; though still by no means such a company, especially with regard to the gentlemen, as ought to perform on the boards of a theatre-royal: and there is particularly a great want of an actor to assist Mr. Egerton in genteel comedy, and also of a good gentleman singer to support the comic operas with Miss Kemble.

It is now, however, high time that I should conclude the above hasty sketch, which I shall do by assuring you, that, to the best of my judgment, in every part of it, I have endeavoured to make truth and impartiality my guides.

JULIUS.

Newcastle upon Tyne, 19th Feb. 1863.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY MARCH 8.

A message from his majesty, to the following effect, was read to both houses :

“G. R.

“His majesty thinks it necessary to acquaint the house that very considerable military preparations are carrying on in the ports of France and Holland. He therefore judges it proper to take every additional means for maintaining the peace and security of his dominions. Though these preparations are avowedly for colonial purposes, yet, as discussions of great importance are now depending between his majesty and the French government, the result of which must be uncertain, he deems it proper to make this communication to the house, sensible that while it participates in his Majesty's earnest and invariable solicitude for the continuance of peace, he may rely with confidence on its concurrence in such measures as shall be calculated to support the honour of his crown, and the essential interests of his people.”

On Wednesday, March 9, his majesty's message was considered by both houses, and agreed to *nem. dist.*

The most vigorous preparations were made in consequence of the above message ; press warrants issued, and a great number of sailors were picked up. A vote passed the houses for adding 10,000 seamen to the number before fixed upon. The king issued proclamations offering bounties to encourage men to enter ; and prohibiting them from serving foreign princes and states. The Militia will be called out, and every other measure adopted which has been usual under similar circumstances, so as to put the nation in a fit condition to meet the alternative of war, should the further conduct of the Chief Consul convince us of the impossibility of maintaining the peace with safety to the United Kingdom.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

Extract from a French State Paper, entitled a Review of the French Republic, and signed by Bonaparte.

British troops are still in Alexandria and Malta ; the government had a right to have complained, but it learns that the vessels that are to convey them to Europe are in the Mediterranean.

The government guarantees to the nation the peace of the Continent ; and it

is permitted to it to hope for the continuation of the maritime peace. That peace is the desire and the wish of every nation; to preserve it the government will do all that is compatible with the national honour, essentially restrained to the strict execution of treaties.

But in England two parties dispute the power—the one has concluded peace, and appears determined to maintain it, the other has sworn an implacable hatred to France. Hence that fluctuation in their opinions and councils, and that attitude at once pacific and threatening.

While this struggle of parties shall last, there are measures which prudence impels on the government of the republic. Five hundred thousand men ought to be, and shall be ready to defend and avenge her. Strange necessity, which the influence of miserable passions impose on two nations, whom interest and a mutual wish attach to peace!

Whatever may be at London the success of intrigue, it will never force other nations into new leagues; and the government asserts, with a just pride, that, alone, England cannot now contend with France.

But we have better hopes, and we believe rather that the councils of wisdom and the voice of humanity will be only attended to in the Britannic cabinet.

Yes! doubtless, peace will every day more consolidate itself; the relations of the two governments will assume that character of benevolence which is conformable to their mutual interests; an happy repose will bury in oblivion the long calamities of a disastrous war; and France and England, in founding their reciprocal happiness, will merit the gratitude of the whole world.

COLONEL DESPARD'S FUNERAL.—About two o'clock on Tuesday morning March 1st. several hundred persons collected near the Asylum, Lambeth, to witness the funeral procession of Colonel Despard. About a quarter past ten a hackney coach arrived, in which were the disconsolate widow of the deceased, and two female-friends. The wonted firmness of Mrs. Despard forsook her on this trying occasion. On approaching the house in which the body of her husband lay, she became exceedingly dejected, and being conveyed into the apartment, to take a last sad view of the corpse, she nearly fainted away in the arms of her companions. The body was then screwed up in its coffin, and put into a hearse and four. Twelve of the Colonel's friends came about eleven in three mourning coaches; and shortly after the procession proceeded from the Asylum in the following order:—

Two Mutes,
A Man supporting the Feathers,
The Hearse,

The three Mourning Coaches, with four Persons in each.

By this time a number of persons had assembled, and as every part of the business had been arranged with the commendable intent of preventing, as much as possible, any mob or tumult, it was judged proper to take such a direction with the funeral as would best conduce to carry that intention into effect. A general opinion prevailed that the body was to be taken to St. Pancras for inter-

ment, and the moving on of the procession to Westminster Bridge sanctioned the report spread to this effect, and induced a great number of the spectators to run forward in that direction as fast as possible; a circumstance which thinned the ranks very materially. As soon as the conductors, however, had got through the turnpike-gate at Lambeth Marsh, they turned round, and the whole went down the Marsh to the New Cut, from whence they entered Blackfriars Road, by Rowland Hill's Chapel, and proceeded at a gentle pace over Blackfriars Bridge, up Ludgate-street, to the north gate of St. Paul's, where not more than forty persons were assembled. A grave, not less than fifteen feet deep, had been duly prepared, between the great north gate, and the entrance of the great vault leading to St. Faith's chapel, nearly opposite the pastry cook's shop. On the arrival of the body at the cathedral gate, some delay took place, as well on account of a certain certificate being demanded, as the clergyman appointed to perform the service not being arrived. In about ten minutes, however, the body was conveyed to its last abode, and the funeral rites were performed in a very solemn and impressive manner by the Rev. Mr. Parney. The city marshal had arrived on the ground before the hearse reached it, and the twelve friends of the deceased followed the body to the grave. About one o'clock the whole of the ceremony was concluded; the colonel's friends then retired, and the crowd, whose demeanour was remarkably peaceable and becoming, immediately dispersed. The scene throughout was conducted with the utmost regularity, and not the slightest symptom of a riotous disposition was at any time manifested by the multitude. The police had very properly sent some officers to attend at Lambeth. Soon after the body had been removed, a party of soldiers passed down the Westminster road; but they did not attend the funeral. It being generally understood that the remains of the Colonel were to be deposited in Pancras burial-ground, the avenues leading to that place were completely crowded in the morning, and it was not till a late hour that the multitude became thoroughly undeceived.

SHIPWRECK.—A letter from Middleburg, dated February 18, has the following particulars:—"The late wreck of a vessel off here, called *De Vriend-schap*, gave birth to a deed of courage and philanthropy worthy of record. The wind and waves drove her, on the 16th, nearer the shore. Preparations had, indeed, been made to save the crew and cargo, but no one seemed inclined to venture on the work, till one Gerrit Jans Bakker, master of a vessel which had been damaged, and John Mets, a freeman of Flushing, repaired to the strand, opposite the wrecked ship: and, as the only means of getting on board, these two men stripped themselves quite naked, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, and swam between the pieces of ice, which obstructed their progress, till with great pains they got on board, where they beheld a most heart-piercing scene. The enormous billows of the preceding night had filled the vessel with water, and constrained the people to seek their safety on the open deck, where they were momentarily in danger of being washed overboard by the waves and pieces of ice which rolled over her sides. The captain, a little boy, his son, and a sailor, overcome by cold and fatigue, were found lifeless, sitting pressed together near the mizen mast, the unhappy father, as it were, still pressing to his

breast the clay-cold body of his child, where he had probably cherished him as long as his strength would permit. Three others, the mate, a pilot, and a sailor boy, lay in a pitiable state on the top of the cabin, where they would also shortly have breathed their last, but for the courage and humanity of their deliverers, who, fastening two of them on their backs, swam with them to the shore, and then returned for the third, all of whom were, by proper applications, restored to the use of their faculties."

Explosion of the Aurora Portuguese Frigate.—A letter from Madeira, dated September the 18th, gives the following particulars respecting the explosion of this ship.—"On the 16th instant, at half past twelve A. M. a more melancholy catastrophe never happened. The *Aurora*, a Portuguese ship, of 550 tons burden, and 36 guns, lately arrived from Lisbon, blew up. She had about 40 casks of powder on board. The explosion was dreadful. I was at the moment sitting at my door, with my friends—the ship in full view, only 500 yards off. Anxious to render every assistance in my power to the miserable sufferers, I immediately ran down to the beach, procured a boat, and obtaining three men and two boys, put off towards the wreck, which by this time was enveloped in flames. Mine was the second boat that arrived. On enquiry, I found only two poor fellows had escaped out of thirty-four souls on board.—They were found on board, and immediately taken, by one of its boats, on board an English frigate. The quarter-deck, with the mizen and main masts, were blown into the air, and the ship fairly split in two; the ballast and guns, most of which were stowed in the hold, went to the bottom. The ship, by this means, was thrown on her side; the fire increasing, it became necessary to tow the wreck clear of the shipping. One of the English frigate's boats fastened a tow-line to the foremast. We were soon joined by the boats of the other vessels in the harbour, with one or two from the shore. My situation was tolerably hot, as you may suppose. The night, very fortunately, was perfectly calm, so that not the least injury happened to any other vessel in the harbour. The scene during the night was awful; but that which presented itself at day-light was truly horrid. The poor wretches were lying in every position on board the wreck, some with half their skulls blown off, some without a leg, and others without arms; several of them were actually roasting in the flames. Eighteen of their bodies only were found.—About six I got home, much fatigued and distressed in body and mind. Various opinions are circulated respecting this disaster. The most prevalent is, that the act was designedly perpetrated by a desperate villainous sailor, one of the crew, who had sworn vengeance against the captain, for having confined him, a few days before the event, for mal-practices. He belonged to Lisbon, where he had been immured in the condemned hole for murder. He was heard to declare that the ship should never depart from this port; and the wretch was sufficiently desperate to sacrifice his own life with his ship-mates, for motives of private resentment. The ship and cargo were estimated at £. 60,000 sterling.

A *projet* of a law has been submitted to the legislative body, in France, for preventing any persons from assuming in future the profession of physician or surgeon, without undergoing the five following examinations:—1. In anatomy and physiology; 2. in pathology and nosology; 3. in *materia medica*, chymistry, and pharmacy; 4. in legal medicine; 5. in internal clinics for the de-

gree of a physician, or external for that of surgeon; but physicians and surgeons already in practice under the ancient regulations may continue so.

FRANCE.—From the forests of Belgium, especially from the noble forest of Solgney, are to be taken a great quantity of oak and other wood, for ship-building. There is no timber in this country equal for maritime uses to what that country affords. The trees will be sent to Antwerp, and there embarked for Dunkirk, Havre, Brest, L'Orient, and Rochefort, at which ports they will be applied to the purposes of the military shipping of the Republic. Holland formerly drew from the low countries much of its wood for ship-building. In future, France alone will employ those productions of her own territory for the restoration of her navy.

The colonial legislature of Jamaica, has found it necessary to prohibit independent and itinerant preachers by a law, which passed on the 17th of December last, from presuming to teach and perform the services of religion in assemblies of negroes. The offending preacher is to be taken into custody, and confined to hard labour; one month for the first offence—six months for every repetition of the same.

BARSANITY AND CRUELTY.—On Friday, March 4, an inquest was held before Mr. Gill, at the Fox, in Wardour-street, on the body of Dorant Lovell, otherwise George Mango, who was found dead on the Sunday preceding, at the corner of Noel-street and Wardour-street. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased, who was a man of colour, had procured his livelihood for many years in the streets of London as an itinerant tinker. He went into the Crown in Oxford-street, on Saturday morning, where he was served with a bason of tea and a buttered roll. He returned in the evening to the same house, and had a pint of beer. About eleven o'clock the same evening, he was discovered by the watchman in Wardour-street, sitting under a door-way, where Andrew Pollock, a watchman, finding him, insisted on his leaving that place, and forcibly dragged him to the opposite side of the street, which is in St. Anne's, parish, where he left him. The watchman belonging to St. Anne's, finding the wretched being in a door-way on their beat, forced him back to the side of the street in St. James's parish, where he remained till Pollock, returning to cry the hour, asked him what he did there a second time, after he had driven him away, when the deceased exclaimed, "O God, I am dying!" "Then (replied the watchman) you shall not die here; you must do that somewhere else." The deceased answered, "I am not able to stir—I am a dying man!" "I care not," said the watchman, and then either dragged or carried him a second time to the opposite side of the street. At seven o'clock he was found dead on the St. James's side.—On the view of the body, the jury returned the following verdict:—"It is not proved in evidence that the deceased, Dorant Lovell, otherwise George Mango, did actually die otherwise than a natural death; but it is very clearly proved that Andrew Pollock, the watchman on duty in Wardour-street, on Sunday night last, has been highly negligent of his duty, by omitting to take that care of the deceased he was bound to do; and by such omission, the said jury is clearly of opinion, that the deceased lost his life."

On the 26th of February, J. Murphy, who latterly kept a porter house in Patrick-street, Dublin, was tried in that city for most cruelly assaulting, im-

prisoning, and otherwise abusing his wife, with intent to murder her. This is the most shocking story we have ever heard, and from a delicacy for the feelings of our readers, we must forbear repeating the whole. The unhappy victim of her husband's barbarity appeared in court pale and emaciated. From her testimony, and that of others, it appeared she had been married two years to the prisoner, to whom she brought a handsome little fortune. They first lived at Lucan, and shortly after their marriage he refused to supply her with common food. He several times beat and cut her in a shocking manner, when she tried to obtain some food by stealth. In all his barbarities towards her he was assisted by his mother and sisters. This unhappy young woman was at length reduced to such an extremity of famine, that she used to go privately and take the potatoe skins and other garbage out of the trough from which the hogs fed, and eat them. From Lucan the prisoner removed to a lodging in Dublin; and here his wretched wife was compelled, while in an advanced state of pregnancy, to carry heavy loads up and down stairs. He then went to keep the public house in Patrick-street, in a back garret of which he kept his wife a close prisoner without any kind of nourishment, except bread and water. Here she was delivered of her child; and after that, was kept for two or three months in the same state until the infant died, from her not having any milk to give it. She was at length released from this frightful situation by the interference of some friends, who brought forward the present prosecution. During the whole time of her lying in, and while she nursed her babe, she was, even during the coldest days, without any fire; and sometimes, having no other food but cold potatoes, she was obliged to warm these in her mouth before she gave them to her child to eat. The abominable miscreant, her husband, not content with the crimes he had already committed, attempted to defend himself by the most barefaced perjuries, and by ruining the character of her whose life he endeavoured to destroy. He brought forward his sisters and a brother to swear, that the prosecutrix had laboured under many noxious complaints, and was addicted to drunkenness and theft; but in all these statements they were contradicted, and the prisoner was found guilty.—He was sentenced to pay £ 100, and to be imprisoned two years.

The conduct of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is entitled to the highest praise. At a moment when the situation of the country seems to demand the application of all her resources, his Royal Highness has been pleased to signify his wish, that nothing relative to his personal interest may be brought before the house.

M. Peltier has been tried, at the instance of the Attorney General, and found guilty of a libel against Bonaparte, published in *L'Ambigu*, a periodical publication.

MARRIED,

W. Moore, Esq. of Doctors' Commons, to Miss Price, daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. F. B. Hignisley Cox, Esq. to Miss Jefferys, only daughter of Thomas Jefferys, Esq. Gloucestershire. Wm. Wass Longford, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Tripoli, to Miss Peacocke, daughter of Marmaduke Peacocke, Esq. of Cavendish square.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Friday morning, March 4th, Major-General D'Oyley. The General was at the Levee on Wednesday; went in perfect health, accompanied by his Lady, on Thursday evening, to a Concert, in Pall-Mall; returned to his house in Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, yesterday morning, and after retiring to bed, the General fell in a swoon, and expired. In Dublin, Mrs. Campion, mother to Mrs. Pope, of Drury-Lane theatre. At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Bagwell, eldest daughter of the late Lord Graves. At his Lordship's seat, Ealing, Middlesex, the Hon. Edward Griffin Kinnaird, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Kinnaird. At Clifton, near Bristol, Charles Score Britten, Esq. father of Mrs. Hiley Addington. At his house, at Pulta, near Calcutta, on the 29th of August last, Sir Charles William Blunt, Bart. aged 73. He went out to India in the humble capacity of a writer in the Company's service 20 years ago. He has left £100,000 behind him, three-fourths of which he has bequeathed to his eldest son, now in India, Charles Richard Blunt, who inherits also the title. At Newington, Thomas Lock, Esq. Clarencieux King at Arms. After a long and painful illness, at the age of 28, at Weymouth, the wife of John M. Wood, Esq. niece to Lord Kinnaird and Sir William Pulteney, Bart. Colonel Carter, Lieutenant-Colonel of his Majesty's 20th Light Dragoons. His Grace the Duke of Bridgwater, after a short illness. By his active spirit, and his unshaken perseverance, he amassed immense wealth. But the public grew rich with him, and his labours were not more profitable to himself than they were to his country. The Dukedom is extinct, but the Earldom of Bridgwater goes to General Egerton, Member for Brackley. Suddenly, at his apartments in the Mews, Mr. John Smith, many years coachman to her Majesty. In Bryanstone-street, Mrs. Day, widow of the late Captain John Day, and sister to the late Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh, at the advanced age of 79. At her house, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Clayton, widow of the late Sir Robert Clayton, Bart. Mr. Daniel Cucrton, of John-street, Tottenham-court road, shoemaker. This person was supposed to be the strongest man in England; he stood about five feet six inches, rather corpulent, yet could put both his elbows together, take a glass between them, and drink in this position; he could contract or swell himself over the chest, at a minutes notice, so as to be the least person, when measured, in company—or extend himself so as to measure more than four of the biggest persons put together, across the chest: when sitting on the ground, he could get up without the aid of his hands, with three full grown men across his shoulders and on his back, and dance a hornpipe with them at ease; and could do many other feats equally incredible, unless seen. Many hundreds are alive who have seen these things, which he generally did of his own accord, and without emolument. He was about 58 years of age. He lived in James-street, Grosvenor-square, many years. Henry Fearon, Esq. of the Adelphi, an eminent surgeon.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
APRIL, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. ROGER KEMBLE, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN
ORIGINAL PAINTING BY BEACH.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	218
Biographical Sketch of the late Mr. Roger Kemble	219
Idle Hours, No. V.	221
Duels	224
Biographical Sketch of the late Dr. Arnold, continued,	225
On the Impress of Seamen	228
Plagiarism detected	230
Petrarch	231
Select Sentences	232
The Influence of the Atmosphere on Literary Genius	234
Anecdotes	236
On the ridiculous Consequence assumed from Superiority of Places of Residence	238
Extracts from some detached Thoughts of Montesquieu	241
Yorick and Eliza	242

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GENERAL.

Campbell's Journey from Edin- burgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. continued	243
Scottish Descriptive Poems; with some Illustrations of Scottish Literary Antiquities	247
Cumberland's Few Plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ	250
A Letter to John Bowles Esq. &c. ib.	
Mr. Alexander's Letter to Mr. Robert Arnold, Worsted- spinner	ib.
Cartwright's Letter to the Electors of Nottingham	251
Dr. Hooper's Observations on the Epidemical Diseases now pre- vailing in London	ib.

Blagdon's Translation of Pallas's Travels	251
Mrs. Charles Mathews's Poems ..	252
Dr. Valpy's Anniversary Sermon	254

DRAMATIC.

Wilde's Reservoir of Wit and Fancy	254
Dimond's Hero of the North	ib.
Lathom's Wife of a Million	255
Authentic Memoirs of the Green- Room	ib.

BRITISH STAGE.

The Minister and the Manager	256
Seymour's Notes upon Shakspeare	258
The Marriage Promise	261

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ode to Time, inscribed to Miss Seward	264
Autumn	266

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Drury Lane	266
Covent Garden	ib.
Theatrical Chit-Chat	267
King's Theatre	268
New Royal Circus	ib.
Astley's Amphitheatre of Arts ...	269
Sadler's Wells	ib.
Foreign Theatricals	ib.
History of the Stage	270
Musical Biography	272

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Manchester	273
Edinburgh	274
News, &c.	277

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the United Kingdom.

1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

††† The portrait of Mr. Braham is again unavoidably postponed. A fine likeness of the late Mr. Roger Kemble is substituted this month in its room.

We repeat our best thanks to Q. Z.

URSULA (*Malton Mowbray*) does not complain without cause. To some of the articles in the indictment we plead guilty; but we could find many flaws, were it necessary; and several of the charges would be voted frivolous and vexatious, if fairly examined. In reply to some of the objections, we could offer very satisfactory explanation, if to explain we were at liberty. We take Ursula's letter, however, in very good part, and are perfectly well satisfied with the candour and good temper with which the remonstrance has been conducted.

We have recovered the translation sent to us by L. which had been mislaid, and wish we could introduce it into our miscellany.

Detector (*Scotland*) appears in the present number.

The prologue communicated by G. W. L. is too generally known, and has appeared in several publications; but we thank our correspondent for the trouble he has taken.

The Lines occasioned by the Death of the late Dr. Hunter, are too incorrect for insertion.

The article respecting the *Sun's* Heat in our next.

A constant reader and admirer shall soon be gratified.

ERRATA.

In the last number—In the Sonnet to the Moon, line 8, for "My couch" read "Thy couch."

In the present number—In the review of a letter on the subject of the Nottingham election, for Mr. Robert Worsted-spinner Arnold, read Robert Arnold, Worsted-spinner.

T H E
MONTHLY MIRROR,
FOR
A P R I L, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
THE LATE MR. ROGER KEMBLE.

With a Portrait.

MR. ROGER KEMBLE, the subject of our present notice, and the father of our great ornaments of the modern stage, descended from a very respectable family of that name in Herefordshire, which, though subject to vicissitudes of fortune, can be traced back to a very remote period of our history. Mr. Kemble received his education, if we are rightly informed, at a very respectable seminary near Hereford, where he attained a competent proficiency in the usual knowledge inculcated in grammar schools; and being a favorite of his master, was able to make some progress in the Latin tongue; but the circumstances of his family not affording hopes, that, if he was sent to the university, and embellished with a literary education, his relations would have interest enough to procure any distinguished patron that might assist his ambition, and impart lustre to his natural endowments and classical attainments; his father took him from school at the usual period when boys are thought fit for business, and placed him in some ordinary calling.

From a very early period Mr. Kemble discovered a great attachment to the wandering tribes of Thespis, who occasionally "strutted their hour" in some neighbouring barn, as they could obtain toleration from the magistrates; and at length, soon after his apprenticeship commenced, hinted to his father his inclination to try whether he could figure, as a hero, among the lively band of rambling actors, who had so far bewitched his inexperienced mind. A decisive negative was all he could gain from his father on this subject; and therefore he reluctantly determined not to violate his filial duty, or trespass upon the obedience which he owed to his master, but to wait till his articles expired, when, he conceived, he should be fully at liberty to pursue the bent of his own humour. With a commendable regard to the feelings of his relations, and a diligent discharge

of his duty to his master, he remained quietly in this state till the term of his apprenticeship elapsed.

When this joyful period arrived, he made many overtures to the managers of such theatrical troops as occasionally quartered in that vicinity: but as his time had been too industriously employed to admit of his devoting much attention to the profession in which he was so anxious to engage, he was not what the actors call *studied* in any one part; and in the few specimens of single speeches which he rehearsed before those *awful* judges, his timidity entirely surmounted his abilities, and he was counselled, by most of them, to mind his business, and considered as one who, according to the satirical poet,

“Inclination fondly take for taste.”

At last, however, upon a very small salary, and to occupy the most inferior parts of the drama, he was engaged by Mr. Ward, the manager of a strolling company, but a very excellent actor, who had made a respectable figure on the London stage during the times of Betterton and Booth. Young Kemble possessed a manly figure, and a very handsome as well as expressive face, which appeared in so favourable a light to Miss Ward, the daughter of the manager, who soon captivated the affections of Mr. Kemble, that an elopement took place, and a stolen marriage was immediately the consequence. Mr. Ward, at first, highly disapproved of this union; but as his new son-in-law gave proofs of a good understanding, and a prudent disposition, his anger soon softened; and he became, afterwards, very partial to Mr. Kemble, augmenting his salary, and elevating his rank in the theatrical scale.

At the death of Mr. Ward, the management of the company devolved to Mr. Kemble, who, for many years, conducted it with great propriety, and brought up a large family, all of whom, from a conviction of the precarious nature of a theatrical life, he was anxious to keep from the stage. Nature, however, is too powerful for parental authority; and all his children, after a short trial in other callings, determined on the stage: and as they have attained so distinguished a rank in the profession, the public have reason to be satisfied that the parental voice was disregarded.

The abilities of Mr. Kemble were, as his situation required, exercised in every variety in the drama, from Alexander the Great to Abel Druggier; but it was generally thought that his genius lay towards comedy, in which he was indeed a very respectable performer. His Falstaff has been often praised by very judicious critics; and it

was always acknowledged that he perfectly understood the compass and niceties of his author; and having a thorough knowledge of the human character, he generally conveyed the satirical parts of the text with peculiar dryness of humour, which always, to use a stage term, *sold* with the audience. It should be mentioned also that Mrs. Kemble was a very good actress in both tragedy and comedy: she possessed a commanding and handsome person, sustaining the *buskin* with dignity, and the *sock* with ease. It hardly need be observed that Mrs. Siddons, Mr. John, Mr. Stephen, and Mr. Charles Kemble, as well as Mrs. Whitlock and Mrs. Twiss, late Miss Kemble, of Drury-lane theatre, are the offspring of these venerable pillars of the drama, the talents of all the personages alluded to having sufficiently raised their names and characters into public notice.

When Mrs. Siddons rose to such an height of reputation, and in proportion became so much benefited in fortune by her success in the metropolis, Mr. Roger Kemble and his wife thought they had sufficiently weathered the storms of public life; and therefore, disposing of all their theatrical properties, they sought a quiet asylum in the metropolis for the remainder of their lives.

Mr. Roger Kemble died on Monday morning, Dec. 6, at the age of 82. Mrs. Kemble survives him, and enjoys as good a state of health as can be expected at so advanced a period of life.

IDLE HOURS,

NUMBER V.

Let courtly bards in polish'd phrase indite
Soft madrigals, to celebrate the fair;
Or paint the splendor of a birth-day night,
Where peers and dames in shining robes appear;
The task be mine neglected worth to raise,
Alas! too often found in these degen'rate days.

Wm. Vernon.

SAD and joyless are the days of unbefriended genius. The man of business, and the man of pleasure, may meet with friends, because there are thousands engaged in the same pursuits, whose interest and whose passions point to the same mark: but the man of genius is a solitary being, in the great crowd of society, where he is at once applauded and shunned, admired and neglected. His pains and his pleasures are derived from sources different from those of the world;

he has few, therefore, who can sympathise with him, and fewer still who can receive gratification. He is often condemned to toil at some mercenary profession with a mind that cannot descend to the petty chicanery of commerce, and that flies with abhorrence from the "oft calculated page," to revel with increased fondness in the visions of imagination. Hence that irregularity and dissipation which are frequently attached to the literary character; but it must not be inferred, that those actions are consonant to the nature of men of genius, which are only a shelter from their cares.—There are times when books have lost their relish, when the mind turns in vain to its own resources, and when nothing is acceptable but society. In such hours we rush into the first company that will receive us, enter with alacrity into the most contemptible amusements, and forget both the folly and the vice of our companions in their mirth. Here we laugh without constraint at the censure and malignity of the world, and declaim aloud against the pride and oppression of the arrogant and the unfeeling. 'Tis here that the man of genius scatters with a daring and careless hand, the sublimest effusions of his fancy, unchecked by the rules of art, and unawed by the pomp of criticism. In gaiety of heart, and the frankness of momentary confidence, he here displays the finest traits of his character, and sketches, in vivid and native tints, the wanderings of a wild and eccentric imagination. But those indulgences are always succeeded by a more fixed reserve, and a more profound melancholy. Numerous, indeed, are the evils which the unpatronized poet has to encounter. The pedant, and the man of little learning, pursue him with their hatred, and view him as a monopolizer of public attention, whose eminence throws them into the shade, and whose fame diminishes their individual importance. The petty versifier, and the imaginary critic, haunt him like the lion's feeder, echo his jokes, applaud his wit, and condemn his style. Weary with the eternal recurrence of their cares, besieged on every side by the envious and malignant, their eyes bent on the temple of refinement, and their feet in the path of the vulgar, let us no longer wonder that the unfortunate men of genius are often driven to seek a refuge in the whirlpool of dissipation, or voluntarily to consign themselves to the "land of silence and forgetfulness."

These remarks apply themselves with considerable force to the subject of this paper. William Vernon was born in the year 1733, at Holly-Pool, near Newport, in Shropshire, where his father lived on his own estate; but the latter, going to London either on a journey of business or pleasure, returned in a situation thousands have

returned before—a ruined man! His estate was sold, and his father soon after became a day-labourer in Wolverhampton. His son William was taken by his grandfather, who lived at Cheswardine, where he received, at a common day-school, the greatest part of his education. He was sent for a short time to a boarding-school near that place, from which he quickly ran away, and went to his father at Wolverhampton. Here he was put an apprentice to a *buckle-maker*, a profession *new* in the annals of poetry, and certainly of a most unpromising tendency as the school of a poet. Considerably before he was out of his time, he began to “build the lofty rhyme.” He wrote many things for the Universal and Gentleman’s magazines, to which he generally affixed his own name. He likewise wrote several prologues and addresses for the provincial theatres.—“A quibbling epilogue, in the character of Somebody, written with a malicious design against Nobody,” was originally spoken at a Wolverhampton theatre, by a company which had met with very indifferent success. *Nobody* came to see their performances till after this appeal to the charity of the town, when they flocked in considerable numbers, and the players were well satisfied with their profits—the poet probably with his fame! This piece is now very often spoken by many provincial companies, under similar circumstances. The piece has many good points, and has been honoured with several imitations since its first appearance.

This talent for writing introduced him into several public companies, for whose amusement he used to neglect his profession, and write songs, and was repaid with poet’s fare! His clothes began to give him a poet’s appearance; and one of his companions suggested it to him, that “he dressed very shabby.” This the poet did not forgive. He went the next day and enlisted into his majesty’s regiment of the Buffs, and soon after was sent abroad. On his return he collected his poems together, and had them printed in a small volume, to which is prefixed a very respectable number of subscribers. All the officers in the regiment appear to have countenanced their publication. Soon after this he purchased his discharge, and got a situation at a printer’s in London, but falling out with his office or his employers, he again enlisted into the same regiment, and soon after was again sent abroad, and—never returned! He was never any thing higher than a common soldier, and continued pertinaciously to refuse all intermediate posts betwixt the private and the officer.

Wolverhampton.

[To be continued.]

CIVIL.

DUELS,

And a Method of preventing them.

It seems surprising to many people that no means have been found for putting an end to duels.

The absurdity of the custom has been illustrated a thousand ways without effect.

"You have injured me, Sir, and therefore I insist upon your taking an equal chance of putting me to death."—Or,

"You have given me the lie, Sir. I could easily prove, indeed, that I spoke truth; but as that is nothing to the purpose, I will not take the trouble: but what I do insist upon is, that you shall, by way of reparation, do your utmost to shoot me through the head."—What can be more absurd than all this? Nothing.—But it is not quite a fair statement of the case. The following seems nearer the truth.

"Sir, you have insulted me in such a manner, as will make the world think meanly of me, if I do not resent it. If I have recourse to the laws of my country, the world will think in the same manner of me. Though I may despise both you and the insult, I cannot regulate the opinions of the world; but I will shew that I do not value life so much as I dread disgrace; and I will give this proof, at your risk, who have put me under the necessity."

No severity of law can prevent those from challenging their insulter, to whom the shame of bearing an insult appears more dreadful than the utmost vengeance of law. Accordingly the severest laws have not suppressed the practice of duelling.

But if a court were instituted for the express purpose of investigating the circumstances which gave rise to every duel, with power to punish him who, from wantonness, pride, or malignity, had, to the conviction of the court, behaved in such a manner as would justify a gentleman for having recourse to the only means in his power to efface the affront, perhaps such an institution would have a more powerful effect in preventing duels, than attaching the punishment to the challenger, or survivor, who possibly may be the least guilty.

If such an institution did not entirely abolish the practice of duelling, it would assuredly render it less frequent.

It would also render men more cautious of giving offence, and would bring to public notoriety and shame, all those pests of society who are continually involved in quarrels, whether from an overbearing spirit to insult others, or from a childish disposition to take offence without cause.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
THE LATE DR. ARNOLD,

[Concluded from p. 151.]

IN 1793, on the death of Dr. Cooke, Dr. Arnold was called to the organ of Westminster Abbey. Dr. Horsley, then bishop of Rochester, and dean of Westminster, offered him that situation in as handsome a manner, that, although he declared himself unable to fulfil the duties of the station, on account of his various professional avocations, yet was he requested to accept it on his own terms, and to perform the duty by deputy, whenever his convenience would not allow a personal attendance.

In 1796 he was solicited to become conductor of the annual musical performances at St. Paul's, for the benefit of the sons of the clergy; this office brought with it no emoluments, but he needed no second call when his exertions could tend to the good of mankind, and to the assistance of his fellow creatures. An exemplification of this truth may be found in the innumerable list of charities, for which he gratuitously composed anthems, &c. and when Charity shall plead for her votaries at the gates of Mercy, the subject of these pages will find, that a generous heart and able head have not laboured and bestowed in vain!

Charity, and the love of doing good, was indeed a shining virtue in him, and many rising characters in his own profession, at this day, pay the tribute of gratitude to his name, while they drop the tear of recollection on his grave.

A few years ago he had a fall, when reaching a book in his library, which snapped a muscle near its insertion in the knee, and which, by occasioning a tedious confinement, brought on a long train of disorders, that preyed on his constitution, and undermined a stamina, naturally strong, and doubtless shortened a life which was so valuable and useful.

Among many good qualities, he possessed, in an eminent degree, the manly virtue of independence. Though ever respectful to his superiors in rank, as he was kind to dependants and inferiors in station, yet did he spurn, with a resolution from which arrogance shrunk dismayed, at insolence and pride. Though he began life without the advantages of high birth or fortune, and though he acquired, by the laborious exertion of his talents, a handsome compe-

tency, yet was he never forgetful of the claims of rank or of poverty. To society he endeared himself by strong recommendations. He was, till illness attacked him, the spirit of every table, and exhilaration and conviviality were the natural consequences of his company. Few men have lived more generally beloved, or died more universally regretted.

His last scene was preceded by a long and painful illness; a complication of disorders, which baffled medical skill, subjected him to acute suffering, but he had that within which sustained him at the approach of death, and he experienced those unremitting attentions from an affectionate wife and daughter, which disarmed disease of half its pains, and rendered his awful change easy and tranquil.

He died with resigned composure, his last words breathing the purest sentiments of confidence and devotion, on the 22d October, 1802.

His funeral, was elegant but not ostentatious; it was such as his high character claimed, and the most gratifying honours were paid to his memory. The greatest crowd assembled to see him consigned to his silent retreat, that has been seen for many years at the Abbey: It was doubly numerous to that which collected to witness the pompous interment of Lord Mendip, who was the last buried there. Dr. Smith, the residentiary of Westminster, desired to perform the service. The three choirs of Westminster, St. Paul's, and the King's Chapel, requested permission to attend, and they sung the service and the funeral Anthem, and a new Anthem composed for him by Dr. Callcott; the words, "*I heard a voice from Heaven say, 'Write--Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they shall rest from their labours.'*" Nothing could exceed the awful grandeur and solemnity of the scene, every body was in tears, upwards of an hundred unbidden friends attending in deep mourning. The crowd was so immense, that the procession was stopped several times in its progress round the Abbey, and during the interment, a mournful stillness prevailed, which indicated the universal regret that followed him.

Those who are interested in his memory, may be interested also for his family. He has left, besides his widow, two daughters and a son. His eldest daughter, had he lived longer, would, ere this, have been united, and we believe will shortly be so, to a gentleman, a member of the musical profession. His second daughter has been some years married to a gentleman in the mercantile line.

Mr. Arnold, his son, is a portrait painter; and his name has also been often before the public, as the author of several successful dramatic pieces, novels, &c. the produce of his leisure hours.

We close this interesting memoir, with observing, that we could with pleasure have enlarged much more fully on the life and character of Dr. Arnold, had we not been informed, that Mr. Arnold, whose portrait of his father is prefixed, is now employed in writing a copious life of the popular character to whom we now bid farewell with respect and admiration.

A pretty accurate list of his works, which are very voluminous, is subjoined.

ORATORIOS.

The Cure of Saul,
Abimelech,
Redemption,
The Resurrection,
The Prodigal Son,
Time and Truth,
Eliaba,*
Milton's Morning Hymn. *Never performed.*

ODES.

The Jesuits.
The Haymakers.
On the Queen's Birth-day.
Prince of Wales's Birth-day.
For the London Hospital,
For the Sons of the Clergy.
To Charity, for the Choral Fund,
To Music,
To Night,
To Humanity,
To Harmony.
On Shakspear,
Odes for His Majesty's Birth-day.
Never performed.

SERENATAS.

Hercules and Omphale,
Apollo,
Theseus and Peleus.

OPERAS.

The Maid of the Mill,
Rosamond,
April Day,
The Castle of Andalusia,
Lilliput,
The Son-in-law,
The Weathercock,
Summer Amusement,
The Agreeable Surprise,
The Dead alive,
Julius Cæsar,
The Silver Tankard,
True Blue,
The Spanish Barber.
The Blind Man,
Tom Jones,
The Prince of Arragon,
Two to one,
Turk and no Turk,
The Siege of Curzola,
Inkle and Yarico,
The Battle of Hexham,
Gretna Green,
The Basket Maker,
The Sixty-third Letter,
Fairy Revels,
Wags of Windsor,
Obi, or Three-Finger'd Jack,
The Corsair,
Juvenile Amusement,
The Veteran Tar,

* Performed at the Haymarket theatre during the Lent season in 1802, with such a degree of applause as added much to his reputation.

OPERAS.

Fire and Water,
 Hunt the Slipper,
 The Wedding Night,
 The Baron,
 The Female Dramatist,
 The Garland,
 Surrender of Calais,
 The Mountaineers,
 The Shipwreck,
 Auld Robin Gray,
 Apollo turned Stroller,
 Who pays the Reckoning?
 The Portrait,
 Peeping Tom,
 The enraged Musician,
 Arthur,
 The Maid the Mistress.
 New Spain,
 Throw Physic to the Dogs,
 Children in the Wood,
 Cambro Britons,
 Italian Monk,
 False and true,
 The Hevel.

BURETTAS.

The Magnet,
 The Cure for Dotage,
 Don Quixote,
 The Madman,
 Apollo turned Stroller;
 Overtures, Concertos, Trios, Can-
 zonets, Single Songs, Catches,
 Glees, and Lessons for the Harp-
 sichord or Piano Forte, beyond
 calculation.

IN MANUSCRIPT.

A Treatise on Thorough Bass.
 Various Services and Anthems,
 composed for Public Charities,
 and for the immediate use of His
 Majesty's Chapel.

PANTOMIMES.

Rape of Proserpine.
 Harlequin and Faustus.
 The Genius of Nonsense,
 Harlequin Teague,
 Hodge-podge,
 Mother Shipton,
 Here and there and every where.

ON THE IMPRESS OF SEAMEN.

With an Anecdote.

It has been a matter of the greatest surprise to many well-informed men, that government should not have devised some other means of manning our fleets, than by the cruel method of pressing. It is a practice, notwithstanding all that can be said in its favour, so inconsistent with justice, and so diametrically opposite to the general tenor of our noble constitution, that I am astonished it has not long ere now, arrested the attention of the guardians of our liberties. What notion must a foreigner form of our much-vaunted freedom, when he sees our women assembled round our mansion-house, with outstretched arms, bewailing the loss of a husband, a son, or a father? or when he hears that our labourers are forced to keep in parties, in order to resist the press-gangs? It should be recollected, that the expences of houses of rendezvous, and the numerous attendant officers, charges, bounties, &c. were estimated, during the American war, at thirty pounds to every man in the navy: and, during the late war, the disbursement was estimated at

fifty pounds per man. Now, if government were to offer a bounty of thirty or forty pounds for every able-bodied seaman, I am confident they could raise, at any time, as many spirited men as the greatest emergency might demand, without having recourse to the odious practice of pressing.

In support of what I have advanced, I shall transcribe a note, which Dr. Franklin wrote with a pencil, in the margin of Judge Forster's celebrated argument in favour of the impressing of seamen.

"I would premise two things. First, that voluntary seamen may be had for the service, if they were sufficiently paid. The proof is, that to serve in the same ship, and incur the same dangers, you have no occasion to impress captains, lieutenants, second-lieutenants, midshipmen, pursers, nor many other officers. Why, but that the profits of their places, or the emoluments expected, are sufficient inducements? The business then is, to find money, by impressing, sufficient to make the sailors all volunteers, as well as their officers; and this without any fresh burden upon trade.—The second of my premises is, that twenty-five shillings a month, with his share of the salt-beef, pork, and peas-pudding, being found sufficient for the subsistence of a hard-working seaman, it will certainly be so for a sedentary scholar or gentleman. I would then propose to form a treasury, out of which encouragements to seamen should be paid. To fill this treasury, I would impress a number of civil officers, who at present have great salaries, oblige them to serve in their respective offices for twenty-five shillings a month, with their shares of mess provisions, and throw the rest of their salaries into the seaman's treasury. If such a press-warrant were given me to execute, the first should be a Recorder of Bristol, or a Mr. Justice Forster, because I might have need of his edifying example, to shew how much impressing ought to be borne with: for he would certainly find that though to be reduced to twenty-five shillings a month might be a '*private mischief*,' yet that, agreeably to his maxim of law and good policy, it '*ought to be borne with patience*,' for preventing a national calamity. Then I would press the rest of the judges; and, opening the red books, I would press every civil officer of government from 50*l.* a year salary up to 50,000*l.* which would throw an immense sum into our treasury. And these gentlemen would not complain, since they would receive twenty-five shillings a month, and their rations; and this without being obliged to fight."

The following melancholy anecdote, the effect of pressing, was communicated to me by Mr. B***, proprietor of an extensive

dock-yard.—A young man had served an apprenticeship of seven years to him, during which he had acquitted himself very much to his satisfaction: the young man had formed a tender affection for a most amiable young woman, of his own age, to whom, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was to be married. The time for their union was appointed, but, unfortunately, the day before it was to take place, press-warrants were issued—he was dragged from every thing that was dear to him—hurried on board a tender, and next morning sent to the Nore, without so much as seeing his intended wife, or any of his relations. After being in the service all the war, he was paid off about six months ago. He came home, and married the young woman to whom he was betrothed. He applied to Mr. B. for employment, who made him his fore-man. Mr. B. believed him to be as happy and contented as a human being could be; but, alas! his happiness was doomed to be of a short duration: he was again forced away from his beautiful and amiable wife, already six months advanced in pregnancy. The privation of her husband had such an effect upon her, that she miscarried; and, it grieves me to add, that she is now no more. When the death of this amiable young woman was made known to her husband, in a fit of distraction he stabbed himself to the heart, and thus terminated both his miseries and his life.

P. N. R.

O.

PLAGIARISM DETECTED.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me, through the medium of your excellent miscellany, to expose to the public one of the grossest plagiarisms obtruded upon it since the appearance of Middleton's well-known work, which the learned editor of *Bellendenus* so thoroughly detected.

A new translation of Lavoisier's *Elements of Chymistry*, a few months ago, was published in Edinburgh, said, in the title-pages, to have been executed by Robert Ker, Surgeon, F. R. and A. S. S. Edinburgh, with an additional section by the translator. Upon perusing this section, or chapter, I was not a little astonished to find that the matter and method, even to the minutest arrangements, were borrowed from a work of Mr. John Murray's, of Edinburgh (*Elements of Chymistry*) published about two years ago.—A closer examination convinced me, that not fewer than thirty-eight pages of the translator's additional chapter are almost an exact

transcript of the "Elements" above-mentioned, some of the sentences being only a little inverted, and sometimes, though rarely, awkward attempts are made to vary the phraseology. Of this any of your readers may be convinced, by comparing the *Additional Chapter* of the translation with the second volume of Mr. Murray's work, p. 226 & seq. It may not be improper to remark, that no acknowledgment whatever is made to the original author.

But this is not all :—Joining to the baseness of plagiarism the absurdity of ignorance, this translator conveys to the world, through the vehicle of the greatest name in Europe, the most palpable nonsense. Thus, in page 181 of "Elements of Chymistry, by Lavoisier," his translator, in the additional chapter, speaking of the mucilage of gum, says—"The oxygenated musiac acid converts it (gum) to NITRIC acid!!" As well might it be thus converted to bottled porter. Though I had already formed my opinion of the merits of this translator, I was a little surprised to find such a glaring absurdity in a work bearing to be the production of a member of the Scotch Royal Societies. But upon looking into Mr. Murray's work (page 232) I found the sentence already quoted to have been nearly transcribed from it. Upon turning to the errata of this gentleman's Elements, I found *nitric* to be an error of the press, for *malic*, or, more properly, *citric* acid. This, it would appear, the *learned* coadjutor of Lavoisier had entirely overlooked.

Next in utility to the dissemination of useful truths, is the detection of error and imposture. We have laws against the pilferers of petty effects; it were to be wished that some punishments were devised against the plunderers of literary property. In the mean time, the publication of this, if it have not the effect of putting down future plagiarisms, may be useful in preventing the world from being misled by the authority of the great name of Lavoisier.

DETECTOR.

PETRARCH.

PETRARCH, the lover of Laura; one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets; the restorer of the language; the rescuer of the remains of Roman and Greek literature;—Petrarch disdained not to write upon the Itch. It is in his excellent ethic work, "*De remediis utriusque Fortunæ*," that he treats on this strange topic. Of these books, the first is directed to temper and moderate the insolence of joy. In the second book he endeavours to muster the

whole host of human woes, and to present such consolations as may strengthen and bear up the weakness of humanity under any one of them. The itch is one of the ills for which he offers consolation. Some of his topics are here sufficiently diverting. "Rather than painful," says he, "the itch is by many persons accounted exceedingly pleasing. It will serve to awaken you in the night better than either clock or watchman: if the disease be dirty, and shameful, so are not the remedies by which it is to be cured; for what can be preferable to exercise, the bath, *temperance* in sleep and diet? Hands bearing the marks of this disorder may *appear disgraceful*; but that *patience* which endures it without fretfulness is *highly honourable*. It may be vexatious to have the whole body covered over with this cutaneous distemper; but, alas! how little do we concern ourselves for the cure of those more grievous distempers of our mind, avarice, ambition, the thirst of revenge, and all the kindred train of inordinate passions!"

SELECT SENTENCES.

SOME men use no other means to acquire respect than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman's in regard to money.

If a writer suspects his phraseology to be somewhat familiar and abject, it were proper he should accustom himself to compose in blank verse; but let him be much upon his guard against the style of Antient Pistol.

It is surprising that ancient mythology never represents *Apollo* enamoured of *Venus*, considering the remarkable deference that *Wit* has paid to *Beauty* in all ages. The orientals act more consonantly, when they suppose the nightingale enamoured of the rose: the most harmonious bird, of the fairest and most delightful flower.

DEFERENCE often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does from the touch of the finger.

When a person is so far engaged in a dispute as to *wish* to get the victory, he *ought to desist*. The idea of conquest will so dazzle him, that it is hardly possible he should discern the truth.

VIRTUE should be considered as a part of *taste*, and should as much avoid deceit and sinister dealings in discourse, as real wit would do puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Think, when you are enraged at any person, what would become of your feelings should he *die* during the dispute!

SOME men are called *sagacious* on account of their *avarice*; whereas a child can *clench its fist* as soon as it is born.

THE vulgar trace your *faults*—those you have in common with themselves; but they have no idea of your excellencies, to which they have no pretensions.

How melancholy it is to travel, late and fatigued, on any ambitious project, on a winter's night, and to observe the lights of cottages, where all *unambitious* people are warm and happy,—or, at least, at rest in their beds: some of them, though, probably as *wretched as princes*, for any thing we know to the contrary.

MAN, in general, may be considered as a machine, and the formation of happiness as his business or employment; virtue his repository or collection of instruments; the goods of fortune as his materials. In proportion as the workman, the instruments, and the materials excel, the work will be executed in the greater perfection.

"SET a beggar on horseback, and he will ride," &c. &c. is a common proverb, and a real truth. The *novus homo* is an *inexpertus homo*, and consequently must *purchase* finery, before he knows the emptiness of it. The established gentleman disregards it, through habit and familiarity.

WE ought not to destroy an *insect*, we ought not to quarrel with a *dog*, without reason sufficient to vindicate us through all the courts of morality.

THE trouble occasioned by the want of a servant, oh! how far less than the plague of a *bad* one!—as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes, than undergo an excess of anger.

GLOWING characters are not always the most agreeable. The mild radiance of the emerald is by no means less pleasing than the flush of the ruby.

INDOLENCE is a kind of centripetal force.

IT is often observed of wits, that they will lose their best friend for the sake of a joke. *Candour* may discover that it is the *greater* degree of their love of fame, not the less degree of their benevolence, which is the cause.

Q. Z.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE

ON

Literary Genius.

So many eminent men have acknowledged themselves to be mentally affected by the thickness or tenuity of the atmosphere, that one can hardly refuse to admit that there is more in it than mere whim. The preference which Milton gave to particular months is well known. Winter was his favourite season for composition; and though Dr. Johnson, in his eightieth paper of the Rambler, says that "to men of study and imagination winter is generally the chief time of labour," and that "gloom and silence produce composure of mind, and concentration of ideas," yet, in his life of this great poet, he condemns the supposition that the state of the elements can operate upon the mind so as to clog the pinions of fancy, or relax the vigour of judgment. "This dependance of the soul upon the seasons," says he*, "those temporary and periodical ebbs and flows of intellect, may, I suppose, justly be derided as the fumes of vain imagination. The author that thinks himself weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted. But while this notion has possession of the head, it produces the inability it supposes. Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes. When success seems attainable, diligence is enforced; but when it is admitted that the faculties are suppressed by a cross wind, or a cloudy sky, the day is given up without resistance; for who can contend with the course of nature?" But this was not always the Doctor's opinion; for in the one hundred and seventeenth number of the work first mentioned, he asserts, as a truth universally known, that "*the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the state of the body*," and that "*the body is in a great measure regulated by the various compressions of the ambient air*." Perhaps the gigantic powers of this great author were less subject to these impressions than those of other men. But his assertions, so opposite at different times, lead one to presume he was not completely invulnerable. A slight east wind, that shall run upon heaps the mental scaffoldings of inferior genius, might blow through the strong and well-compacted divisions of the Doctor's brain, almost without decomposing an idea. But if Milton was subject to the "skiey influences," who may hope to escape? Who, setting winds and weather at defiance, shall mount in the very teeth of Eurys; and, disdaining all unpropitious modifications of the elements, wander through the regions of philosophy or imagination, unshackled by the accidents of

* Page 182, vol. 1.

climate, and regardless of the absence of health? If, then, our first-rate geniuses are comparatively rich men, have felt such tedious interregnums of inspiration from the unfavourable aspect of the heavens, or the want of other elemental combinations, how much more deplorable must be the predicament of that immense mass of subordinate authors who depend on the productions of the head to satisfy the demands of the appetite? The writer of a saturnine cast may be undone by an ill-timed admittance of the meridian sun, while he, of a lighter complexion, is half annihilated under the turbulent grandeur of a wintry hemisphere. It therefore becomes more particularly incumbent on these subalterns in literature to study the effect of time and place, and ascertain with exactness the wind and atmosphere necessary to set their intellectual machines in motion.—Then, perhaps, the author, a mere automaton in the sunshine of Kensington, may sparkle a brilliant of the first water, when transported to the east of Temple Bar; where the gloom of Bolt Court shall condense his dissipated ideas, and fancy, charmed with the hollow murmurs of the north wind, call up a rich train of images to flutter round his pen. For the spirit of a gayer temperament, on whom azure skies and embroidered vallies act most kindly, if his necessities will not allow him to sleep away the hibernal months, he may ship himself to some island in the southern ocean, and grow immortal in a more congenial latitude.

Were this dependence of authors upon the elements more generally understood, how much might the knowledge tend to mollify the hearts of landlords, laundresses, and all that miserable tribe which infests the *highest retreats* of genius? If these people could once be taught what degree of ærial density or tenuity was necessary to set their debtor's intellect in favourable agitation, they would then transfer the blame of his non-performance where it ought to rest—on the air and sky; and, with the simple logic of humanity, pardon the absence of the effect when the cause had not occurred to produce it. An attorney, once in possession of this secret, might often compose himself in his own parlour, certain of worrying the pennyless author to no purpose; whose landlady, with a little attention to her barometer, might learn to time her demand of payment with success. How lamentable it is, Mr. Editor, that this species of philosophy is not universally inculcated! Who shall enumerate the irremediable chasms which have been made in an important chain of reasoning, by the abrupt appearance of these vulgar intruders on the solitudes of great men? What poetical beauties may they not have

destroyed in the very germ? Who shall number the elegant combinations they have ruined, or what happy similes they have stifled in the birth? A member of parliament, supposed to be labouring for the nation's welfare, is exempt from certain duties, and enjoys many privileges above the rest of his countrymen. Should not the venturesome investigator of moral truth, or the ingenious creator of imaginary worlds, have his privileges also? The member expatiates on the advantages of a projected canal; the writer labours to impress the dignity of virtue. Is this task less arduous or less noble, than the author should be more exposed than the member of Parliament? more especially is the former worthy of your protection, if you will be so kind to allow that his misfortunes frequently originate from causes which he cannot govern. Good Mr. Editor, try to procure us (for by this time you perceive I am an author) a few similar immunities, and you shall be immortalised; we may then court the Muse, without dreading an interruption to our tête-à-tête from that most hideous of all God's creatures, a bailiff; and even when the blasting east howls through our garrets, and drives away the Muse, we shall feel no inclination to suspend our privileged sublimities to the ceilings. Make the attempt, my dear Sir; in the course of the year all sorts of weather will operate on all degrees of authors, and every one shall share his talents to record your praise: amongst the first, depend upon receiving (if the atmosphere be propitious) the grateful effusions of

Your most humble servant,

PETER PARAGRAPH.

ANECDOTES.

PASCAL.—“Sec,” says Pascal, “the absurdity of mankind. Many men have believed in the miracles of Vespasian, who have appeared to give no credit to those of Jesus Christ.”

MARQUIS SPINOLA.—“Pray of what did your brother die?” said this celebrated general one day to Sir Horace Vere. “He died, Sir,” replied Vere, “of having nothing to do.”—“Alas! Sir,” said Spinola, “that is enough to kill any general of us all.”

DUELLING.—A greater degree of ridicule was never thrown upon duelling than by the following story, which Dr. Sandilands told to Mr. Richardson, junr.

“Colonel Guise going over one campaign to Flanders, observed

a young raw officer who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity told him, that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, where they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some arch rogues whom he happened to fall in with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said, he knew no one but Colonel Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The colonel was the fittest man in the world, every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards, up comes the young officer to Colonel Guise, as he was walking up and down in the coffee-house, and began in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligations. 'Sir,' replied Colonel Guise, 'I have done my duty by you, and no more.'—'But, colonel,' added the young officer, faltering, 'I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known resolution, and who has killed several persons, and that nobody'—'Oh! Sir,' replied the colonel, 'your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman,' (pointing to a huge fierce-looking black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables) 'who has killed half the regiment.' So up goes the officer to him, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and that, for that reason, he must fight him. 'Who I, Sir?' replied the gentleman: 'why I am Peale the apothecary.'"

SALMASIUS.—Salmasius, not contented with attacking Milton's arguments in defence of the execution of Charles the First, attacked the Latinity of his verses. He begins his Apology for Charles the First in this singular manner:

"O ye English, who toss about the heads of Kings as if they were tennis-balls, and play at bowls with crowns, and treat scepters with no more regard than if they were toys!"

MARSHAL SAXE.—To the honour of the humanity of this great general, the following story, told of him by M. de Senac, his physician, should be mentioned. The night before the battle of Raucour, M. de Senac observed his illustrious patient very thoughtful, and asked him the reason of it; when he replied in a passage from the "Andromaque" of Racine,

*Songe, songe, Senac, à cette nuit cruelle,
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle.*

*Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourans,
Dans la flamme étouffés sous le fer expirans :*

Think, think, my friend, what horrid woes
To-morrow's morning must disclose
To thousands, by Fate's hard decree,
The last morn they shall ever see ;—
Think how the dying and the dead
O'er yon extensive plain shall spread ;
What horrid spectacles afford,
Scorched by the flames, pierced by the sword :

“ and added, *Et tous les soldats n'en savoient rien encore*—And all these soldiers knew nothing at all of what was to happen.”

*On the ridiculous Consequence assumed from Superiority of
Places of Residence.*

So prevailing is the love of superiority in the human breast, that most strange and ridiculous claims are set up for it, by those who have no real merit to offer. It is, indeed, absurd enough to value oneself for bodily perfections, or mental powers, both being totally the gift of the Supreme Being, without the least merit on our part. Nor is that consequence arrogated from illustrious birth at all justifiable, since the proof of possessing it cannot arise higher than probability : all ladies are not Susannas, nor all servants Josephs : but suppose it proved, a good man does not want that addition, and to a bad one the virtues of his ancestors are a standing reproach. A lower kind of importance is frequently assumed, from the excellence of one's domestic animals, such as a fine pack of hounds, staunch pointers, or fleet horses ; when the owner and arrogator of their merit has neither bred, chosen, nor taught them, and has had no other concern with them than simply paying the purchase money. How excellently does Dr. Young, in his *Universal Passion*, delineate and expose a character of this kind !

The squire is proud to see his coarser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain :
Say, dear Hyppolytus, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,

Is that thy praise?—Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

But of all ridiculous pretensions to pre-eminence, that arising from the place of one's residence seems the most foolish, and yet nothing is more common, and that not limited to countries, provinces, or cities, but is regularly extended to the different parts of the town, and even to the several stories of a house. The appellation of country booby is very ready in the mouth of every citizen or apprentice, who feels an imaginary superiority from living in the metropolis; and let any one who has seen ladies from London, of the middling order, in a country church, answer me, whether they failed to display a contemptuous consequence, founded on their coming from that city.

London is divided into the suburbs, city, and court, or t'other end of the town, as it is vulgarly but commonly expressed, and again subdivided into many districts and degrees, each in a regular climax, conferring ideal dignity and precedence. The inhabitants of Kent Street and St. Giles's, are mentioned by those of Wapping, White Chapel, Mile End, and the Borough, with sovereign contempt; whilst a Wapineer, a Mile-Ender, and a Borroughnian, are proverbially used about the Exchange, to express inferior orders of beings; nor do the rich citizens of Lombard Street ever lose the opportunity of retailing the joke on a Whitechapel fortune.

The same contempt is expressed for the cits inhabiting the environs of the Royal Exchange, or residing within the sound of Bow Bells, St. Bennet's Sheer Hog, Pudding-lane, and Blow-bladder-street, by the inferior retainers of the law in Chancery-lane, Hatton-garden, and Bedford-row; and these again are considered as people living totally out of the polite circle by the dwellers in Soho, and the opulent tradesmen settled in Bloomsbury, Queen's, and Bedford-squares, in their first flight from their counting-house in the city.

The new colonies about Oxford-street sneer at these would-be people of fashion; and are, in their turns, despised by those whose happier stars have placed them in Pall Mall, St. James's, Cavendish, and Portman-squares.

Thus it is, taking this kind of pre-eminence in a general view; but to descend to a smaller scale. The lodger in the first floor scarcely deigns to return the bow to the occupier of the second in

the same house; who, on all occasions, makes himself amends by speaking with the utmost contempt of the garreteers over-head, with many shrewd jokes on sky-parlours. The precedence between the garret and the cellar, seems evidently in favour of the former; garrets having long been the residence of the literati, and sacred to the muses. It is not, therefore, wonderful, that the inhabitants of those sublime regions should think the renters of cellars, independent of a pun, much below them. Besides the distinctions of altitude, there is that of forward and backward: I have heard a lady who lodged in the fore-room of the second story, on being asked after another who lodged in the same house, scornfully describe her by the appellation of Mrs. Thingumbob, the woman living in the back room.

Polite situations not only confer dignity on the parties actually residing on them, but also, by emanations of gentility, in some measure ennoble the vicinity: thus persons living in any of the back-lanes or courts, near one of the polite squares or streets, may tack them to their address, and thereby somewhat add to their consequence: I once knew this method practised by a person who lived in a court in Holborn, who constantly added to his direction, "Opposite the Duke of Bedford's, Bloomsbury-square."

To prevent disputes respecting the superiority here mentioned, I have with much impartiality, trouble, and severe study, laid down a sort of table of precedence, and marshalled the usual places of residence in the following order, beginning with the meanest.—First then in order, of all those who occupy only parts of a tenement, stand the tenants of stalls, sheds, and cellars, from whence we take an immediate flight to the top of the house, in order to arrange in the next class the residents in garrets; from thence we gradually descend to the second and first floor, the dignity of each being in the inverse ratio of its altitude, it being always remembered, that those dwelling in the fore part of the house take the pass of the inhabitants of the back rooms; the ground floor, if not a shop and warehouse, ranks with the second story. Situations of houses I conceive to rank in the following order: passages, yards, alleys, courts, lanes, streets, rows, places, and squares.

As a comfort to those who might despond at seeing their lot placed in an humiliating degree, let them remember that all but the first situations are capable of promotion, and that the inhabitant of a yard or court, may, without moving, find himself a dweller in a street; many instances of this have happened within my memory: does any one hesitate at the appellation of Fludyer, and Crown streets, Westminster? and yet both these were, not long ago, simply

Ax-yard and Crown-court, and have been lately raised to the dignity of streets, without passing through the intermediate ranks of lanes, &c. Cranbourn-alley has experienced the same elevation; and any one who should chance to call it otherwise than Cranbourn-street, would risk something more than abuse from the ladies of the needle, and sons of the gentle craft, resident there: Tyburn-road has been polished to Oxford-street; Broad-street St. Giles's, to Broad-street Bloomsbury; Hedge-lane, to Whitcombe-street; and Leicester-fields has of late been promoted to the rank of a square.

E X T R A C T S

FROM SOME

DETACHED THOUGHTS OF MONTESQUIEU.

Published by M. De la Place, of Brussels.

"I AM attached to my country, because I like the government under which I was born, without being afraid of it, or expecting any emolument from it. I share equally with my fellow-citizens in the protection which it affords to us, and I thank God that he has given to me a degree of moderation.

"If I knew any thing that would be useful to myself, and at the same time prejudicial to my family, I would erase it from my mind; if I knew any thing that would be useful to my family, but prejudicial to my country, I would strive to forget it; if I knew any thing that would be useful to my country, but prejudicial to mankind, I should look upon it as a crime.

"We are allowed to aspire to the highest situations in our country, because it is permitted to every citizen to wish to be useful to his country. Besides, a noble ambition (when properly directed) is a sentiment very useful to society; for, as the physical world subsists only because every particle of matter tends to fly off from the centre, so the political world sustains itself by the inward and restless desire that every one has to remove from the situation in which he is placed.

"The heroism that sound morality avows has very few charms for most men; the heroism that destroys morality strikes us, and forces our admiration.

"There are no persons that I have ever more completely despised than witlings, and persons of rank devoid of probity."

YORICK AND ELIZA.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD you think the following anecdote worthy of a page in your valuable miscellany, its insertion will oblige a constant reader, and may prove acceptable to the admirers of Yorick and Eliza's Letters; since much doubt has been entertained whether such a correspondence did really subsist or not. Its authenticity may be relied upon, the gentleman alluded to being a near relation, who has repeatedly mentioned it in my presence.

Some time after Mrs. Draper's separation from her husband, being, as was generally acknowledged, a woman of a lively disposition and most engaging manners, her society was much esteemed, and eagerly sought after, though she usually confined herself to a fixed circle of friends; among that number was Captain I——, who, in a conversation with her, respecting the works of Sterne, said, "That copies of letters, asserted to be the correspondence of Sterne and herself, had been shewn to him in England, and he thought those written by her were equal to his, in point of sentiment and tenderness of expression;" to which Mrs. D. equivocally replied, "She had received no letters from Mr. Sterne, neither had she written any to him." Captain I—— answered, "that being an enthusiastic admirer of Sterne, he had possessed himself of a fact, which he believed would require all her ingenuity to controvert; for," continued he, "on my way to the ship which brought me to India, I called upon Abraham Walker, the pilot, at Deal, who shewed me Mr. Sterne's letter to him, requesting his attention to certain articles sent directed to his care for your use; I would gladly have purchased the same, but he would neither sell nor permit me to take a copy of it: of course you must have written to Mr. S. before he could have sent those articles, or known Abraham Walker to have been the person you had appointed to take care of them." Mrs. D. laughingly replied, "You deserve the possession of a secret for the pains you take to procure it." The conversation dropped, and she afterwards favoured him with a copy of Sterne's Letters* to her, assuring him that the only motive for denying the correspondence was to avoid impertinent curiosity.

H. T.

* These letters, before his return to England, were effaced by some liquid poured into the escrutoire, (with an intention, as was supposed, to destroy some bonds) a circumstance he ever mentioned with regret.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. Continued from p. 23.

ON descending from the eminence, where we have too long left our traveller to lonely contemplation, Mr. C. passes over the small rivulet of Gogar burn, to the shire of Linlithgow, and considering himself on classic ground, is led to notice the following historical incident.

"When Edward I. in 1298, invaded Scotland, in advancing to Falkirk, where he had to encounter Wallace in battle, it was near this spot that he commanded his troops to halt and pitch their tents. A liberal portion of wine was immediately ordered to be distributed throughout the camp. This, however, had by no means the effect intended: on the contrary, no sooner had the fumes of the wine affected the brains of the hot-headed Welchmen, than a quarrel arose between them and the English. The Welch, only recently subdued by Edward, seemed but lukewarm in an expedition planned for the avowed purposes of subjugating a high-minded people, like themselves. Whether the English observed this disposition in their Welch auxiliaries, and loaded them in consequence with reproach, is not ascertained; but mutual hatred produced a bloody contest, in which many fell on both sides; and not a few of the English ecclesiastics, perhaps endeavouring to appease the wrath of the combatants, suffered in the combat.

"Although this event was followed by the Welch troops withdrawing themselves from the main body of the army; yet in the subsequent battle at Falkirk, the English were triumphant. But this blow, so severely felt by the Scottish patriots, subdued not that spirit of independence, which finally prevailed, and which so nobly manifested itself on the day when Bruce led on the heroes of Bannockburn,* and snatched the palm of victory from the merciless invader."

Mr. C. proceeds by Kirkliston and Winsburgh to the palace of Linlithgow, which is beautifully depicted, and a copious account annexed from Pitsoctie and Robertson. We are also informed, that the late eminent historian, Dr. Henry, instituted a public library in Linlithgow, and bequeathed his valuable collection of books, as a foundation for so truly liberal a design.

On passing the Avon from Linlithgow, the tourist enters Stirlingshire, and pursues his course through the village of Lauriston.

* See "Robert Bruce's address to his army," by the Ayrshire bard, vol. iv. of his works.

Callander-house next appears, and that singular monument of Roman antiquity, Grime's Dyke.

"Again," says Mr. C. "we tread on ground celebrated in history. On looking over the map of our island, the slightest glance will discover that this isthmus is the narrowest part of Britain. A range of hills, running nearly parallel to the course of the Grampian mountains, extends throughout the whole breadth of the island. It is the utmost division of this range, known by the name of the Kilsyth, or Campsey-hills, which extends beyond the north side of the isthmus, between the Forth and Clyde;" and pretty much in this direction did Agricola, in his too successful attempt to subdue the Britons, raise his second chain of forts, the vestiges of which may be distinctly traced at this day. In the reign of Antoninus Pius, Lollius Urbicus, commander of the Roman legions in Britain, followed, as some suppose, the chain of forts which had been raised by his predecessor, as forming a check on the incursions of the barbarians, constructed a rampart along this neck of land, which he vainly supposed was impregnable. Tradition reports it, however, to have proved otherwise. Grime, a powerful chief, with a band of desperate Britons, is said to have formed the design of surprising the Roman garrison, posted near to a place now known by the name of Elf-hill. This he actually accomplished; and that valorous achievement is perpetuated by this stupendous piece of art, called Grime's Dyke."

Falkirk affords matter for historical narration, and the iron works at Carron for local description. But what particularly arrested our attention, was the patriotic regret which Mr. C. expresses, at the decay of oak-wood in Scotland. The *Sylva Caledonia*, mentioned by Pliny and Boëthius, he tells us, can hardly be traced: and unless some speedy and effectual means be fallen upon, to lessen the demand, and to promote the growth of firs and oaks in this part of our island, the period may arrive, he fears, and perhaps is at no great distance, when, to the unspeakable detriment of its inhabitants, these most essential articles may no longer be found. We should hope that the encouragement held out by the society of arts, manufactures, and commerce, might tend to avert the apprehensions indulged by Mr. C. and that the board of agriculture would completely disperse them.

From the village of Larbut, over the forest of Torwood, our tourist proceeds through Bannockburn, where he pays a glowing tribute to the valour of Robert Bruce, and supplies a detailed account of various national events, from the histories of Buchanan and Drummond. From Bannockburn he travels through the village of St. Ninian's to the town and castle of Stirling, the surrounding

* See General Roy's Survey.

prospect from which he describes with rapturous enthusiasm : but description alone will not satisfy the topographical enquirer, two views are given of the town and castle. To these succeed by far the most picturesque delineation we have seen of the windings of the Forth. From Stirling the road is taken to Callander, passing by several cultivated villas to the mill of Tor. This mill is constructed for the purpose of draining those large wastes called the mosses of Kincardine and Flanders, the mechanical process of which is extracted from Sir John Sinclair's statistical accounts. At Kincardine we are gratified by the following biographical notices.

"Of the eminent men who were natives of this place, Dr. Robert Wallace, the learned author of the 'Population of ancient Nations,' is first among the number. Though Lord Kaimes was not born here, yet, as his ashes repose in this parish, it claims him. He died in Dec. 1782. Philosophy, jurisprudence, criticism, and agriculture, found in Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, a zealous and able disciple. His works are, *British Antiquities*, *Essays on Morality and Natural Religion*, *Historical Law*, *Principles of Equity*, *Sketches of the History of Man*, *Elements of Criticism*, *Gentleman Farmer*, *Loose Hints on Education*, &c. As a patriot, he stood eminently distinguished ; as a judge he was upright ; and as a farmer he was respectable in a degree seldom equalled. Enlightened by extensive prospects of men and manners, he was liberal in his sentiments, and cheerful in his deportment ; holding in contempt the narrow prejudices of little minds, while he made due allowance for any casual bias that might dim the lustre of public spirit or private virtue."

On quitting Blair-Drummond, the seat of Lord Kaimes, and passing by Thornhill, a village once too celebrated for the distillation of whisky, after catching several fine views in his route, the author reaches the village of Down, where the *Highlands* present their awful bulwarks, in solemn grandeur and sterile gloom. Here, he informs us, that the soil seems hardly susceptible of vegetation ; and were it not for some few spots of verdure, and a few miserable huts, which are met with in passing along, he confesses that any one would feel half inclined to turn back, and proceed no farther. But habit, which almost reconciles to every thing, familiarizes by degrees even to nakedness and sterility, and while curiosity prompts, and some hopes of gratification remain, the traveller is still led insensibly on in pursuit of novelty.

The first Highland village is Callander, in the vicinity of which there is little to attract a stranger's notice, except a Roman camp : but a grand prospect is obtained of Benledi, a mountain computed to be more than three thousand feet above the level of the sea. A

short citation from this part, may, to some readers, prove useful as well as entertaining.

"The lake, river, and mountain scenery of Scotland has been the subject of the warmest admiration. For picturesque beauty and sublimity, the lochs Venuchar, Achray, and Kaitrin, which run in a line, with little interruption, for twenty miles in the direction from east to west, can hardly be exceeded any where. To one who has a relish for nature, retired amid her deepest solitudes, an excursion to these lakes will be amply rewarded.

"From Callander, then, it will be requisite to provide two articles with which we cannot conveniently dispense, namely, provisions and a guide. We cross the Teith by the bridge at Callander, and pass through that part of the village situated on the south bank of the river, turn to the right, and soon fall in with its left branch, which issues from Loch-vana-choir. This stream we trace onward, till the sheet of water from which it derives its origin, opens to view. The margin of this lake, on the left, swells gently into the retiring eminences. On the right, a bold promontory, finely formed, and beautifully wooded, advances into the middle of the water, and rises into a precipice, which escapes the view by means of a nearer ridge, that seems a portion of the southern limb of Benledi, coming forward as a side wing, rugged, steep, and craggy. The fore-ground is the entrance into the wood, that streaks along the northern shores of the lake, which softens off in the distance, and is hid by a remote headland."

Of Benledi, and of the lakes mentioned above, distinct views are given, and magnificent ideas conveyed; but our attention was most forcibly arrested by that gigantic precipice, wooded to the top, and bending over a dark pool in sullen grandeur, which bears the name of Cori-nan-urischin, the den of the wild men. It is a scene that must recal to every artist the romantic solemnity of Salvator Rosa's pencil, and to every poet the congenial fancy of Collins, when he sketched

"Some giant cliff, to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy geni guard the rock," &c.

No view is presented to us by Mr. C. of that celebrated pass called the Troshacks, or of the opening into Glen-fin-glas. Perhaps his reason might be, that the former was portrayed by Dr. Garnett's travelling associate, and that the latter has been poetically immortalized by the pen of Mr. Walter Scott.

[To be continued.]

Scottish Descriptive Poems; with some Illustrations of Scottish Literary Antiquities. Edinburgh, Mundell; London, Longman. 12mo. 1803.

Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;

the learned editor of the "Complaynt of Scotland,"* has here presented us with some of the choicest, though most sequestered flowerets of the Caledonian forest. We lament that this selection is likely to be the last offering of national regard which Dr. Leyden will be empowered to present to his poetic countrymen, as we learn that he has taken flight to Asiatic climes, for the attainment of oriental languages, and for the exploration of oriental history. His own preface, indeed, intimates his proposed departure into this voluntary exile, and will convey a more perspicuous account than we can substitute, of the present miscellany.

"The Poems (says Dr. L.) collected in this volume, are chiefly of the descriptive kind, a species of composition in which Scottish writers very early attained a high reputation. As there was little danger of producing confusion, the compositions have been arranged rather according to their length, than according to the age of their authors, or the periods of their original publication. The notes which accompany the poems are chiefly intended to illustrate localities, and obscure allusions. They are not, however, confined solely to his purpose; for in this volume, the editor proposes to himself a two-fold object:—to rescue from oblivion some inedited or scarce poems, which merited a better fate; and to illustrate some facts of Scottish literary history, which were either obscure, or had escaped general notice. To the latter object attention has been constantly paid, not only in the notes, but in the preliminary observations prefixed to the different poems. The editor dismisses this little volume from his hands with mingled pleasure and regret; pleasure, from the recollection of several agreeable hours spent in its arrangement, during the intervals of severer study; and regret at bidding adieu to the investigation of Scottish literary antiquities, a subject which he can never expect to resume."

The "severer study" here mentioned, may perhaps refer to that of *medicine*, before the degree of M. D. was conferred by the university of St. Andrew; or it may allude to a history of Africa, which we are told that the doctor had been busied some time in preparing for the press.

His present publication furnishes an interesting table of contents.

* Biographical sketch of John Wilson, author of *Clyde*, a poem.

* *Clyde*, a poem, in two parts.

* See our review for January, p. 34.

" Notes on Clyde, consisting of illustrations of local antiquities; extracts from Don, a poem; from Cleland's poems; from A. Guild's *Poemata Latina*, &c.

" Remarks on Albania. Aaron Hill's Poetical Address to the original editor of Albania.

" Albania, a poem.

" Notes on Albania, by the original Editor.

" Additional Notes on Albania, containing local and antiquarian illustrations; King Robert's Testament, a poem; extracts from Cleveland on the Scots, and from De Foe's *Caledonia*; account of the Superstition of invisible Hunting.

" Preliminary observations concerning Alexander Hume, author of the *Day Estival*.

" The *Day Estival*, a poem.

" Notes on the *Day Estival*; consisting of extracts from Carewell's *Form na Nurrhuid-headh*, or *Forms of Prayer*, 1567, in Gaelic and English, chiefly concerning the ancient bards, and poetry of the Scottish Highlanders.

" Preliminary observations on William Fowler, and his poems.

" Fowler's *Triumphs of Petrarch*, and *Tarantula of Love*."

Every article in this list is to us entirely new. Though equally attentive to literature, whether under its meridian at Edinburgh or at London; of Wilson's loco-descriptive poem entitled "*Clyde*," we had seen no specimen; and of "*Albania*" we had only heard that one solitary copy existed in the hands of Dr. Beattie, who mentioned it, in his *Essay on Poetry and Music*, as a poem little known. By the indulgence of that true poet and philosopher, the copy which he had treasured up, was imparted for the liberal purpose of reprinting; and it affords a valuable contribution to this selection of Scottish poetry, or we might say, with more propriety, to this selection of English poetry, by Scottish writers. The production is singularly animated and patriotic, and may perhaps have been inspired by the more masterly blank verse of the author of the *Seasons*; whose earliest edition of "*Winter*," is marked by a monotonous cadence, a tuneless rhythm, and an unpractised style, which not infrequently distinguishes this nearly coeval performance.

The "*Clyde*" is a longer and more polished poem, and, as the editor observes, has the merit of unity; a merit in which the greater part of descriptive poems are extremely defective. In describing the course of the river Clyde, the author delineates the various scenes which it presents, and diversifies his narrative by historical allusions, suggested by the particular scenes which he describes. The episodes are frequently interesting, and arise naturally from the

description, though they sometimes attract our attention too much from the principal subject. The rural scenes and occupations are touched by a picturesque pencil; and whether we regard his facility of representing natural objects, or his skill in disposing them, Wilson ranks high as a local artist. He cannot, indeed, aspire to the highest degree of excellence; but the present age, more just to deceased poets than that in which they lived, delights in reviving the fame which had been obscured by the blaze of superior reputation. We extract a short passage, descriptive of the source of Clyde, and morally estimable.

“ Along his infant stream, on either side
The lofty hills, in clouds, their summits hide;
In whose vast bowels, treasur'd dark and deep,
Exhaustless mines of lead in secret sleep.
But man, audacious man! whose stubborn pride
Free gifts disdains, and longs for all denied,
Mid central earth bids hardy hands combine
To drag the metal from its parent mine;
Which, forc'd to light, forms the destructive ball,
At whose dire touch, fleets sink, and armies fall;
Seas blush with blood, while floats the crimson field;
Walls sink to dust, to rapine cities yield:
Then, mortals, fear the first of crimes—be wise;—
Prize what Heav'n gives; forbear what Heav'n denies!

The author, soon after, exults with venial pride in that Theocritus of Scotia, Allan Ramsay.

“ Let Grecian poets sing, in deathless strains,
Arcadia's mountains green, and flowery plains;
Let them with tuneful gods and shepherds throng,
And lovely nymphs—that native land of song:—
Yet not fam'd Mænalus, great Pan's abode,
Nor fair Cyllene, by sage Hermes trod,
Prouder than Douglas' hills, or Crawford's rise,
Or lift their haughty heads so near the skies:
Nor on her hills or dales Arcadia views
More graceful swains, or dearer to the muse.—
What pastoral bard with Ramsay can compare?
Ramsay! the favourite of the British fair.
And here the poet breathed his earliest strains,
And learn'd to warble love's delightful pains.

The poetical specimens from Hume and Fowler, are of a more antiquated texture, and exhibit that species of crude metre-making, for which prodigious prices are now given, by those who prefer rarity to excellence; and who would rather expend five guineas

neat in procuring a black letter ditty, which they cannot read without disgust, than five shillings in purchasing a modern poem of unquestionable merit. What a lamentable perversion of taste!—and how injurious must be the consequence to those who labour in the fields of lettered speculation! No literary fund will be adequate to support an infirmary which may be fitted for the future reception of book-made mendicants, if so retrograde a preference should spread.

In the notes on the poesy of Hume, a curious tract is presented to the philological antiquary, a citation from the first book printed in Gaelic, and printed at a time when some sturdy cavillers have denied that any book was printed in that language, namely, in 1567. By the politeness of his grace the Duke of Argyle, the editor was favoured with the only complete copy of the work which is known to exist. It consists chiefly of a Gaelic version of Knox's Scottish liturgy, adapted in some circumstances to the peculiar manners of the Highlanders; and it is very remarkable, that Bishop Carswell, the compiler of the work, has prefixed an address to his book, in Gaelic verse, the numbers of which are the same that are employed in many of the Ossianic fragments. What a crust for the Macphersonian critics will this afford!

A few Plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ, and adhere to his Religion. Addressed to the Patrons and Professors of the new Philosophy. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. Lackington, Allen, & Co.

THIS is a very valuable tract, and worthy the perusal of every serious Christian, who is desirous of fortifying himself with arguments against the specious attempts at innovation on our religious system.

A Letter to John Bowles, Esq. on the Subjects of his two Pamphlets lately published, entitled "Thoughts on the late General Election, as demonstrative of the Progress of Jacobinism." And "A Letter addressed to the Honourable Charles James Fox, in Consequence of his Speech in the House of Commons, on the Character of the late Most Noble Francis, Duke of Bedford," &c.

A Letter to Mr. Robert Worsted-spinner Arnold. By Mr. Alexander, Attorney at Law, Nottingham. With the Reply of the former thereto. Sutton, Nottingham. Jordan, &c. London.

WE noticed, in our last, three pamphlets on the unhappy disputes now subsisting, and carrying on with lamentable vigour, in the town of Nottingham. Friends to peace, and in the full enjoy-

ment of harmony in our calm and sequestered habitations, we should rejoice to see an end to the distractions which at present agitate and convulse this populous and commercial town. Still however we perceive internal broils and commotions. The spirit of opposition ranges with gigantic strides. Its colossal hideousness threatens to destroy the tranquillity of the whole county.

In the former of these pamphlets Mr. Davison attacks Mr. Bowles for his wilful misrepresentations of certain facts, in his "Thoughts on the late General Election," with peculiar wit and satire, blended with sound, and, we had almost said, unanswerable argument; although we think Mr. Bowles, in vindication of his character, is bound either to support by *facts*, or retract with ingenuousness, the assertions from which the subject originated.

In the latter pamphlet, Mr. Davison is again the successful literary champion. To conclude with a familiar phrase, this gentleman's powers of argumentation seem to be "above proof."

A Letter to the Electors of Nottingham. By John Cartwright, Esq. London, 1803.

THE author of this Letter is a gentleman long known in the world of politics and of literature, as the champion for "Reform in the representation of the people." The late election at Nottingham, in the neighbourhood of which the benevolent author resides, gave rise to this pamphlet, wherein he enforces his doctrine with considerable acuteness.

Observations on the epidemical Diseases now prevailing in London, with their Divisions, Method of Treatment, &c. By Robert Hooper, M. D. Resident Physician to the St. Mary-le-bone Infirmary. 8vo. 43 pp. John Murray. 1803.

THIS is a seasonable little tract. The method of preventing the influenza, and the mode of cure are equally simple.

Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, performed in the Years 1793 and 1794. By P. S. Pallas, Counselor of State to the Emperor of all the Russias, &c. embellished with many Plates. Translated from the German, without Abridgment. By Francis Blagdon, Esq. Vols. 1 and 2. 12mo. 10s. Royal, 14s. Ridgway. 1803.

THE first and second volumes of the *Travels of Pallas* (which will be concluded in four) form the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Blagdon's *Modern Discoveries*, a useful and valuable work, of the

plan of which we gave our readers some account in our number for February.

These travels of Pallas were undertaken by the express permission of Catharine, the late Empress of Russia. The errors and deficiencies in his former travels of 1768 and 1769 (which have never appeared in an English dress) are here corrected, and the alterations pointed out that took place in various parts of the Russian Empire since the last-mentioned period. A more particular description is given of the peninsula of Taurida, or the Crimea, which M. Pallas thought so interesting as to require a second visit.

A translation of the present travels was commenced, on too splendid a scale for general circulation, two or three years back, but only one volume has hitherto made its appearance. Mr. Blagdon, however, states very candidly that "he is not actuated, in his translations, by that spirit of commercial bickering and opposition which generally prevails in trade; his object is elegance and economy united," and we are persuaded that he is rendering a very acceptable service to the public in thus putting within its reach, at a moderate price, and in an elegant shape, a collection of the most instructive travels and voyages which have been undertaken by distinguished foreigners in various quarters of the globe.

The abilities of Mr. Blagdon are fully adequate to this important undertaking. To render the present translation as complete as possible, he has resorted to the best authorities, and consulted the most respectable professors in the metropolis for illustrating the technical terms in botany, mineralogy, &c. The work will contain all the plates contained in the original, which are illustrative of the manners, customs, and ceremonies of the various tribes who inhabit the immense Russian Empire.

We have no doubt that this publication will become extremely popular.

Poems, by the late Mrs. Charles Mathews, Author of "What has been," "Morning's Amusement," "Lessons of Truth," &c. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Honourable the Countess Fitz William. Doncaster, Shearstown. London, Rivington, Mathews, &c. 12mo. 5s. 1802.

THE author of this little volume, of whose novel called "What has been," we spoke on its appearance in terms of well-merited commendation, died while the poems were passing through the press. They consist of *Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, Ballads, &c.* The epigraph

'*Sad is my song*,' is suitable to their general character, for they are principally of a melancholy cast, and prove the delicate sensibility of the writer's mind. A constitution naturally weak, and the early loss of all her nearest relations, will account for the frame of mind by which the compositions seem to have been governed, and will, at the same time, induce the reader to sympathize more readily with the author's feelings.

Several of the *sonnets* possess considerable poetical beauty, and the '*Elegy on the Deaths of Maria and Sarah and Amelia Strong*,' the author's sisters, is plaintive and tender in a very high degree. The short elegy 'on the death of W. Beckford, Esq.' author of the History of Jamaica, and of several interesting articles inserted in this miscellany, is subjoined as a specimen of the writer's genius. For other instances we refer our readers to Vol. III. of the *M. Mirror*, p. 307, Vol. IV. p. 347, Vol. V. p. 368, and Vol. XI. p. 183.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF W. BECKFORD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF JAMAICA.

HIM whom the *muses* lov'd, and man rever'd;
 Who knew with skilful hand to touch the lyre,
 Whose classic-page, on *trumb's* firm basis rear'd,
 Breathes the pure ardour of poetic fire!
 Him, o'er whose moral lay, I've raptur'd hung,
 Whilst thrilling melody awoke my song:
 Whose worth, in woodnotes-wild, I boldly sung,
 Whose song could aye my piercing woes control.
Of him I sing: nor scorn my simple strain;
 Ye whom the noble heights of science tread;
 The voice which echoes from the lowly plain,
 May raise a tribute to the illustrious dead.
 Let Learning rear on high her haughty crest,
 And boast the treasures of scholastic lore;
 Tho' Learning ne'er illum'd my cheerless breast,
 Nor e'er to me display'd her precious store;
 Yet, Beckford! o'er thy honour'd tomb I'll weep,
 (Thy worth, thy genius, claims a sacred tear)
 Mourn round the spot where "thy blest relics sleep,"
While leftier poets consecrate thy bier.
 And oft at blushing morn, and dewy-eve,
 As thro' the woodland glades I pensive rove,
 In plaintive tones thy matchless strains I'll breathe,
 Sad as the morn'ring breeze that whispers thro' the grove.

The Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society, preached at Grosvenor Chapel, April 4; and, with local Alterations, at Holy Roods, Southampton, July 18, 1802. By R. Valpy, D.D. F. A. S. Master of Reading School. 8vo. 1s 6d. Rivington. 1802.

WE had the pleasure of being among the congregation when this admirable discourse was delivered at Grosvenor Chapel, and can bear witness to the powerful effect which it produced, assisted by the affecting eloquence of the preacher, on the feelings of a very crowded auditory. It is a masterly performance as a composition; the subject is handled with great perspicuity; and the plan and importance of this benevolent institution are explained in a very impressive manner. The text is from the XVII. chap. of the first Book of Kings, v. 22. *And the Lord heard the voice of Elijah; and the soul of the child came unto him again; and he revived.*

On a subject like this Dr. Valpy could not but display an uncommon degree of earnestness and sensibility, since it appears that one of his own children, "apparently dead in convulsions, experienced the happy effects of the resuscitative process."

Dr. Valpy has lately had the honour of presenting a copy of this anniversary discourse to His Majesty.

DRAMATIC.

The Reservoir of Wit and Fancy; being a Selection of Stories, Bon Mots, Anecdotes, &c. theatrical and private; forming a Galimaufry of Scraps and Fragments. Arranged, embellished, abridged, and enlarged, by W. Wilde; with some Productions of his own. 12mo. 2s. 1803.

WE have laughed heartily at this collection, in which there are several whimsical theatrical anecdotes, put together with ingenuity and humour, and which nobody can think too dear at two shillings. The author belongs to the Covent Garden company.

The Hero of the North, an Historical Play, performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, with unbounded Applause. By Mr. Diamond, Junr. 2s. 6d. Barker. 1803.

THE observations we offered upon this play, in our Number for February, supercede the necessity of particular criticism on the present occasion.

The Hero of the North is written with considerable energy. Had we space, we would select, as a favourable specimen of the author's powers, the speech of *Gustavus*, in the second act, when he enters from the mines of *Dalecarlia*.

The Wife of a Million, a Comedy, in five Acts, as performed by His Majesty's Servants, of the Theatres Royal Norwich, Lincoln, and Canterbury. By Francis Lathom. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman and Rees. 1803.

THE "Wife of a Million," although too extravagant in her adventures, is still a woman of uncommon spirit and ingenuity.—The plot is well contrived, and the incidents legitimately dramatic. This comedy is far superior to the former productions of the industrious author.

Authentic Memoirs of the Green-Room, (for 1803) involving Sketches Biographical, Critical, and Characteristic of the Performers of the Theatres-Royal Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and the Hay-Market. London. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Roach. 1803.

IT rarely occurs that anonymous publications, like the present, are calculated for any other purpose than to wound the feelings and affections of individuals whom they introduce, by the recital of private anecdote, with which the public can have very little to do.—Calumny and falshood have been the leading features of Green-Room anecdotes for several years: we have therefore seldom contaminated our pages with even a bare announcement of their publication.

We have thought it our duty to premise these observations, in order to separate the little work before us from similar previous specimens. This author seems to have regulated his opinions of public performers by the standard of liberality. Some of his sketches are derived from our work. The public may therefore depend on these as genuine; and we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of the other accounts, which are well written, and afford much novel information. We give the author credit, and indeed praise, for many of his specimens of ingenious criticism; but we think, in one instance, his usual candour has forsaken him. We have no wish to detract from the merits of Mr. H. Johnston; on the contrary, it hath been our object, on all consistent occasions, to give him our best support; still we think the comparison between him and Mr. Elliston extremely unjust, and prejudicial to the latter, without, in any degree, adding to the professional reputation of the former. We ought, however, to make allowances for minor blemishes, where the general merit of the publication is so conspicuous.

The compiler has shewn much judgment in introducing the history of so many of the performers who have but recently visited the London boards.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSTITUTIONIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Class.*

The Imitation of LIFE—The Mirror of MANNERS—The Representation of TRUTH.

THE MINISTER—AND THE MANAGER,

OR,

The POLITICIAN and the PLAYER.

A recent Scene of Equivoque.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often thought that there was a wonderful similarity between a prime minister, and the manager of a theatre, and I am now more confirmed in this idea, from overhearing, a few days since, the following conversation between two persons, one of whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Quidnunc, a jobber in the stocks, and the other Mr. Tag, the player. I had just taken my seat at the Garrick's Head, opposite an elderly man, who seemed very eagerly devouring the contents of a daily paper, when the silence which prevailed in the room was suddenly broken, by the entrance of a person, rather shabbily dressed, who uttered the following exclamation, in a tone that seemed to solicit some notice from the company.

"So it's all settled. The negotiation is at an end, and he takes the reins immediately. Waiter—a glass of brandy and water—cold—without sugar."

The word "*Negotiation*" appeared to awaken the attention of my opposite neighbour, for, after a short pause, during which Mr. Tag adjusted his frill (which by the bye did not merit to be so carefully exposed) at the glass, and the old gentleman, who had laid down the gazette, put his spectacles into the case, the latter hemming two or three times, to give full effect to his rhetoric, commenced the following dialogue.

Quidnunc. Nothing more certain Sir. The whole affair was explained in the House last night.

Tag. Last night. Why the *Post* announced it a week ago.

Quidnunc. That may be; but I am certain no definitive arrangement was made till yesterday. I have it from a particular friend who is in the secret; the great man will come in upon no other conditions; he will have the entire control, or none; and for my part, I think the nation has great reason to rejoice that the affair has terminated in this manner.

Tag. I don't see that the nation has much to do with it, but it will, no doubt, throw the two houses into great confusion.

Quidnunc. Sir, the town is all in a bustle: it is the subject of general conversation; and there is a talk of other changes of very great importance.

Tag. And not without good grounds, I assure you. I know one who goes to the other house immediately.

Quidnunc. Why it can hardly be expected, that, after holding a situation of so much trust and honour, he will consent to act under his successful rival. The other house [*looking significantly*] always affords a snug asylum to great men in case of resignation.

Tag. Then the systems of the two men are so opposite. Things will be conducted upon a totally different plan, and the whole community, I am told, is in dread of the alterations.

Quidnunc. True, Sir, I understand there has been already a great hubbub at the *treasury*. What between the comers-in and the goers-out, the office is in such a state of perplexity, that no one can get his accounts settled. A bill was presented this morning—

Tag. I beg your pardon, Sir; the change may possibly prove beneficial to the treasury; and as for its payments, I never before heard any complaint of a want of punctuality in that respect.

Quidnunc. Then, Sir, the *Cabinet*—it is so weak—

Tag. Weak! Surely, Sir, you must allow that the *Cabinet* has done very well indeed for the treasury, and I am so well satisfied with it upon the whole, that I should be sorry if it were to be entirely laid aside.

Quidnunc. Yes, certainly, some who are concerned in it deserve to be retained, and these, strengthened by the new acquisitions, will form a phalanx, against which no opposition can hope to prevail.

Tag. And yet the opposition will be very formidable: Sheridan will use every possible exertion, and he, you know, is in "himself a host." The ensuing campaign is expected to be very vigorous, and recruits are raising from all quarters of the kingdom.

Quidnunc. War, to be sure, is inevitable, and [Mr. Sheridan will, of course, strain every nerve to embarrass the measures of his opponents; but if he has not the people on his side, he will often have the mortification of witnessing a thin house.

Tag. "A beggarly account of empty boxes:" true:—the public are, after all, the best friends a man in his situation can have.

Quidnunc. But his party is so weakened by the late desertion, that I apprehend he can make but a feeble resistance at best.

Tag. Have you heard what salary the new conductor is to have?

Quidnunc. That I fancy, Sir, is a fixed thing; and if so, he will enjoy the same salary as his predecessors in office; but the salary is an object of minor consideration; it is the power, the rank, the patronage, which he derives from his patent, that renders the place so desirable. The numerous situations in his gift—

Here *Quidnunc*, whose oratory was growing vehement, was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, and *Tag*, who had finished his glass, casting his eye on the clock, observed that it was time for him to go to dress for the *centinel* in *Hamlet*; and slipping a bill of his benefit into *Old Square Toes*' hand, as he passed, he wished him a good evening, and expressed a hope to have the honour of ranking so profound a judge of *theatricals* among the number of his friends.

As soon as the politician recovered from the surprise into which this abrupt behaviour of *Tag* had thrown him, he called for the waiter, and muttering a parcel of words, among which I could distinguish the ejaculations, *Pitt!—Centinel!—Stocks!—Cabinet!—Benefit!—Hamlet!*—which seemed to betray a strange confusion of ideas, discharged his reckoning and withdrew. I instantly called for pen and ink, and put down the particulars of the above conversation, which are at the service of the Editor of the *Mirror*, if he thinks them worthy of a place in so amusing a publication.

SNUG.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Younger than she are happy mothers made."

Capulet's reply to this:

"And too soon mar'd are those so early made,"

makes me suspect that we should read 'married mothers;' the jingle is exactly of that kind so prevalent in these works; thus in *As you Like it*, when Oliver asks Orlando "What mar you?" which, I suppose, was pronounced "mar'e," or "maryc," Orlando replies, "marry Sir, I am helping you to *mar* that which heaven made," &c. And in *King Henry VI.* last part, scene between Gloster and Brackenbury:—

Glost. "She may Sir, ay marry may she?"

Brack. "What marry may she?"

Glost. "Marry with a king."

"The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but *she*."

This line is not in the first copy, and in the quarto, 1609, it runs thus:—

"Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but *she*."

The second Folio has—

"Earth up hath swallow'd," &c.

Perhaps we should read—

"Earth hath upswallow'd," &c.

"She" should at once be made "her," even were it certain that the slip was the poet's own, and not that of the transcriber.

"She is the hopeful lady of my earth."

I believe the meaning is, all my children, except her, are gone into the grave, and when I die, she only will survive to dispose of *my remains*, (i. e. my earth.)

"It is an *honour* that I dream not of."

"Hour," or "hower," the reading of the folios and of the second quarto is perhaps right—it is a *period*, an *occasion* that I have not yet turned my thoughts to. Juliet, in her present state of mind, would neither regard marriage as any honour, really, nor term it so sarcastically; and, as to the reply of the nurse, if any consistency could be expected in her responses, "hour" seems at least as applicable as "honour."—Hour! cries she, your wit or understanding is not of an hour's date, it was born with you, and attended you in the cradle; hour for occasion occurs in Macbeth—

"Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day."

"This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

"To beautify him only lacks a cover;

"The fish lives in the sea," &c.

These silly conceits, which are not in the first copy, and probably were never Shakspeare's, are hardly worth a comment; but I suppose the meaning, such as it is, to be this:—Lady Capulet has called Paris a *book*—a book that has an *explanatory margin*, and is every way complete, except that it lacks a *cover*, which cover is to

be Juliet ; inclosing and binding him in wedlock ; and as that crystal fluid, the sea, is observ'd to improve the beauty of the fish which swims in it, so (she says) will you have the praise and the honour that belongs to you as clasping and enfolding the excellence of Paris ; and that excellence itself will become more conspicuous, in being adorn'd with the graces which you will bring to it.

"Thou art thyself, tho' not a Montague."

Mr. Malone's regulation of this line is plausible, but, perhaps, unnecessary, and, if I mistake not, deficient of the force intended. Juliet, in her imagined colloquy with Romeo, had enjoined him to "refuse his name," i. e. to be no longer a Montague: in doing so, says she, you only renounce an exterior distinction of no value, without the least injury to your own real excellence. Thou art (still) *thyself*, unimpaired, though not a Montague.

—— "so light a foot

"Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

"Everlasting," perhaps, for sacred, consecrated ; or, *everlasting*, because, if only subject to such steps, no impression would ever be made on it. But it cannot reasonably be supposed that the poet would, for the sake of such a thought as this, displace the beautiful line in the first quarto.

"So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower."

I know not whether Virgil was in Shakspeare's mind here : *Æn.* lib. 7, v. 808.

"*Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret,*

"*Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas ;*"

But Milton has a similar image in *Comus* :—

"Thus I set my printless feet

"O'er the cowslip's velvet head,

"That bends not as I tread.

And Nat. Lee, in the play of *Alexander* :—

"I've seen him run, swifter than starting hinds,

"Nor bent the tender grass beneath his feet."

"Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes."

This line, I confess, appears to me more poetical than that which we find in the first quarto.

“ And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.”

“ Starveth in thine eyes ” is, *keepeth his state there*, exhibits there his nature and quality ; to say that need starves, is only saying that need continues his existence ; there is no false grammar here, as need and oppression, of which that need is the consequence, compose one mixed or general idea, which would only be split and enfeebled by pluralizing the verb.

————— “ As I did sleep

“ I dreamt my master and another fought,

“ And that my master slew him.”

Mr. Steevens makes a long remark upon this, supposing that Balthazar is honestly reporting, as a dream, what his terrified imagination only had unrealized : this, indeed, might have been the case with Paris's page, who found himself almost afraid to stand alone ; but Balthazar, with a steady spirit, resolves to watch his master, and was not of a temper to be so mistaken : his disingenuousness, on this occasion, is the natural and venial result of his reflecting on the danger he would be exposed to, if he acknowledged himself an active spectator of what had passed.

THE MARRIAGE PROMISE,

A COMEDY ;

BY JOHN TILL ALLINGHAM, ESQ.

MR. ALLINGHAM, the author of *Fortune's Frolic*, unquestionably one of the best farces which the modern stage has exhibited, has fully established his reputation as a dramatic writer by the production of this comedy, now in the height of its attraction at Drury-Lane theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Charles Merton,	- - - - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sidney,	- - - - -	Mr. Dwyer.
Tandem,	- - - - -	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Consols,	- - - - -	Mr. Dowton.
George Howard,	- - - - -	Mr. Pope.
Farmer Woodland,	- - - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Policy,	- - - - -	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Jefferies,	- - - - -	Mr. Powell.

Mrs. Howard, - - - - -	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Harvey, - - - - -	Mrs. Sparks.
Emma Harvey, - - - - -	Mrs. Jordan.
Mary Woodland, - - - - -	Miss Mellon.

SCENE A VILLAGE IN ENGLAND.

"Charles Merton arrives at his late father's mansion to take possession of his estate, with his travelling companion, Mr. Sidney, a dashing young man of fashion. On his arrival Merton meets with Tandem, a whimsical character, who has acted as his father's steward, and from whose knavery and tricks many incidents arise. A plot is laid by Sidney and Tandem to make Merton drunk, Tandem having been invited, at Sidney's request, to dine with them. Merton, in a state of inebriety, insults Mary, the daughter of Farmer Woodland. After recovering from his intoxication, he feels much remorse for his conduct, and, to expiate his offence, determines to offer Mary his hand; for this purpose he writes to Woodland, and gives the letter for delivery to Tandem, who is distressed at finding his master in correspondence with Woodland, whom he has previously ordered to be arrested for rent due, on his having refused him his daughter.

"Mrs. Harvey, an educated gentlewoman, having retired with her daughter, Emma, to a cottage granted her by the late Mr. Merton, an intimate friend of her deceased husband, Captain Harvey, receives notice that her agent, who held the remnant of her fortune in trust, has failed, and the lease of her cottage having expired at the time young Merton takes possession, her daughter Emma resolves to wait on him to intercede for her mother. In this interview Merton feels the interest of a lover, and is in despair when he reflects on the promise made to Mary Woodland. From this incident the play takes its title. Consols, an old stock-broker, very rich, arrives at the village, accompanied by his clerk, Policy, to whom he declares that his immense wealth rather makes him miserable than happy, and that he is resolved to part with some of it to relieve the necessities of the unfortunate. He enters the cottage of George Howard, by whom he is kindly treated and relieved, Howard supposing him in distress. In the mother of Howard, Consols finds a lost daughter, who having been privately married to the father of Charles Merton, is involved in distress by his having neglected her, and married again. From these circumstances many interesting situations arise. Merton becomes acquainted with his father's turpitude by means of a letter supposed to have been written with his dying hand, recommending Mrs. H. and her son to his care. Howard, incensed at Merton's conduct to

Mary Woodland, challenges him; they meet, but are prevented fighting by an old servant, who was in the secret, and declares them to be brothers. Merton receives the hand of Emma Harvey, whilst Mary Woodland bestows her's on George Howard, and thus the piece concludes."

In the management of this fable, which is sufficiently simple, Mr. Allingham has shewn a considerable portion of skill, and has brought forward his principal characters and incidents in the manner best calculated to create the necessary dramatic effect. The sentiments and the humour are judiciously blended, and the serious and comic situations contrasted with great force and ingenuity. It has been the author's object to produce both *smiles and tears*, and they are most abundantly yielded to him; indeed, there are few comedies in which the two interests are so powerfully and naturally supported, without encroaching improperly upon each other. It should be added, that the author is not indebted to any overcharged or farcical incidents for the laughter which his play excites: what he gets he obtains fairly, without violating probability, or setting common sense at defiance.

The characters are pleasingly drawn. The eagerness with which *Young Merton* endeavours to atone for the error he committed in an unguarded moment, renders him highly interesting, and the manly spirit of Howard, recommends him strongly to the favour of the audience. There are several novel traits in *Tandem*, and *Consols* claims the merit of originality.

The language is elegant and nervous; the sentiments are just, and arise naturally from the situations. Some of them are clothed in very beautiful language. There is a *thought* in the first act, respecting the different feelings of youth and age, which delighted us. Nothing could be better imagined, or more happily expressed.

We are sorry we have not room for a more particular account of this comedy, which is certainly, in every respect, creditable to Mr. Allingham's genius; and we may reasonably expect much future entertainment from an author who commences his career with such brilliant *eclat*.

The performers exerted themselves greatly. Mrs. Jordan has seldom appeared to such advantage in a modern play. The author's obligations are due also, in a particular manner, to Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Dowton, Mr. Pope, Mrs. Powell, and Mr. Bannister, junr.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO TIME,

INSCRIBED TO MISS SEWARD.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

On thou ! whose viewless form, slow-stealing Time !
 Has silent march'd o'er many a conquer'd year !
 Shall thy chill power pervade the glowing rhyme ?
 Shall thy rude hand each tuneful record tear ?
 Shall Genius raise aloft the soul-fraught strain,
 And swell the choral tide of Heav'n-taught verse in vain ?

Tho' ages past have own'd thy tyrant sway,
 Tho' many a wreck the spoiler's power reveals,
 Beneath thy scythe tho' empires pass away,
 And countless charms th' unconscious grave conceals ;
 Tho' o'er the laurel'd brow, the dusky tomb
 In sullen silence sheds its deep impervious gloom—

Not with his ebbing breath the poet dies !
 He lives—he speaks, to ages yet unborn !
 Then boast not, Time ! thy earthly mould'ring prize—
 Well may the Bard thy envious efforts scorn ;
 Ne'er shall his triumphs to thy power belong,
 All hail'd by distant years, immortal in his song.

Direct thy glance beyond life's fragile hour,
 Oh Seward ! favour'd of th' Aonian nine !
 On thy full gaze bid all the future pour,
 And raptur'd, see the admiring future thine !
 See laurels bloom, thy shadowy* brows to wreath,
 Hear bards yet uncreate, an awful tribute breathe.

For not to thee with niggard hand assign'd,
 The short-liv'd triumph of some local strain !
 Thine the proud empire of th' enthusiast maid,
 Thine the fine chords which swell to pleasing pain,

* *Shadowy*, this epithet alludes to the unsubstantial existence which fame confers ; when we are pleased with the compositions of deceased people, we create a semblance of their persons, which being the result not of memory but of imagination, may properly be termed shadowy.

- To joy's tumultuous throb, to mystic fear,
 • To friendship's bosom glow, or pity's hallow'd tear.

Lo! where the oral Muse of former time,
 By thee invok'd, in gothic state descends,
 With potent hand awakes the runic rhyme
 And the thick veil of dark oblivion rends!
 See from the tomb the fateful weapon* wave,
 Oh cease the mutter'd rite! respect the secret grave.

To drop soft dew on beauty's wither'd flower,
 From the full breast to urge the slow-heav'd sigh,
 Or bid descend the tributary shower,
 To wet the turf where worth and valour lie;
 Snatch Fame's bright banner from the grasp of Time,
 O'er the illustrious dead to wave its folds sublime,

The generous task be thine! Lo! André's shade,
 With flight indignant quits yon murd'rous shore!
 Spirit of song! instruct the matchless maid,
 Teach her sweet pity's seraph strain to pour;
 Bid the sad tale descend to latest years,
 Embalm'd to times remote in friendships' tuneful tears.

What nameless thousands crowd life's little day,
 Minions of sordid wealth or pageant pow'rs,
 Born but to sport in fortune's various ray,
 The weak ephemera of a sunshine hour!
 E'en memory o'er their urns forgets to weep;—
 For them how dark the tomb! the oblivious grave how deep!

And are those eyes but meteors of a day?
 Doom'd is that hand in mould'ring earth to sleep?
 Those eyes, whence Genius pours his living ray,
 That hand so skill'd the Muses' lyre to sweep?
 And shalt thou vanish with the vulgar throng?
 How drear the sullen pause when hush'd thy heavenly song!

No, Seward! Tho' those orbs shall cease to roll,
 When the freed spirit seeks her native skies,

* See Miss Seward's Runic Dialogue, "Herva and Argantyr."

Still in thy verse survives celestial soul !
 Oh ! not with *Seward's* form her memory dies !
 Still shall thy song enraptur'd fancy bind,
 Still breath the sacred fire of unextinguish'd mind !

AUTUMN.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

BENEATH the vertic ray, the prospect burns;
 No trailing cloud sails through the azure sky ;
 The rip'ning corn from green to yellow turns ;
 The mountain torrents and the rills are dry.
 The ready harvest for the sickle looks ;
 The happy husbandman his team prepares ;
 No waste of time th' important season brooks,
 For all preparing urge their rural cares.
 In reg'lar rows, beneath the reapers hand,
 The useful burdens on the stubble lay ;
 Collected now, the sheaves in order stand ;
 The waggon, now, pursues its steady way ;
 While fruit, matur'd, of various taste and size,
 Its wholesome sweets and net'trine juice supplie.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL 2.—*Mr. Bannister's Night*.—Murphy's comedy of *All in the wrong* was revived on this occasion, with all the strength of the theatre. Bannister and Mrs. Glover were excellent in *Sir John* and *Lady Restless*, and Mrs. Jordan appeared to more than usual advantage in *Belinda*.

15.—*Deaf and Dumb*.—Miss De Camp, being recovered from her indisposition, was greeted with enthusiastic applause on her re-appearance in *Theodore*. She looked remarkably well, and played with all her former animation.

16.—*The Marriage Promise*.—See the British Stage of this Number.

CQVENT-GARDEN.

MARCH 22.—*THE CAPTIVE, a Tragic Scene—a Monodrame*, written by Mr. Lewis, the author of *Alfonso*, &c. and performed by Mrs. Litchfield.—This attempt at a novel species of entertainment was not altogether successful. A lady, confined by a husband in a private madhouse, upon a false allegation of her being insane, is supposed to be driven, by the horror of the scene, and various progressive circumstances, for a time, into a real madness. In this state she is found by her father and brothers, who succeed in restoring her to her senses and her liberty. *The Captive* is a poem in rhyme, consisting of several stanzas, each terminating with a kind of burthen; The whole is accompa-

nied by pantomimic action, with appropriate music, in a manner somewhat resembling the Melodrame of the *Tale of Mystery*.

In the course of the piece, a madman having broken from his confinement, makes his way to the cell of the *Captive*, and shakes her prison bars with the intention of forcing through them. The *Captive* shrieks with terror at his approach. This effect was too strong for the feelings of the audience. Two ladies fell into hysterics, the house was thrown into confusion, some slight disapprobation was shewn, and it being the general sentiment that the piece was not a fit subject for representation, the author immediately withdrew it. Mrs. Litchfield had a very difficult task to execute, and used every possible exertion in support of the piece, notwithstanding the embarrassment which she suffered, from the general tumult of the audience. Dr. Busby's music was admirably adapted to the action and character of the subject, and displayed great depth of science, and knowledge of effect.

Mr. Lewis may have borrowed the idea of his *monodrame* from Mrs. Wollstonecraft's *Wrongs of Women*. *Maria* is precisely in the situation of his *Captive*; and though we admit that the subject is too nearly allied to *horror* for public exhibition, we do not conceive there is any thing monstrous or unnatural in the notion that the sense of injury, the bitterness of reflection, and the effect of surrounding objects, may hurry a woman very speedily into actual distraction.

As it is somewhat to the point, we transcribe below the commencement of Mrs. Wollstonecraft's novel.

"Abodes of horror have frequently been described, and castles, filled with spectres and chimeras, conjured up by the magic spell of genius to harrow the soul, and absorb the wondering mind. But, formed of such stuff as dreams are made of, what were they to the mansion of despair, in one corner of which *Maria* sat, endeavouring to recal her scattered thoughts!

"Surprise, astonishment, that bordered on distraction, seemed to have suspended her faculties, till, waking by degrees to a keen sense of anguish, a whirlwind of rage and indignation roused her torpid pulse. One recollection with frightful velocity following another, threatened to fire her brain, and make her a fit companion for the terrific inhabitants, whose groans and shrieks were no unsubstantial sounds of whistling winds, or startled birds, modulated by a romantic fancy, which amuse while they affright; but such tones of misery as carry a dreadful certainty directly to the heart. What effect must they then have produced on one, true to the touch of sympathy, and tortured by maternal apprehension!"

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The most important theatrical occurrence of the past month, is Mr. Kemble's connexion with Covent-Garden theatre. This gentleman has purchased a sixth of the property, for which he gives upwards of £. 20,000. Next season he makes his appearance on those boards, as an actor, and with him, most probably, Mrs. Siddons. It is also reported that he is to be the acting manager, but of this fact we cannot speak with any confidence. The effect of this revolution in theatrical affairs can only be shewn by time. Mr. Kemble has been performing at Bath, to overflowing houses, and we believe he proceeds from thence to Ireland. The Haymarket is expected to open on the 16th of May.

Mr. Colman has enlisted several new recruits during his provincial tour. Besides Mr. Mathews, secured some months back, he has engaged, from the York stage, Mrs. Mathews, late Miss Jackson, an amiable young lady whom Mr. M. has recently led to the Hymeneal altar; Mr. Denman, and Mrs. Ward.—Mr. Archer, we believe, also joins the company. Mr. Chapman, engaged for the same theatre, has been offered the first salary and situation on the Dublin boards, by Mr. Jones; an offer he was, of course, not at liberty to accept. Miss Porter's *Fair Fugitives* are at length about to appear at Covent Garden, where we hope they will become *stationary*. Shakspeare's King John, with Dr. Valpy's alterations, acted with so much applause at the Reading school, will shortly be revived at Covent Garden. Cooke will be the John; H Johnston, Faulconbridge; and Mrs. Litchfield, the Lady Constance. 'A Miss Ellis, a pupil of Dr. Busby, is about to make her appearance, at Drury Lane, in *Margaretta*, in *No Song no Supper*. Mr. Allingham has sold his very clever comedy of the Marriage Promise to Ridgway, for £. 250. Leave has been granted to bring a bill into Parliament for erecting a new theatre at Glasgow. Mr. James Aickin, late of Drury-Lane theatre, a correct, steady, and valuable actor, died on the 17th of March; after a long and lingering illness. His funeral was attended by all the principal performers of that theatre.

THE OPERA.—Viganoni is re-engaged. M. Crescentini, the soprano; the celebrated David; and Signora Gerbini, the finest singer in Italy, as first serious woman, are also engaged.

KING'S THEATRE.

An historical Ballet, in five short acts, was produced on the 26th of April, called *Vologesius, King of the Parthians*; or, the *Triumph of Constancy*, composed by M. Gallet. The plot is taken from the Roman History. Julius Varus is sent by the emperor, Marcus Aurelius, against Vologesius. He defeats him, and takes his beautiful queen, Berenice, prisoner. The Roman, not proof against the power of her beauty, falls in love with his captive. Vologesius forms the design of rescuing his queen, with the assistance of some Parthians; and, in the mean time, Lucilla, daughter of Marcus Aurelius, intended spouse of the victorious general, who is also to be, on his marriage, appointed heir to the empire, arrives, conducted by Claudius, a noble Roman. The embarrassments this unexpected arrival occasions to Varus, his various emotions of rage, jealousy, despair, and benignity, and the severe but eventually successful trials of the mutual fidelity of Vologesius and Berenice, constitute the main business. The story is particularly interesting, and the scenery very magnificent, particularly a grand representation of a Roman amphitheatre. The music is by the celebrated Winter,

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

ON Monday the 25th instant was produced at this theatre, a new grand serious spectacle, called *LOUISA OF LOMBARDY*, or the *Secret Nuptials*, for the purpose of introducing an old favourite to her old friends—Mrs. Parker. This lady is so very superior in grace and elegance in this department of scenic exhibition, that it is impossible for us to add to her reputation, even by unqualified praise. *Louisa of Lombardy* is indeed a clever spectacle; the scenery and decorations are uncommonly splendid; the music possesses a pleasing variety, and the poetry has the usual mixture of wit and seriousness, peculiar to Cross.

The lyrical address of *Paddy Bull in his Potatoe Garden*, and the comic pantomime of *The Rival Statues*, or *Harlequin Humourist*, continues to fill the house.

ROYAL AMPITHEATRE.

ASTLEY has revived with uncommon success, and a variety of beautiful picturesque scenery, the splendid Caledonian spectacle, called the *Iron Tower*, in which himself and his very elegant wife, acquired so high a reputation two years ago; in addition to which the pretty little W. brow continues to tread the "light fantastic toe," in the new harlequinade, called *Silver Star*, or the *Mirror of Witchcraft*; these, together with Crossman's horsemanship, and St. Pierre's grand Indian Ballet, called *Zelico*, produce each night a bumper.

SADLERS WELLS

OPENED with unusual success: the tide is completely in favour of the new proprietors, for the house hath experienced an overflow almost every evening since Easter Monday.

New Brooms, Jack the Giant Killer, Edward and Susan, the Harlequinade of *Fire and Spirit*, all by Mr. C. Dibdin, together with the wonderful exertions of the *Patagonian SAMPRSON*, and the admirably neat performance of young Menage, the vocal exertions of our favourite Townsend from Covent Garden theatre, and the pleasing Mrs. C. Dibdin, with the favourite Columbine, Madame St. Amand, we have no doubt will continue to attract full houses for the whole summer. There are however several new pieces in preparation. A serio-comic Ballet, on the subject of *Philip Quirles*, is shortly expected to appear.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

BERLIN, 19 Feb.—"Madame Mara gave her first concert last Sunday. The house was crowded. Her performance answered fully to the high expectations which were formed of this renowned singer, and justified the reputation which she has enjoyed so many years. The half of the receipt, which may have amounted to 7000 rix dollars, is for the orphans of musicians, the other half is for Madame Mara herself. She is to sing again to-morrow. The tickets were all taken a week ago. She goes then to St. Petersburg and Moscow."

RUSSIAN DRAMA.—The following particulars respecting the expenditure for the theatrical establishment in Russia, are communicated from an authentic source. The emperor allows annually to the managers and directors of the Russian court theatres, the sum of 234,000 roubles, together with the money received for admittance, amounting on an average to 130,000 roubles a year; which makes, altogether, a capital of 364,000 roubles. Out of this fund the managers must pay the actors of the French and Russian theatres, the musicians, dancers, &c. The expences are distributed as follows:

Roubles.	Roubles.
The French comedians, ... 95,000	The orchestra, 60,000
The Russian players, 35,000	The ballets, 40,000
The rest is expended for scenery, dresses, lighting the house, &c. The following are the salaries of the principal French actors at Petersburg.	

	Roubles.		Roubles.
La Roche,	5,000	Master of the Ballets,	
Ducrosy	} each 4,500	Le Freque,	6,000
and		Didelot and his wife re-	
Bourgeois,		ceive annually from	
Bergamin,	} each 4,000	the Imperial purse,	12,000
Sinclair,		Besides two benefits	
and		each, which may be	
Chateaufort,		estimated at 2000	
Aufrenne,	3,000	roubles,	4,000
Madame Valville,	6,300	Madame Rose Colli-	
Mesdames Le Roy	} e. 4,000	net, a French dan-	
and		cer, with a benefit, ..	5,000
Montgautics,			

N. B. The first Russian actor has no more than 3,000 roubles.

HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF GARRICK'S MANAGEMENT.

[Continued from page 263.]

Drury-Lane.—Season 1760-1.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1.—[Mr. King's night].—*Every Man in his Humour*. Bobadil, (1st time) KING. Bucks have at ye all, by Mr. King, and (1st time) the *New Hippocrates*; (a) or a *Lesson for Quacks*. A dramatic satire.—Messrs. King, Blakes, Packer, Burton, Bennet, and Mrs. Kennedy.

(a) "*The New Hippocrates*, wrote by Dr. Hiffenan. Wretched, but went off quietly. Croas's Diary.

This piece is written by Dr. Paul Hiffenan. The intent of it is to expose the folly of persons of fortune, confiding the conduct of their health and constitutions to foreign empiricks, to the prejudice of deserving regular-bred gentlemen of the faculty, who, possessed of great learning, skill, and judgment, are nevertheless often neglected and denied that encouragement, which is at the same time unreasonably lavished on these pernicious beings; to whom, from their absolute deficiency of every one of those qualities, it would be madness to entrust the management of even the most trivial concerns in life, exclusive of life itself. The design so far may be good, but the execution of it is puerile, and defective in almost every thing essential to the drama; character, incident, and probability, being all alike wanting in it; the foreign quack being made an absolute Englishman, and the only attempt at real character, which is that of Miss Griseldine Wapontake, a Yorkshire, galloping, foxhunting, female rustic, dragged in by head and shoulders, without any previous expectation, of

- 2.—[Mrs. YATES's night] (b) *King John*. *Edgar and Emmeline*.
 3.—[Mr. LOWE's Night.]—*Prov. Wife*.—Belinda, Miss Haughton.
 [not acted for 16 years (c)] *Contrivances*.—Rovewell, LOWE; Robin, Moody;
 Argus, Phillips; Betty, Mrs. Bradshaw; Arethusa, a young GENTLEWOMAN,
 [her 1st app.] (d)
 4.—[By COMMAND.]—*Stratagem*.—Folgard, Moody. *Lethe*.
 6.—[HOLLAND's Night.]—*Rom. & Ju'*.—Mercutio, GARRICK. (1st time)
 The first act of *Taste* (c) connected with a new additional act (never performed
 before) called *Modern Tragedy*, written by Mr. Foote. L^y. Pentwistle, FOOTE.
 The other characters by Foote, King, Baddeley, &c. and three performers
 who never appeared upon any stage.

subsequent consequence, or, in a word, without any farther connexion with this
 piece, than it might be made to have equally well with any other. The success
 it met with, which was a kind of cold contemptuous disregard, was surely as
 much as its merit could demand, and indeed the author seems to have shewn a
 consciousness of the same judgment, by not publishing the piece. *Baker*.

An account of the author, including an anecdote respecting this farce, was
 given in vol. viii. p. 374.

- (b) "The last night Mrs. Yates acted till May 30th." *Cross's Diary*.
 Mrs. Yates was obliged to go to Bristol, for the benefit of her health.
 (c) Acted frequently at Covent Garden within that period.
 (d) "Very decent." *Cross's Diary*.
 (e) "A new last act to *Taste*—greatly hissed, and almost d— d"

Cross's Diary.

The comedy of *Taste* was first acted at Drury-Lane, in 1752. The piece
 and its profits were given by its author to Mr. Worsdale, the painter, who
 acted the part of Lady Pentwistle in it with great applause. The general in-
 tention of it is to point out the numerous impositions that persons of fortune and
 fashion daily suffer, in the pursuit of what is called *Taste*, or a love of *Veris*,
 from the tricks and confederacies of painters, auctioneers, *medal dealers*, &c.
 and to shew the absurdity of placing an inestimable value on, and giving im-
 mense prices for, a parcel of maimed busts, erased pictures, and inexplicable
 obins, only because they have the mere name and appearance of antiquity,
 while the more perfect and really valuable performances of the most capital artists
 of our own age and country, if known to be such, are totally despised and neg-
 lected, and the artists themselves suffered to pass through life unnoticed and
 discouraged. These points Mr. Foote has, in this farce, set forth in a very just,
 and at the same time a very humorous light; but whether the generality of
 the audience did not relish, or perhaps did not understand, this confined satire,
 or that, understanding it, they were so wedded to the infatuation of being im-
 posed on, that they were unwilling to subscribe to the justice of it, I will not
 pretend to determine; but it met with some opposition for a night or two, and
 during the whole run of it, which was not a long one, found at best but a cold
 and distasteful reception. *Baker*.

- 7.—[Mr. and Mrs. DAVIES' night.]—*Susp. Humb.*—Jacintha, Mrs. Kennedy. *P. Honeycomb.*
- 8.—[Miss PRITCHARD's night. (f)]—*Jeal. Wife. Chaplet.*
- 9.—[Mrs. VINCENT's night.]—*Hamlet.*—Hamlet, Holland; Ophelia, (1st time) Mrs. Vincent. *Guardian.*
- 10.—[Mr. O'BRIEN's night.]—*Stratagem.*—Archer, (1st time) O'Brien; Scrub, (for this night) GARRICK; Mrs. Sullen, (1st time) Miss PRITCHARD. By particular desire, a minuet by Mr. O'Brien and Miss Pritchard. *D. & no Duke.*
- 11.—[Master LEON's night] *Cons. Lovers. Enchanter.*
- 12.—[Mr. and Mrs. KENNEDY's night.]—*Rom. & Jul.*—Capulet, Mr. Kennedy; Mercutio (2nd time) GARRICK; Nurse (1st time) Mrs. Kennedy. *New Hippocrates* (2nd time) (g).
- 14.—[Ben. of Mr. Champnes and Miss Young.]—*Alchymist. Enchanter.*
- 15.—[By COMMAND]—*Every Man in his Hum.* Bobadil, Yates. *D. and no Duke.*

(f) By particular desire of several ladies of quality.

(g) Not acted after this night.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

CAROLAN.

A CELEBRATED Irish bard was born in the year 1670, in the village of Nobber, in the county of Westmeath, on the lands of Carolan's Town, which were wrested from his ancestor by the family of the Nugents, on their arrival in this kingdom with Henry the Second. His father was a poor farmer, the humble proprietor of a few acres, which yielded him a scanty subsistence.

The cabin in which our bard was born, is still pointed out to the inquisitive traveller. As it is in a ruinous state, it must soon become a prey to all-devouring time. But the spot on which it stood, will, we predict, be visited at a future day, with as much true devotion, by the lovers of natural music, as Stratford upon Avon, and Binfield are, by the admirers of Shakespeare and Pope.

He must have been deprived of sight at a very early period of his life, for he remembered no impression of colours. Thus was "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out," before he had taken even a cursory view of the creation. From this misfortune he felt no uneasiness. "My eyes," he used merrily to say, "are transplanted into my ears."

His musical genius was soon discovered, and his friends determined to cultivate it. About the age of twelve, a proper master was engaged to instruct him in the practice of the harp. But though fond of that Instrument, he never struck it with a master-hand. Genius and diligence are seldom united, and it is practice alone can perfect us in art. Yet his harp was rarely unstrung; but in general he only used it to assist him in composition. His fingers wandered among the strings in quest of the sweets of melody.

Love does not, as Archer teaches Cherry to believe, always enter at the eyes; for Carolan became enamoured of Miss Bridget Cruise (of Cruise Town in the county of Longford) several years after he had lost his sight. His harp now, like the lute of Anacreon, would only sound of love. Though this lady did not give him her hand, it is imagined she did not deny him her heart, but, like Apollo, when he caught at the nymph, "he filled his arms with bays." The song which bears his name, is his *chef d'œuvre*; it came warm from his heart while his genius was in full vigour. "I have often listened to Carolan," says Mr. O'Connor, "singing his ode to Miss Cruise. I thought the stanzas wildly enthusiastic, but neglected to preserve them."

A very extraordinary instance of the effect of Carolan's passion for this lady is related by Mr. O'Connor. He went once on a pilgrimage to Patrick's purgatory, a cave in an island of Lough Deary, (in the county of Donegal,) of which more wonders are told, than even of the cave of Trophonius. On his return to shore, he found several pilgrims waiting the arrival of the boat which had conveyed him to the object of his devotion; in assisting some of those devout travellers to get on board, he chanced to take a lady's hand, and instantly exclaimed, "*Dar Lamba mo chardais Criost.*" i. e. (by the hand of my Gossip) this is the hand of Bridget Cruise! his sense of feeling did not deceive him; it was the hand of her whom he once adored. "I had the relation from his own mouth," says Mr. O'Connor, "and in terms which gave me a strong impression of the emotions he felt on meeting the object of his early affections." Carolan, at the time of this event, was

Nel mezzo del cammìn di nostra Via.
Half way in the road of life.

Our bard solaced himself for the loss of Miss Cruise, in the arms of Mary Mac Guire, a young lady of a good family, in the county of Fermanagh. Miss Mac Guire proved a proud and an extravagant dame; but she was the wife of his choice, he loved her tenderly, and lived harmoniously with her.

[To be continued.]

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal MANCHESTER.—"Paul and Virginia," and "The Tale of Mystery," have been represented here, to very crowded house. Much credit is due to Mr. Coyle as a painter; the scenery in these pieces would do credit to the boards of the metropolis. Miss Jackson sings the simple airs of Virginia with success. Her voice is naturally sweet and powerful, but requires much cultivation. She is, however, very young, (being not above 16) and scarce a fit subject for the severe animadversions lately passed upon her by your Chester correspondent.

In the "Tale of Mystery," Mr. Huddart's Romaldi is excellent; in the last scene he is terrific to sublimity. This gentleman makes rapid progress in the public esteem, and, I trust, will meet with the reward due to his abilities. While we admire his *Stranger*, *Rolax*, or *Othello*, as performances rarely equalled, his manner strikes us as truly original. Mr. Mills, notwithstanding his too youthful appearance as Francisco, is very impressive.

Mr. Gordon still continues a favourite. His humour never fails to please the gods of the gallery, nor his good person to secure the admiration of the ladies in the boxes. "Delays and Blunders," and "Hear both Sides," have been played, but the town of Manchester, having lately assumed the prerogative of a London audience, treated these comedies with loud tokens of disapprobation.

X.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.—The receipts of our theatre were never before so great as at present. We cannot, however, ascribe this circumstance to the attention of the managers, who are very cautious how they cloy the public with novelty. *Lodoiska*, the *Cabinet*, *Family Quarrels*, and *Perous*, have never gained a footing on our boards, while they are all advertised for representation by Mr. Macready's company at the neighbouring town of Bolton. Our operas are not even decently got up; there is not a performer adequate to supply the place of Miss Griffith, or Mrs. Addison. Mrs. Hatton is the best singer we have, but her powers are more suitable to the ballad style. Is it not strange that the ladies of Manchester, while they allow the excellence of this actress in *boydens* and chambermaids, should refuse to honour her benefit with their presence, because, forsooth, they approve not of the effrontery that is necessarily attached to those characters? I am willing to hope, that, as her late absence has been universally regretted, more liberality will be evinced towards her this season. I do not wonder at the immoderate praise lavished upon Mr. Gordon, when our dramatic authors have so much reason to be obliged to him for his grammatical preciseness, and judicious deviations from the text. His favourite expressions of "My dear fellow," or "My dear soul," stun the ear in almost every sentence. Mr. Huddart's claims to public favour are very considerable; there is scarce a night of performance in which he does not sustain some arduous part, and in a manner most highly creditable to his talents. Reynolds's last new comedy was played here, and every justice rendered it in the acting; but, on being announced for a second representation, it was loudly condemned.

CANDID.

THE EDINBURGH STAGE.—The charms of the drama have been the chief delights of the rural retirement in which I have been buried since the transmission of my last report. The appearance of extraordinary theatrical talent in our metropolis never fails to attract me from my retirement. Still where

"Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear

"Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic muse

"Holds to the world a picture of itself,

"And makes sly the fair impartial laugh"

do I enjoy the most exquisite delights.—

These circumstances present a detailed account of all the theatrical representations of our capital. Suffice it at present to state, that the Edinburgh theatre has been open almost three months, more to the advantage of the managers than the satisfaction of our dramatic amateurs. Mr. Young, and Miss Duncan, the latter of whom is much improved, continue to receive the just tribute of admiration due to exquisite talent. Rock is still, in low comedy, the favourite of the galleries, and in low Irishmen a favourite with the most judicious. Toms fills

up the characters of our lamented Woods with judgment, and sometimes with applause. Grant is useful to the managers, is tolerated occasionally by the judicious, not unfrequently applauded by the mob of critics (writers I mean) and spectators. Turpin has defeated expectation, and now shares with Rock the public applause. Miss Walstein has left us, and we no longer have a tragedy heroine. A Miss Fitzgerald, engaged to supply her place, has already run her career, and a Mrs. Grant, if I mistake not, is following her. "Delays and Blunders," one of our new pieces, has experienced the fate of other five acts farces; laughed at by the judicious, applauded, and in a few nights forgot by the galleries. Before the end of our season, you shall have a more detailed account of our winter campaign.

The appearance of Mrs. Esten attracted me to Edinburgh in common with other amateurs. Many years have elapsed since this captivating actress, in our capital, emerged from obscurity: Then (in appearance at least)

"La damizella non passava ancora

"Quattordici anni; ed era bella, e fresca,

"Come rosa, che spunti allora allora,

"Fuor della buccia, e con sol novo cretca."

then we predicted that—

"This lovely bud, by summer's ripening breath,

"Should prove a lovely flower when next we met—"

and never was expectation so completely gratified.

Her late re-appearance here, after a long retirement from the stage, gave to her exhibitions every charm of novelty. In form, feature, and appearance, she is equally fascinating, as when she first delighted our senses, and captivated our judgment. Her powers of voice, however, are a little diminished, and her tones deficient in that clearness and extent we long since admired.

This truly excellent general performer has, at a nightly salary of £.50, appeared in many first characters. Her tragic acting, said to be excellent, but which it was not my fortune to see, has given much satisfaction. Her comic acting has afforded still more pleasure. Rosalind, Beatrice, and Roxalana appear to have been her most attractive parts. They have each, the former at least, been very often performed. I shall therefore confine my remarks for the present chiefly to this character.

To say her comic acting is excellent, is but vague praise. The liberality of nature in personal accomplishments, joined to her easy deportment, the arch playfulness of her manner, her judicious emphasis, and, when necessary, an appropriate and impressive enunciation, fit her for any part in the drama. Her knowledge of the author's language is considerable, and she is far from being unacquainted with the history of her character—hence her conception of her part is generally just; she is perfect enough in the words to set the prompter at defiance. Her performance is generally easy, graceful, and elegant; her gaiety seldom degenerates to frivolity, nor is her comic humour corrupted by the buffoonery of broad farce; she is ever the lady, never its boarding-school type; she stamps not permanency upon the casual feature of a character; she makes Rosalind, Beatrice, Roxalana, or indeed any other comic character, neither an Angelica nor a Miss True.

But she has some faults; some of them of consequence; her deficiency of voice, which gives at times the idea of something asthmatic, has already been noticed. In *Rosalind* I object to the unnatural splendour of her dress, even at court, while the humble friend of Celia. While in the forest, instead of the graceful garb of a young shepherd, she exhibited the overloaded trappings of a Parisian opera singer; contrasted with that of the other performers, (a circumstance more important than many of our first rate performers seem to imagine,) it was perfectly ridiculous.

In the first act, her action was much too exuberant; her attitudes, throughout every part indeed, much too varied, and her manner exhibited too much artifice. Indeed the overloaded artifices, and the meretricious tricks of a modern court lady, were far more apparent than the graceful simplicity of the lovely *Rosalind*. The maxim

“ ————— loveliness

“ Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

“ But is, when unadorned, adorned the most”

should ever be present to the recollection of this lady.

The fault alluded to was obvious to the grossest spectator, in the scene where she recognizes Orlando in the forest; where she chides the amorous shepherdess; and in the fainting scene in the wood. Her attempt, after really swooning, to impose upon Oliver by counterfeiting it, seems to me a novelty by no means happy; the counterfeit was not even strongly enough depicted. The delineations of various passion were not very natural: it was rather the affectation than the reality of feeling. Perhaps, throughout Mrs. Hsten's whole acting, too studied an endeavour appeared to display to the audience the charms of her person, the elegance of her figure, and the richness of her dress; a thousand unnecessary attitudes, not to say incessant twists, contortions, and shrugs, seemed to have in view that object alone. Upon the whole, I heartily congratulate the dramatic world upon such an important acquisition. Though inferior, in certain characters, to Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Litchfield, and perhaps to Mrs. H. Siddons, or even Miss De Camp, in universality of talent she exceeds any one of these ladies. In short

“ Take her for all in all,

“ We shall not look upon her like again.”

Another theatrical phenomenon has lately appeared, whom it was my fortune to see. The son of an Edinburgh mechanic, himself a shop-boy, a few weeks since astonished us in the character of Douglas. Inferior, unquestionably, to Mr. H. Johnston, at the latter's *debut*, “ the toe of the one comes so near the heel of the other, he galls his kibe.” He is hardly nineteen; his voice is good; his figure, considering his years, unexceptionable; he possesses a marking eye, and regular, though not prominent features; experience and culture will lead him to eminence. A shambling awkward deportment, and the original sin of a Scottish dialect are his prominent faults. But more of him afterwards. The qualities of a stage-struck novice, like the first tints of a vernal flower, must be handled with gentleness.

I am, &c.

JUSTUS.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

YORK ASSIZES.—Joseph Heald and John Terry were indicted for the wilful murder of Elizabeth Smith, aged sixty-seven years, at Flamshaw, near Wakefield. The prisoners were both apprentices. The deceased was a woman of most excellent character, and had maintained herself by keeping cows, and vending their produce; but having the misfortune to lose two of her cows, she was left nearly destitute, but, by the humane assistance of her neighbours, she was enabled to purchase one cow; and her son, who lived in Leeds, sent her eighteen guineas afterwards to buy another, but desired her not to purchase before fog-time. On her receiving the eighteen guineas it was immediately made known amongst her neighbours.

T. Shaw and S. Linley, constables, proved the confession of Terry; which was, that he and Heald met together the night on which the murder was committed, and parted at ten o'clock, to meet again at the deceased's about one o'clock. They met. Terry assisted Heald in getting into a window, up one pair of stairs; that he, Terry, afterwards set up something against the house, and climbed up after Heald. That after several blows being struck at the deceased, Heald took a razor, and he Terry held her head; in a short time Terry had his hand cut, and advised Heald to desist, as he had got enough, and would then go to the door and look if all was safe, upon his return he found Heald had got the deceased into the adjoining room, and was *braying* her over the head with the tongue, upon which he told him to desist, and come away, and there would be no more about it; also that when Heald was brought into the room after Terry had made the confession, Heald said to him "Terry, I thought thou would not have deceived me so; thou knows I was not with thee;" to which Terry answered, "Thou knows there is a God above that knows all." A second time Heald asked Terry why he should deceive him, and said, "Thou had better lay it upon somebody else." Terry replied, "I will not hang an innocent man: thou knows there was but us two, and God for our witness."

Our limits will not permit us to give the circumstantial evidence at length: after a patient hearing, the learned judge summed up the evidence to the jury, and as it appeared there was no doubt of the guilt of Terry, he dwelt principally upon the circumstantial evidence against the prisoner Heald, and pointed out, with great perspicuity, the shades of evidence against Heald.

The jury pronounced both the prisoners—Guilty.

The judge then, in the most solemn manner, pronounced sentence of death upon them.

During the trial, and at the time the awful sentence was passed, Terry behaved with prudence, but was not the least affected; but we are sorry to say, Heald appeared perfectly ignorant of his situation, often looking round the court, and, to the last part of his trial, shewed uncommon hardness in his behaviour.

Monday following being appointed for the execution of Heald and Terry, early in the morning of that day, the Rev. Mr. Brown, the Ordinary, attended them in their cell, in order to administer the sacrament, when Terry informed him that Heald was innocent; on which Mr. Brown stated to them the leading

facts that were proved against them upon the trial, and referred to Terry's own confession of the manner in which they perpetrated the murder. Terry said, "That he had been induced to make that confession, as he had been told that he should thereby save his own life; but he now declared Heald to be innocent, and that he would not be hanged with an innocent man." In consequence of this declaration, the Ordinary thought it his duty to inform the judge of this extraordinary circumstance; but his Lordship was so perfectly satisfied of Heald's guilt, that he ordered the sentence to be put in execution. His Lordship, however, humanely sent his Marshal, Mr. Wells, to attend the prisoners, with a discretionary power to respite the execution, should any circumstances appear to him, respecting Heald, that would justify the measure.—Mr. Wells was convinced, from the conversation that passed, that Terry was not speaking the truth, and in consequence they were left to their fate. In proceeding from the cell to the drop, Terry exclaimed aloud that Heald was innocent, and that they were going to hang an innocent man, and appeared to have worked himself up to a state of phrenzy and distraction.

We certainly never witnessed, on their being brought on the platform, a scene of more brutal stubbornness than was exhibited by Terry, for as soon as he got on, he went forward to the front, and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "They are going to hang an innocent man," (meaning Heald) "he is as innocent as any of you!" On uttering of which, he immediately made a sudden spring, in order to get down the ladder, which he certainly would have effected had he not been laid hold of by the clergyman. While they were pulling him back, he again exclaimed, "It was me that murdered the woman; I said it was Heald, but I did so to save my own life; and would not any of you hang an innocent man to save your own life?" Which he repeated, adding, "Don't hang Heald; if you do, I shall be guilty of two murders." The clergyman then proceeded to do his duty, to which Terry paid no attention, but continued very clamorous, notwithstanding the entreaties of Heald not to deprive him of the benefit of the prayers; but Terry was not to be restrained, and it was from the utmost exertions of five or six men that he could be dragged to the drop, and the rope forced over his head; during which he tore off his cap, and at the moment when the platform sunk, which put an end to the life of Heald, Terry made a spring, and threw himself against a rail of the scaffold, got his foot upon the edge of a beam, and caught the corner post with his arm, by which he supported himself, and in this dreadful situation he continued for about a minute, till he was forced off by the executioner, and launched into eternity, with his face uncovered; a circumstance never perhaps known in the annals of a York execution.—Heald met death with composure, and never attempted to deny his being guilty.—The probable reason for Terry's wretched behaviour was either to delay the execution, or, by declaring an innocent man was going to suffer, he wished to excite the compassion of the numerous spectators, and induce them to attempt a rescue.

KENT ASSIZES.—*Maidstone, March 15.*—The judges arrived in town last night, and opened their commission. This morning they proceeded to business.

Mr. Baron Hotham sat in the *ni si prius* side; but the learned judge and counsel were hardly seated, when they found they must again speedily dislodge. The court had been newly painted, and was scarcely dry. The smell of the

paint was most intolerable, and the effluvia very soon began to operate. Before the first cause was half over, Mr. Garrow put his hand to his breast. The serjeants became hoarse, and the bar all began to spit. The judge bore it the longest without any complaint, when at length he declared it was impossible for him any longer to keep his seat. In this dilemma Mr. Watson was deputed to find a new room for the court to sit in; and on his return he reported, that the only room to be found was the ball room at the Star Inn. The court was immediately adjourned to that place. The judge was seated at the upper end of the room. The leading counsel sat at a round table; the rest of the bar ranged down the room, and the witness was elevated in a chair. After the bustle occasioned by this removal had a little subsided, the business went on tolerably well.

March 16.—The court, as we have reported, was dislodged from the Court-house to the Ball-room at the Star Inn; but during the course of the day the crowd in the room was so great, that apprehensions were entertained that the floor might give way. At the rising of the court another place of meeting was to be sought for. The play-house was first suggested, but on enquiry that was found occupied by a cargo of potatoes. At length some gentlemen of the bar had influence enough to procure the use of a *methodist meeting*, and there it was the lawyers assembled this morning. Nothing could be more whimsical than the appearance of the place. Mr. Baron Hotham was seated in the reading desk; the associate in the place of the clerk of the spiritual congregation. In the great pew, where usually sit the *pious* elders, were placed the leading lawyers. In the opposite pew were ranged the jurymen, most conveniently situated for hearing the law instead of the gospel. Other counsel were distributed in the other pews; the rest of the congregation took their seats after the usual fashion. Nothing occurred worth reporting.

March 17.—Lawrence Innis was indicted for the wilful murder of John Price, at Greenwich, on the 21st of January last. The prisoner and the deceased were both pensioners in Greenwich hospital, and the following is the account given of the transaction by the witnesses:—

James Millar said he was a Greenwich pensioner, and his birth was in the Clarence Ward; his cabin was next to that in which the deceased slept. On Tuesday night, the 20th of January last, just as he was in bed, he heard the prisoner and the deceased come up to the gallery together; they were talking; the deceased said to the prisoner, "Go to bed, and then there will be no more o'nt." The prisoner replied, "I won't." The prisoner then went away to the fire place, in the hall, but soon returned to the cabin door of the deceased, and called out, "Price! Price! Jack! Jack!" The deceased did not answer; the prisoner went away, but returned a second time, and called out as before. The deceased then answered him, and said to the prisoner, "You will prepare to appear before the Captain of the Month to-morrow.—I have you upon the *complaint*, for striking me to-day, at the Tyger's Head, in London street." To this the prisoner replied, "Then you have done me, have you? but, damn you, I'll do you in return." The prisoner accompanied these words by a blow, which knocked the deceased down. The deceased called out "murder!" upon which the witness jumped out of bed, and the prisoner was secured, and the next morning he

was carried before the committee, and mulcted two months tobacco money for his ill behaviour. This was the morning preceding the night of the murder. As he came out of the committee-room, he said to the witness, "Millar, you have borne false witness against me, but I hope to God I shall live to seek revenge." On the same evening he did not see the prisoner till eleven o'clock; he then saw both Price and Inais go to their cabins. After he had been in bed a short time he heard the prisoner come out of his cabin, and go to the cabin of the deceased. From that he went to the fire-place in the hall as fast as he could go. He returned a second time to Price's cabin. He staid a second or two, and then again went to the fire-place, and once more returned to Price's cabin. In a little time he heard him shut the door softly, and thought no more of it, till, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, Bryan came to him, and told him, for God's sake, to get up, as the boatswain (Price) was murdered.

John Hawford, another pensioner, corroborated the above evidence.

James Bryan gave evidence as follows:—I lay in the same cabin with the deceased; we were talking together not ten minutes before he was murdered. The prisoner's cabin was nearly opposite to ours. I heard the prisoner open our door softly, and he looked in: we appeared both asleep. As soon as he looked in, he went away towards the hall fire-place. He had on a great coat and two night caps. He came back, and when he came in our cabin, he looked at me attentively. He again went away, and returned with the poker. He turned round and gave me another attentive look, and immediately after struck Price four or six heavy blows on the head. At the first blow his head crashed, but I don't know whether the others hit him. As soon as he had done it, he again turned and looked at me, but I lay still as though asleep. He then went out and hauled the door softly after him, but did not lock it. As soon as he was gone, I got up, and gave the alarm, and the prisoner was secured.

James Curran, another pensioner, described the state in which he found the deceased.

The prisoner, in defence, said, that the witnesses were in a conspiracy against him.

The jury, without a moment's hesitation, found him guilty, and the learned judge proceeded immediately to pronounce the sentence of the law, that he should be hanged and dissected.

The prisoner seemed very little affected. He appeared about fifty years of age, and discovered strong symptoms of a brutal and ferocious disposition.

SURREY ASSIZES.—Stephen Stilwell was indicted for the wilful murder of Mary Ann, his wife, on the 28th of September last, at the parish of Mortlake.

Mr. Nolan, who appeared as counsel for the prosecution, stated, that the prisoner at the bar stood indicted of a crime, which must be the offspring of a most abandoned and cruel disposition. He had for some time lived as a gardener in the family of a gentleman at Mortlake; and the woman whom he had murdered also lived as servant in that family. He therefore had every opportunity of being acquainted with her temper and manners, previous to his taking her for his wife. They were married from that place, and took a public-house at Mortlake. It would not be regular for him to detail the various instances of cruelty which he had exercised towards his wife, except as con-

metted with the present charge; but he should prove that he frequently declared he would murder her. On the 26th he quarrelled with his wife, and turned her from the kitchen to the bar, telling her that was her place, and added, "It was no matter, for she had but a few days to live." On the 27th, in the evening, they were seen together, by two lodgers in the house, sitting in the bar, and apparently in amity; but the next morning he perpetrated the horrid crime. It would also appear, that he had attempted another mode of death, for a loaded pistol was found lying by her, the lock of which was down, as though the trigger had been drawn, and it had missed fire. The learned counsel dwelt on the aggravated circumstances of this crime, in which the foul crime of murder was rendered more heinous, by being against a wife, whom he had solemnly sworn at God's altar to cherish and protect.

John Ward deposed as follows:—"I am a baker, and live near Stilwell's house. On the 28th of September, about five o'clock, I got up to work. I was disturbed with a noise, and I went to the gate. I heard a noise in Stilwell's room. I heard his voice. He was saying, "Come, get up, your time is expired." I stood a little time, and heard a scream. Mrs. S. said, "My dear Stilwell, don't murder me." When I heard that, I went to an opposite window where I knew a soldier lay, and called him up. In about ten minutes I saw the prisoner come out of doors, at the front door; but before I saw him, I heard a stamping on the floor of the prisoner's room. Soon after I saw the prisoner run out of the front door. He run away, and I followed him. In about a minute I came up. Knight, a man I had called on passing by, first laid hold of him. His hands and clothes were sprinkled with blood. We bound him with a cord, and I left him in custody of Benjamin Knight.

On cross-examination the witness said, that when he heard the stamping, he also heard the prisoner exclaiming, "that he had gained his liberty;" and when he came out, he said, "D—n that house, set it on fire," (meaning his own house.)

Benjamin Knight, Charles Barwood, and William Bardolph, corroborated the evidence of Ward.

The prisoner, in defence, only said, that he did not know what he did, his mind was very much distressed by her aggravating temper.

Mr. Serjeant Best, for the defence, called one witness, of the name of Brown. He stated, that, the week before the murder, he was with Stilwell in his garden. He did not then seem to know what he was about. He cut down his French beans, and pruned away all his rose-trees. Brown asked him to have a pint of porter with him, but S. said he would not drink, and he never wished to go into his own house again, for they all made him miserable.

Mr. Justice Heath said, the only question for the jury was, whether they could possibly infer insanity, for that was the defence insinuated by the last witness. It appeared to him that the prisoner had worked himself up to a frenzy of passion, so as not to know what he was about, but that was not insanity. Men must restrain the turbulence of their passions, or answer the consequences. It seemed that the galling yoke which had wrought him to

the commission of this desperate deed, was the unhappiness of domestic circumstances, but that was not insanity. Insanity was a bodily disease, and did not originate in ill temper and passion. If, therefore, they found that the fact arose from a criminal indulgence of the passions, they must find him guilty.

The jury, without any hesitation, returned a verdict of—Guilty.

The learned judge immediately passed sentence, which was, that he should be hanged on Saturday the 26th, and afterwards be anatomised.

DUEL.—On Wednesday evening, April 6, a fatal duel took place between Colonel Montgomery, and Captain James Macnamara, of the Royal Navy. The misunderstanding arose about four o'clock that afternoon, in Hyde Park, from the Newfoundland dogs of these gentlemen unfortunately quarrelling and fighting. Captain Macnamara called upon Col. Montgomery to assist in separating the dogs, which he is said to have done; however, Captain Macnamara thinking otherwise, addressed him again, in such terms as induced the Colonel to remark,—“Sir, if you are not satisfied with what I have done, you must satisfy yourself in such other manner as you think proper.” Captain Macnamara rejoined, that he should certainly require satisfaction in another way, and desired the Colonel to hold himself in readiness to receive a message from him, which the other promised to do. Colonel Montgomery immediately sent for his friend, Sir W. Kier, of the Dragoons, to attend him. Capt. Barry, of the Navy, the second of Capt. Macnamara, arrived at five o'clock with the message; when it was settled, that the respective parties should immediately proceed in two hackney coaches to the bottom of Hampstead Hill. Arriving at the lane leading to Primrose Hill soon after six o'clock, they alighted and walked to the bottom of that field, followed by their servants, with two cases of pistols, and attended by Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon. The seconds here, highly to their honour, strenuously pressed a reconciliation, stating that the hasty cause of their misunderstanding could not require a further contest of so serious a nature. All mediation, however, proving vain, Sir W. Kier stepped out the ground—twelve paces. The opponents took it back to back, at a quarter before seven o'clock, and coming round at a word given, fired together, when both shots took place. The ball from Captain Macnamara's pistol entered the right side of the Colonel, between the fourth and fifth ribs, who twirled instantly round, and exclaimed, “I am shot through the heart!” Mr. Heaviside said, “I hope not, Sir;” and procured him a glass of water; he tried to bleed him, but in vain, and he instantly fell. The Colonel's took place just above the hip of Capt. Macnamara, and passed through the left side, carrying a part of his coat along with it. As soon as the coaches could be got up, they were both put into them, and conveyed to Chalk-Farm house, close by, where, in a few minutes after, Colonel Montgomery expired. He had requested, if any accident befel him, that Mr. Keate might be sent for. He lived just twenty minutes. Captain Macnamara walked up to Colonel Montgomery when he fell, and asked him whether he was satisfied? The Colonel replied “Yes!” After bleeding Captain Macnamara, Mr. Heaviside conveyed him, with great difficulty, to his hotel in Jermyn-street. Understanding that an officer of the police was attending in the hotel to secure his

person, his fever was violently increased. Mr. Hardinge, of St. James's-street, and ten other persons; were spectators of this frantic rencontre.

Mr. Montgomery was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 9th Regiment of Foot, son of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Ireland, and brother to Mrs. George Byng, and to the Marchioness of Townshend, by the father's side, though by a different mother. He was a very handsome genteel man, about twenty-eight, and he also had fought bravely in the service of his country. In the Dutch expedition, the Russians being put to flight, his regiment was thrown into confusion, and retreated in consequence of the Russians falling back upon them: at this time a drummer was killed, and Mr. Montgomery took up the drum, beating it to rally his men, he himself standing alone: he did rally them, and at their head rendered essential service. On several occasions in Egypt and Malta he distinguished himself for his courage and spirit. He was very inoffensive, extremely good-natured, and an agreeable companion. He was honoured by the society and friendship of the Prince of Wales, with whom he lived much last summer at Brighton, and he was a great favourite with the Duke of York. He was remarkable, some years ago, for dressing like the late Duke of Hamilton; from which circumstance he was called the Duke of Hamilton's double, his shadow, &c. and down to the present time he was called the Birmingham (counterfeit) Duke. He almost daily rode in Hyde Park, on a beautiful little white Arabian. It is a great pity that these two gentlemen were allowed to fight while yet the heat of passion was upon them. Two braver men, whose courage has been more tried, or was better known, did not exist.

Captain Macnamara is a naval officer, who has distinguished himself in two or three actions, as commander of the *Cerberus* frigate. He served long on the Cork station, and lastly in the West Indies. He was made a post captain in 1795. He lately returned from the West Indies, and his ship was about two months ago paid off at Chatham. We believe he was on the eve of marriage to a young lady from Cork, with a fortune of 10,000*l.* He is about thirty-six years of age; a strong, bold, active man. He has fought two or three duels before, and was remarkable at Cork for keeping the turbulent in awe. After the unfortunate affair on Wednesday evening, he returned to his lodgings at Blake's Hotel, in Jernyn-street, where every surgical assistance was procured.

It is a wonder that, as so many gentlemen were present in Hyde Park when the appointment was made, and the combatants set their watches in order to be punctual to their time, that no steps were taken to prevent the fatal meeting.—The seconds certainly did press, on the ground, that the matter might stand over till the next morning, when one of the principals replied, "*not an hour!*" It is not true, as stated in some of the papers, that Colonel Montgomery fired first; they both came about at the same moment, and fired so instantaneously, that Mr. Heaviside thought only one shot had been discharged.

Sir William Kier, the second to Colonel Montgomery, lost one arm a few years ago in a duel.

Coroner's Inquest.—The Coroner's Inquest was summoned on Thursday evening, at Chalk Farm, to take a view of the body of Col. Montgomery, after which it was conveyed in a hearse to the house of Mr. Byng, (brother-in-law to the deceased) in St. James's Square. On Friday night the Jury recommenced their sitting, by adjournment from Chalk Farm, at the South-

ampton Arms, in the Hampstead road. Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, was the first witness called. He stated that the deceased certainly died of the wound which he received in the duel fought by him with Captain Macnamara. Lord Burgherst, Mr. Duff, Mr. S. Sloane, and Mr. H. Sloane, gave evidence as to the origin of the dispute, and the manner in which the challenge took place. Their testimony was, in all its leading points, similar to the above statement. Mr. Macnamara, nephew to the Captain, was next called, and gave evidence nearly to the same effect. Several other witnesses were also called; after which the Coroner, (Mr. Hodgson) summed up the whole of the evidence with considerable ability, and at one o'clock on Friday morning the jury returned a verdict of Manslaughter. Captain Macnamara is recovering. Both he and Mr. Heaviside, who has been committed to Newgate, will be tried for the murder.

Lately, at Torfoot, about seven miles south-west of Strathaven, in the shire of Lanark, a boy in cleaning out a drain at the foot of a rising ground, struck upon a glass bottle which contained about 400 silver Roman coins of various Emperors and Empresses. Those which we had access to see, were of Trajan, Antonius Pius, Faustina, wife of Antonius, and Crispina, wife of Commodus, &c. They are, in general, in good preservation, and weigh about 40 grains each. The bottle was an oblong square, and sealed with a greenish pigment. About 50 of the coins were so much verdigreased and adhering together, that they were broke with a hammer by a rude and unskilful hand in order to separate them.

About two months ago, the wife of Robert Bennett, carter, foot of the White Horse Close, Canongate, Edinburgh, died, leaving to her husband a family of eight children. In the course of ten days after, one of the children died. Two weeks ago the father was taken ill of a fever, and confined to his bed, surrounded by his young and helpless family. Without any one to minister to his necessities, he languished on a sick bed for several days. The occasional visits of the neighbours was the only attention he experienced, and the scanty aid which they contributed, served barely to keep him and his children from perishing for want. The fever having somewhat abated, prompted by the necessities of his infants, though extremely weak, he went out to his labour. With much difficulty he sustained himself for two days; the fever returned on the third, and on the morning of the fourth day he was found in bed a corpse, with his youngest child asleep in his arms. When the neighbours came into the house, the scene which the numerous group of children presented, may be conceived, but language is inadequate to its description. Not a morsel of bread was within the house, nor a penny of money, and scarcely an article of furniture. That wherein the dead man lay was a bed of straw, and his children had the same. The last offices of humanity were paid to his remains on Sunday, April 3d.

The following is the most recent detail of the circumstances relating to the eruption of Mount Etna on the 15th of November last. During four hours in the morning, was heard at the foot of the Mount, situated to the east in the city of Catania, an incessant and terrific sound, resembling thunder. Afterwards, about half the height of the east side of the Mount, a new opening made its appearance;

from which a stream of lava issued, and which flowed with rapidity several Italian miles forward; so that the inhabitants of all the neighbouring places fled with precipitation. The succeeding day was observed, from Catania, an uncommonly large column of fire that issued from the uppermost crater of the Mount. The clouds of smoke darkened the city, and the inhabitants of that city remained in fearful expectation of what was about to happen. The lava flowed six days, but more slowly towards the end of that period, and occasioned no other damage than in the territory of Sarcó as far as Milo. It is therefore untrue, that this eruption of Etna had devastated the Lordship of Brontí, which the King of Naples had presented to Admiral Lord Nelson, under the title of a Duchy.

Professor Palmer, of Wolfenbuttel, has invented a composition to prevent combustible substances from taking fire. It is a powder composed of one part sulphur, one part red ochre, and six parts of copperas. Wood is first coated with glue, and then besprinkled with this powder. The process is repeated several times, till a sufficiently thick coat is given; on linen and paper the powder is fixed by means of water. Two ounces of powder destroy combustion to the extent of a square foot. It is obvious that the principal use of it consists in preventing the air from coming into contact with the combustible, and indeed it is not unlike several of the powders invented to serve the same purpose.

Mr. Fox was fortunate enough to procure in his late trip to Paris, all the finest folio editions of the Roman Classics, which are scarcely known by our English Librarians.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 1.—Alexander the first, Emperor of Russia, has established an University at Dorpat, in Livonia, and the Pro-Rector is M. Parrot. A latin letter has been lately received by the Vice-Chancellor, from the Pro-Rector, announcing this new foundation, and requesting that a literary communication may be maintained between Dorpat, and the celebrated University of Cambridge. To this the public Orator has written an answer in latin, which on Friday last was read and approved in full Senate.

A method of rendering sea water capable of washing linen, has lately been pointed out by Dr. Mitchell of New York, and, we think, ought to be made as public as possible for the sake of our sailors: Drop into sea water a solution of soda or pot-ash, and it becomes milky in consequence of the decomposition of the earthy salts and the precipitation of the earths. This addition renders it soft and capable of washing. Its milkiness does no injury, and need not therefore be minded.

On Tuesday the 22nd March, the remains of the Poet Klopstock were solemnly interred at Ottensen, a village adjoining Altona, in the grave of his first wife, who was buried there 30 years ago. The funeral was attended by the Senate of Hamburg and many of the foreign Ministers and most distinguished inhabitants of that city, in upwards of one hundred carriages. A selection of sacred music, taken from the Poet's own works, and composed by the greatest masters, was performed on the occasion: the vocal parts were entirely executed by upwards of eighty young ladies, of the first families of Hamburg and Altona. Innumerable crowds of spectators shewed the interest they took in this last tribute to this most distinguished ornament of their country. The weather was highly favourable, and the sun, which the deceased has sung in immortal strains, shone serene and cheerful on his coffin.

A Simple Fact.—The country house of a certain prelate was some time since honoured by the arrival of a nobleman and his gentleman. The establishment of the bishop was respectable, but yet simple, and consistent with his character. The nobleman was ushered into the drawing-room, and every thing had gone on as usual, until, just before the dinner hour, the worthy prelate was called out by a domestic, who informed him that the whole family was in confusion, *for my Lord's gentleman had declared, with repeated oaths, he could not dine with servants in livery.* The Bishop requested to see him; and he accordingly descended from the garret, where he had taken shelter, to the hall.—“I am very sorry, Sir, that my household is arranged in such a manner, as to make it impossible for you to take some refreshment; you have come a considerable distance to-day, and must be fatigued. I really, Sir, hardly know how to act in this difficulty: but this I can do. My wife, I am certain, has no objection to your dining with us, if your master has not. I will, therefore, go and consult him first, and inform you of the result.” The poor gentleman was all in a tremor; his conceit instantly disappeared; he humbly requested the bishop not to speak to his master; and at length, though with rather a wry face, and some contortions of body, he condescended to sit down with the other domestics. What the consequences were to his professional character we have not heard; but we conceal his name, lest it should reach the club, and thus produce his degradation among his brother gentlemen.

A letter from Florence, dated March 11, says:—“Last Tuesday, M. Laparelli delivered a letter to the king, from the new grand Master of Malta, M. Tomasi, in which he makes known his appointment to his Majesty. The Grand Master is a Florentine; he was born at Cortona, the 16th of October, 1731. As early as his 12th year, he went as page to the then Grand Master, Pinto, to Malta. He afterwards passed through several degrees in the marine, and at length received the chief command of the fleet of the Order, which he held forty years. In 1784, the then Grand Duke Leopold appointed him the Minister of Tuscany at Malta.

A machine has been invented for sweeping chimnies; it consists of a number of wooden tubes, of about thirty inches long, and three quarters of an inch in diameter, which run on a rope or cord, and fasten into one another to any length. To the upper tube is fastened a square brush, the block of which is about six long by three wide, and from it, on all sides, issues heath, broom, or any other stiff but flexible substance, large enough to fill the breadth of the chimney. From the shortness of the tubes, the joints between each will bend to the most crooked chimney, and in coming down must clear out the corners, ledges, &c. which are sometimes found in chimnies. In the course of the present month a person has, in the presence of many respectable witnesses, effectually cleansed several lofty and crooked chimnies. A chimney fifty feet high may be swept in six or eight minutes, and with much less dirt than happens by the common mode.

Garnerin is patronized by the King of Prussia, in his aerial projects at Berlin. His Majesty has subscribed 100 guineas on the occasion.

Several gentlemen of New York have formed an association for the purpose of establishing in that city an Academy of Arts. This institution is like-

ly to be attended with many beneficial consequences. It will tend to produce a taste for whatever is elegant, and to afford to the growing wealth of the United States one of the most legitimate uses to which it can be applied, the patronage and encouragement of the Arts. The reputation of the country is closely connected with every thing that may introduce within it a germ of those arts so highly cultivated in Europe, but not yet planted there—if properly fostered, there is every reason to believe that the climate will not be less favourable to their growth than that in which they have heretofore flourished, and that the American Republic, like those of Greece and Rome, will prove another honourable and instructive example of the intimate connexion of freedom with the arts—of science with civil liberty.

Cambridge, April 8.—The Norrisian Prize is this year adjudged to Mr. James Wilding, B. A. of Magdalen college, for his essay on the following subject:—"What are the causes that Christianity spread itself so much in the ages immediately succeeding the age of the Apostles, and so little since?"

The subject of the poem for Mr. Seaton's prize for the present year, is, "Christ raising Jarius's daughter."

BIRTH.

Mrs. Thompson, wife of Benjamin Thompson, Esq. of Nottingham, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

Lord Montgomery, eldest son of the Earl of Eglington, to Lady Mary Montgomery. By this union, large family estates will be reunited in one person. Captain Edward Brenton of the Royal Navy, to Miss Cox, daughter of the late General Thomas Cox. John Dick, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Augusta Goodrich, second daughter of Bartlet Goodrich, Esq. of Saling Grove, in that county. Lately, at Lord Whitworth's Chapel in Paris, Lambton Este, Esq. to Miss Smyth, daughter of the late Sir Robert Smyth, Bart. At Lydeard St. Laurence, near Taunton, Sir John Lester, to Miss Russell. At St. James's Church, John Leach, Esq. to Miss Julia Rush, second daughter of Sir W. Beaumaurice Rush. On the 22d March, Edmund Turnor, Esq. to Miss D. Tucker, third daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Tucker.

DIED,

On the 7th April, at the age of 63, Benjamin Blaydes Thompson, Esq. of Hull and Eastdale in the East Riding of Yorkshire. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for that Riding, and an alderman of Hull, for which place he had twice served the office of mayor. He enjoyed the highest esteem as a man, a merchant, and a magistrate, though his bad state of health had, for some years, made him less active in the last capacity than he had been during the former period of his life. He was a man of strong intellect, benevolent disposition, and scrupulous integrity; and passed through life justly respected and beloved by a very extensive circle of acquaintance. On Thursday evening, March 31, at her father's house in Great Marlborough-street, of a decline, Miss Siddons, eldest daughter of Mrs. Siddons,

of Drury-Lane Theatre. At her seat at Bounds, near Tunbridge Wells, in the 56th year of her age, the Dowager Countess of Darnley. In the 82d year of his age, the Hon. Everard Arundell, uncle to Lord Arundell, of Wardour, and Count of the Sacred Roman Empire. At his parsonage house in New Brentford, the Rev. John Randall, in the 62d year of his age, who had been Minister of that Chapel 25 years. Lately, in Montpellier-place, near the Black Rock, Dublin, James Sweetman, Esq. Barrister at Law; in attempting to draw the charge of his musket, it unfortunately went off, and the contents entering his breast, he instantly expired. Theophilus Davys Garencieres, Esq. apothecary, and one of the Aldermen of York. He was the last of the male line of one of the Chaplains to William the Conqueror, who came over with him to this kingdom. At Green, near Dornock Mr. George Wishart, aged 64. His father, Thomas Wishart, was 100 years old when George was born, and died at the age of 125.— In Piccadilly, in the 74th year of his age, the Right Hon. Sir Wm. Hamilton, K. B. He had been ill about a fortnight. He retained his faculties to the last, and expired without a groan. At Burton-Pynsent, Somersetshire, in the 83d year of her age, the Right Hon. the Countess Dowager of Chatham, relict of the late great Lord Chatham, and mother to the present Earl, and the Right Hon. William Pitt. In Wimpole-street, Lady Frances Williams Wynn, in the 86th year of her age, relict of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. Lately, at his house, at Chiswick, the Hon. T. Walpole, in the 76th year of his age. At his seat at Twinsted Hall, near Sudbury as he was sitting in his chair, at the advanced age of 72, Sir James Marriot, many years Member for Sudbury, late Judge of the Admiralty Court, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. In the 75th year of his age, in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, Edward Leeds, Esq. one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery. At Hamburg, on the 14th March, in the 79th year of his age, the celebrated Poet Klopstock, the author of the Messiah. Suddenly, as he was drinking his coffee in the evening, Mr. Samuel Bently, of Uxotexeter, aged 81; a gentleman well known by his many poetical productions. At Islington, William Young, Esq. Brewer; his death so deeply affected his father, John Young, Esq. of Clapham, that he survived him only three days. At Hammer-smith, aged 61, Dr. George Young, Physician to his Majesty's Hospitals in the West Indies. At her seat, in Warwickshire, Lady Andover. Her Ladyship was in her 87th year, and had lived secluded from the society of all but her relations and most intimate friends, for the last twenty years. She has died immensely rich in landed and personal property; the latter is supposed to exceed 300,000*l*. In George-street, Hanover-square, aged 73, Mrs. Lowth, relict of the late Lord Bishop of London, only daughter and heiress of Lawrence Jackson, Esq. of Christchurch, in the county of Southampton. In the 55th year of his age, the Rev. Dr. Layard, Dean of Bristol. At Edinburgh, the Earl of Dumfries, in the 77th year of his age. At Holton Park, Oxfordshire, aged 84, the Hon. Mrs. Parker, wife of Colonel Parker, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield. At his house, near Reading, after a short illness, Admiral Sir Thomas Rich, Bart.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MAY, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. EMERY, OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, ENGRAVED BY
RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ALLINGHAM.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	290
Observations on Sterne, on Man- deville's Fable of the Bees, on Madan's Thelyphthora, &c.	291
Literary Forgeries	294
Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden	295
A short Hindoo Manual and Creed,	297
Original Letter from the late Wil- liam Cowper, Esq. to Mr. Park	298
Discourse on the Cause of the Echo	300
Tour in South Wales	304
Observations on the Sun's Heat ..	308
Idle Hours—No. VI.	310
Select Sentences	314

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GENERAL.

Young's Select Odes of Anacre- on, with critical Annotations	316
Jerningham's mild Tenour of Christianity, an Essay	321
St. John's Practical Sermons on several important Subjects	ib.
Campbell's Journey from Edin- burgh through Parts of North Britain, continued	322
Wolff's Sketches and Observations Blagdon's Translation of Pallas's Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Em- pire	328
Mooriana	329
The Praise of Paris	ib.
Harrison's Remarks relative to the present State of Education in the Society of People called Quakers	ib.
Summersett's Martyr of Fenrose	ib.

BRITISH STAGE.

The new Company at the Hay- market	330
Seymour's Notes upon Shakspeare	333

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Prologue to King John	335
Epilogue to Do.	336
Address for the opening of the Ipswich Theatre	337
Winter, by the late W. Beckford, Esq.	338
Lines by T. Gent	339
Concluding Stanza to Miss Hol- ford's Ode to Time	340
Stanzas by Octavius Gilchrist, Esq.	ib.
Ode, supposed as from Simonides to Anacreon	341
Imitation of an Ode by Mons. Menage	342
Lines by W. Holloway	343
Inscription for a Pillar at Carthage	ib.
A short Sketch of a long-known Friend	344
The different Times of the Day	ib.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Drury Lane	345
Covent Garden	346
King's Theatre	349
New Royal Circus	ib.
Astley's Amphitheatre of Arts ...	ib.
Sadler's Wells	ib.
Vauxhall	ib.
Musical Biography	ib.
Foreign Theatricals	352

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Lier pool	352
News, &c.	353

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Portrait of Mr. Mathews, the favourite Comedian, of the Theatre Royal Haymarket, will shortly appear.

The *Biographical Sketch of Mr. EMERY* in our next.

The contents of the article signed ROBERT, from *Sunderland*, have been mostly anticipated by JULIUS, in his account of the same company at *Newcastle*.

Sir Henry Weston on Queen Elizabeth, communicated by J. H. shall appear next Month.

We thank VERITAS (*Birmingham*) but the private theatrical performances at Birmingham are not an object about which the public can have any curiosity.

The letter of C. H. did not arrive in time for this month.

W. R.'s note on a passage in *Love's Labour's lost*, the first opportunity.

We have received Numbers V. and VI. of *Melancholy Hours*, which shall immediately appear.

We have received a printed address from *Dr. Trismegistus Catharplebotanometicoglysterus* to the inhabitants of *Stamford*, but the meaning of it we are at a loss to comprehend, and must therefore decline inserting it.

The two "poetical blossoms," from *Cambridge*, by JUVENIS, are not sufficiently matured to encounter the rough gale of criticism.

We lament exceedingly the omission of Miss HOLYFORD's concluding stanza to her very animated and elegant *Ode to Time*, but she might have assured herself that it could have originated only in a mistake, and might, consequently, have spared an observation, in her letter, which we think too unworthy of the writer to merit any reply.

The hint by E. A. P. (*Stamford*) in our next.

J. T.'s poetical favour is under consideration.

The *Refuge*, by MELMOTTE, is not sufficiently striking.

We have the pleasure to announce the speedy publication of Clifton Grove, and other poems, from the pen of Mr. Henry Kirk White, of Nottingham.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.

Page 250, line 7, for retrograde read retrograde.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR
MAY, 1803.

OBSERVATIONS

ON STERNE, ON MANDEVILLE'S FABLE OF THE BEES, ON MADAN'S THELYPHORA, & LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

STERNE, in his *Tristram Shandy*, by way of excuse for the freedom of his own pen, mentions the indecency of a grave German professor numbering the amorous exploits of a sparrow. I thought this, like the Latin dissertation on noses, had been a creature of Yorick's imagination; but I found the passage in the notes on the *Carmina Priapeia*, where the German commentators have investigated the indecencies of antiquity with an accuracy truly astonishing; and whence probably Sterne took it, unless he found it where I have since found it, in the bookseller's *Biographical Dictionary*, under the article *Scioppius*. The words are: "*Cum Ingolstadii agerem, vidi: regione musæi mei passerem coitum vicies repetentem, et inde adeo ad languorem datum, ut avolatus in terram deciderat.*"

I suppose few writers have done more injury to morals than Sterne. By blending sentiments of benevolence and delicacy with immorality and looseness, he induces some people to think that debauchery may be innocent, and adultery meritorious. Since his time, novel-writers try to corrupt the principle* as well as to seduce the imagination. Formerly, if a man felt a passion for the wife or the mistress of his friend, he was conscious at least that, if he persisted in the pursuit, he was acting wrong; and if the novel-writer invented such a character, it was to hold him out as an object of detestation and punishment. Now this is so varnished over with delicate attachment and generous sensibility, that the most shocking acts of perfidy and seduction are committed not only without remorse, but

* Many of the heroines of the best modern novels seem to hold the opinion of certain ladies mentioned in the history of John Bull, concerning the *indispensable duty of cuckoldom*.

with self-complacency ; for we are always ready to find causes of palliation for those crimes we are addicted to, and to bend our conscience to our inclination. Sterne has shewn this in a most incomparable sermon. *O si omnia sic !*

Much has been said against the *Fable of the Bees*. Indeed the book on its first publication was presented by the grand jury of Middlesex. The treatise of Mr. Madan, called *Thelyphthora*, and Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, have been equally the subject of popular deprecation ; so much so, that an attempt to vindicate them will seem to originate from a love of paradox. But let us coolly examine the real tendency of each.

The plain intent of the *Fable of the Bees*, is to destroy the fine and specious theory of the dignity of human nature, so much insisted on in the writings of the pedantic Shaftesbury. Mandeville appeals boldly to the heart. The opposers of his hypothesis evade the force of this appeal, by deterring his readers from answering it candidly ; as they roundly assert, that whoever, after examining his own feelings, acquiesces in the doctrine, bears himself testimony to the depravity of his own heart. This is a favourite argument of Fielding, who of all men should have been the last to urge it, as, in his inimitable portraits of human life, the good characters bear a very small proportion to the bad. Let any person read with an unprejudiced mind, the apology of Mandeville for the *Fable of the Bees*, and then fairly say if he thinks him wrong in all the motives to which he imputes human actions.

But the most surprising thing of all is, that divines should have taken such universal offence at a book which supports one of the tenets of our religion, the natural corruption of human nature, unless assisted by divine grace. I do not mean to argue like a methodist ; but, assuredly, whoever depends for victory on arms which he fancies he possesses, when in fact he does not possess them, will certainly experience defeat. When the love of fame, and the dread of disgrace, are held up to mankind, we know they are capable of making any exertion, and undergoing any danger or pain ; and these motives have at least as often animated the resolution of the soldier, and steeled the nerves of the martyr, as disinterested patriotism and pure religion. To know if virtue acts on principle alone, we must place her in other situations. Suppose a man, tempted by the most seductive of all passions, and certain that the gratification of that passion, though a breach of the laws of gratitude and hospitality, will be also the path to safety and to honour,

while the rejection of it will involve him in ruin and disgrace, and ask what the bare principle of conscious virtue would avail him, in a case where the exertion of that virtue could never be known, without the idea that he was acting under the eye of an omniscient Being, to whom he was responsible for his actions, and enquiring of himself, "How shall I do this thing, and sin against God?" I would much sooner trust my life, my property, and my honour, in the hands of him who feels his weakness, than in those of him who confides in his imaginary strength; or, what is more common, who boasts of a strength which his conscience whispers to him he does not possess; for, though the humble tax-gatherer was sincere, the insolent pharisee was an hypocrite.

As for Thelyphthora, the whole argument amounts to this, and it is to me unanswerable. If marriage is a divine institution, the essential nature of it cannot be altered by human laws. Human laws may prescribe with what forms, and on what conditions, the legal relation of husband and wife, father and son, shall be enjoyed as to their civil rights, in the country where those laws are in force; but as for their real relation in the eye of God, and their natural rights, it is impossible for the power of any legislature to make that an act of fornication and adultery to-day, which was a solemn and religious rite yesterday. There was this very judicious argument *ad hominem*, used against the author, in one of the Reviews:—"How would you like to have your daughter married, otherwise than by the legal ceremony of the church of England?" He might just as well ask a strenuous advocate for parliamentary reform, whether he would choose to be returned for Manchester or Old Sarum, in the present parliament.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters are, on the whole, well calculated to lead a young man to a polite and amiable deportment. If he dwells too much on the minutiae of this, it betrays a frivolity of mind. If he insists on making a man an ambassador, who was destined by nature for a fellow of a college, it shews an obstinate adherence to a favourite point. But omitting one instance, in which he tries to make his Cymon grow polished by falling in love, and where he a little oversteps the decorum of parental admonition, the general tendency of the book is by no means immoral, as Lord Chesterfield says more than once in the course of his letters, "I omit insisting on the duties of virtue and morality, as without them no man can be endured."

H. J. P.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

THERE is a strange propensity in persons of genius to obtrude forgeries on the public; and a still stranger propensity in the public to admit them as genuine.

The late Earl of Orford first gave to the world his "Castle of Otranto," as having been "found in the library of an ancient catholic family, in the north of England, printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." As such it was received, and such it continued to be estimated, until the appearance of the second edition, in which he apologises for having offered his work to the public under the borrowed personage of a translator. Nor must we forget a much bolder attempt of the same writer, viz. his endeavour to turn a whole national current of belief, by means of his "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third."

Chatterton's Rowley and Macpherson's Ossian had each their reign over popular credulity. The "Travels of Mr. Marshall," and "Letters of the Duchess of Orleans," had also theirs, though short. Genelli and Kolben, perhaps, still keep their ground.

The "Letters of Pope Ganganeli" were read with admiration, even by Protestants, until Voltaire detected the imposture; and the "Memoirs of a Cavalier," was esteemed a book of authentic history, till an unknown writer, in a magazine, demonstrated it to be a forgery of the ingenious Daniel Desse.

"Hardyknute," which Mrs. Wardlaw pretended to have "found on shreds of paper, employed for what are called the bottoms of clues," is still believed by many to be an ancient ballad; though the language, manners, every thing shew it to be modern, and though the author be well known. Such is the case also with the "Flowers of the Forest," and "Auld Robin Gray," the latter written by Lady A. L.

To these instances may be added Parnell's imposition upon Pope of a pretended Leonini translation of some lines in his "Rape of the Lock;" Gray's Alcaic Fragment; the attempt of Lauder, a Scotch schoolmaster, to prove Milton a plagiarist from Grotius, Massenius, &c. M. Rose's translation of Moliere's song, "Qu'ils sont doux," &c. which he gave to the Duc de Montausieur as the original; a similar trick played upon the writer of Alzuma, by the author of the Dying Negro; and Percy's "Hau Kiou Choaou," advertised as translated from the Chinese, with a pretended letter

from Canton, to James Garland, Esq. vouching for its authenticity.

Mr. Ireland's imposition upon the public of the Shakesperian manuscripts, is yet recent and well known.

A distinction is, after all, to be made between those performances, which aim at misleading in matters of history; and others, not one of which, considered as a *jeu d'esprit*, loses its value as a modern composition.

Chester.

T. W. F.

GUSTAVUS ADÓLPHUS,

KING OF SWEDEN.

THIS great general was certainly one of the heroes of the last century—a century abounding in heroes; his courage, his force of mind, his integrity, and his piety, well entitling him to that dignified appellation.

In one of his letters to Lewis XIII. of France, who had written to him to express his sorrow at being told that he was dejected on account of Wallenstein's successes in the field against him, he says, "I am not so ill at my ease as my enemies wish to give out. I have troops enough to oppose to them, and troops which will never lose their courage but with their life. We skirmish together every day; and I think that Wallenstein begins now to experience what troops well disciplined and courageous can do, especially when they fight for so noble a cause as that of general liberty, and defend kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and persecution."

When the town of Landshut, in Bavaria, surrendered to him at discretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him, and presented him with the keys of their town. "Rise, rise," said he; "it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to so frail and feeble a mortal as I am."

Gustavus, differently from our modern generals, never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead toward the enemy, sometimes with, and sometimes without book. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. (The effect of this chaunt with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible.)

Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army, he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm, made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Cobourg, which begins "God is our strong castle." The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and all the soldiers in the army. To this succeeded a hymn made by Gustavus himself, which began, "My dear little army, fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin." The word given by the king for that day was, "God be with us."

The ministers of Louis XIII. king of France, were desirous to insert in a treaty between their sovereign and Gustavus, that the King of France had the King of Sweden under his protection.—Gustavus spiritedly replied, "I have no occasion for any protection but that of God, and I desire no other. After God I acknowledge no superior, and I wish to owe the success of my arms to my sword and my good conduct alone."

In a conference he had with the minister from our court, Sir Harry Vane, whom he supposed to have been bribed by the court of Spain, as Sir Harry was pressing him in a manner which he did not like, he said to him, in Latin, "Sir, I do not understand you; you talk Spanish."

He always preferred foreign soldiers, who served voluntarily for pay, to those who were enlisted by the authority of government in their own country. "A hound," said he, "that is dragged by force to the field never hunts well."

In one of his journeys he was accosted by a student in Latin, who desired him to permit him to serve in his cavalry. "Be it so, Sir," replied the king; "an indifferent scholar may make a very good soldier. But why, Sir, do you wish to discontinue your studies?"—"Alas! Sire," said the student, "I prefer arms to books."—"Ah! man," returned the king, who spoke Latin very fluently, and who was a good classical scholar, "I see what it is—it is as Horace says,

"Optat ephippia bos piger: optat arare caballus."

"The slow dull ox gay trappings wants;

"To plough the fiery courser pants."

A SHORT HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED :

Translated from the original by a Gentleman of distinguished literary eminence, residing at Calcutta; and transmitted to his brother in England.

GOD :—according to the *Gentoos*.

I. GOD is the creator of all living creatures, and resembles a perfect sphere; has neither beginning nor end. He rules and governs all animated nature by a general providence, which results from fixed and determinate principles. We ought not to endeavour to pry into the nature and essence of the Eternal, nor by what laws he governs the world. Such enquiry would not be merely fruitless, but even culpable. We ought to content ourselves, with beholding, day and night, his stupendous works, his wisdom, and his power, and avail ourselves of his mercy.

CREATION OF THE DEWTAHS :—according to the *Gentoos*.

II. The Eternal, in the contemplation of his own existence, resolved, in the fulness of time, to share his glory and his essence with beings capable of tasting his beatitude, and of contributing to his glory. Such beings were not as yet in existence;—he willed it, and they were. He formed them partly of his own essence, capable of attaining perfection, and likewise endowed them with the power of destroying and losing the one and the other. The Eternal first created Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, and afterwards Moissasoor, and all the Dewtahs. The Eternal gave pre-eminence to Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb: he made Bhirmah the prince of the Dewtahs, and put them under his authority; he also constituted him his Vicegerent in Heaven, and gave him for colleagues, Vistnou and Seeb. The Eternal divided the Dewtahs into different classes and ranks, and appointed a chief to each. They surrounded the throne of the Eternal, according to their ranks, and adored him; and peace reigned in Heaven. Moissasoor, the chief of the order of Dewtahs, sung hymns of praise and glory and adoration to the Creator, and submission and obedience to Bhirmah, the first created; and the eternal took a pleasure in contemplating the new creation.

THE FALL OF SOME OF THE DEWTAHS.

III. On the creation of the Dewtahs, happiness and harmony reigned about the throne of the Eternal, for the space of a thousand thousand mununttoors, and would have continued to the end of time, if envy and jealousy had not seized on Moissasoor, and the

other chiefs of the orders of Dewtahs, amongst whom was Raubon, the next in degree after Moissasoor. These chiefs, forgetting the happiness of being created, and the duties imposed on them, rejected the power of attaining perfection, with which the Eternal had graciously indued them; committed evil in the sight of the Eternal, and withdrew themselves from the obedience they owed him, and refused to submit to the authority of his Vicegerent, and his colleagues, Vistnou and Seeb, and said in their hearts, "We will govern, and neither dread the omnipotence of the Creator, nor his resentment." They disseminated false notions among the Dewtahs, and deceived and corrupted the fidelity of many, and withdrew from the throne of the Eternal. Grief seized on the Dewtahs who retained their fidelity and allegiance, and sorrow, for the first time, reigned in Heaven.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.*

DEAR SIR,

Weston-Underwood, March 10, 1792

YOU will have more Candour, as I hope and believe, than to impute my delay to answer your kind and friendly letter, to inattention or want of a cordial respect for the writer of it. To suppose any such cause of my silence were injustice both to yourself and me. The truth is, I am a very busy man, and cannot gratify myself with writing to my friends so punctually as I wish.

You have not in the least fallen in my esteem on account of your employment,† as you seemed to apprehend that you might. It is

* A previous letter from Cowper to the same correspondent, has been inserted in "The Monthly Mirror," by permission of its possessor, and may be seen in Vol. XI. p. 9.

† That of mezzotinto-engraving; to which many early years were regretfully devoted. In a momentary oscillation of mind between graphic, poetic, and harmonic pursuits, the following lines were penned, and are now for the first time printed.

IDYLLIUM.

By fancy warm'd, I seiz'd the quill,
And poetry the strain inspir'd;

an elegant one, and when you speak modestly as you do of your proficiency in it, I am far from giving you entire credit for the whole assertion. I had indeed supposed you a person of independent fortune, who had nothing to do but to gratify himself, and whose mind, being happily addicted to literature, was at full leisure to enjoy its innocent amusement. But it seems I was mistaken, and your time is principally due to an art which has a right pretty much to engross your attention, and which gives rather the air of an intrigue to your intercourse and familiarity with the Muses, than of a lawful connexion. No matter.—I am not prudish in this respect, but honour you the more for a passion virtuous and laudable in itself, and which you indulge not, I dare say, without benefit both to yourself and your acquaintance. I, for one, am likely to reap the fruit of your amours, and ought, therefore, to be one of the last to quarrel with them.

You are in danger, I perceive, of thinking of me more highly than you ought to think. I am not one of the *litterati*, among whom you seem disposed to place me. Far from it. I told you in my last how heinously I am unprovided with the means of being so, having long since sent all my books to market. My learning accordingly lies in a very narrow compass. It is school-boy learning somewhat improved, and very little more.* From the age of twenty

MUSIC improv'd it by her skill,
Till I with both their charms was fir'd.

WON by the graces each display'd,
Their younger SISTER† I forgot;
Though first to her my vows were paid,—
By fate or choice it matters not :

SHE, jealous of their rival powers,
And to repay the injury done,
Condemn'd me through life's future hours,
All to admire, but wed with none.

T. P.

* Mr. Hayley, in reference to this passage, has, with propriety, remarked, that Cowper spoke too slightly of his own learning: for he was in truth a scholar, as any man may fairly be called who is master of four languages besides his own. Cowper read Greek and Latin, French and Italian; but the extraordinary incidents of his life precluded him from indulging himself in a multiplicity of books, and his reading was conformable to the rule of Pliny,—*non multa, sed multum*. See Life of Cowper, ii. 227.

† PAINTING. Used here with poetic license, and with due deference to a superior art: the writer having always considered the relation of an engraver to a painter, as that of a translator to an original author.

to twenty-three, I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law. From thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review in my hand, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others, a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author. It is a whim that has served me longest and best, and which will probably be my last.

Thus you see I have had very little opportunity to become what is properly called—*learned*. In truth, having given myself so entirely of late to poetry, I am not sorry for this deficiency, since great learning, I have been sometimes inclined to suspect, is rather a hindrance to the fancy than a furtherance.

You will do me a favour by sending me a copy of Thomson's monumental inscription. He was a poet, for whose memory, as you justly suppose, I have great respect; in common, indeed, with all who have ever read him with taste and attention.

Wishing you heartily success in your present literary undertaking,* and in all your professional ones, I remain,

Dear Sir, with great esteem,
sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

P. S. After what I have said, I will not blush to confess, that I am at present perfectly unacquainted with the merits of Drummond, but shall be happy to see him in due time, as I should be to see any author edited by you.

DISCOURSE ON

THE CAUSE OF THE ECHO.

Pronounced on the 1st of May, 1718.

FROM MONTEQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

ON the birth-day of Augustus, a laurel sprung up in the palace, with the branches of which those warriors were crowned who deserved the honour of a triumph. Laurels have also sprung up with this academy, gentlemen, which it employs to make crowns for

* An edition of the poems of Drummond, of Hawthornden; since resigned to Dr. Anderson of Edinburgh.

those learned men who have triumphed over the learned. There is no one so remote as not to court its suffrages: the depository of reputation, the dispenser of glory, it takes a pleasure in consoling philosophers for their labours, and in avenging them, as it were, on the injustice of their own times, and the jealousy of little minds.

The fabulous gods dispensed their favours differently amongst mortals: to vulgar souls they granted long life, pleasures, riches; with rains and dews they recompensed the children of the earth; but glory they reserved for more grand and elevated souls, as the only reward that was truly worthy of them.

It is for that glory that so many fine geniuses have toiled; that they laboured to conquer by the energies of the mind—the most divine and celestial part appertaining to mankind.

How highly flattering is so personal a triumph! We have seen great men solely affected by those successes for which they were indebted to their virtues, and regarding all the favours which fortune could bestow as things wholly foreign to them. We have seen heroes, when covered with the laurels of Mars, ambitious for those of Apollo, and disputing for the glory of a poet and an orator.

“Tantus amor laudum, tanta est victoria cura.”

When that great Cardinal, to whom an illustrious academy owes its institution, saw the royal authority established, the enemies of France dismayed, and the subjects of the king returned to their obedience, who would not have thought that this great man would have been contented with himself? No: while at the highest pinnacle of his fortune, he had, in the recess of an obscure closet, at Paris, a secret rival of his glory. In Corneille he found a new rebel, whom he was unable to subdue. It was too much for him to bear the superiority of another genius, and was sufficient even to disgust him with the glory of his own ministry, which will be the admiration of ages to come.

What, then, should be the satisfaction of him who finds himself crowned by your hands this day—the conqueror of his rivals?

The subject proposed was more difficult to be treated than it at first appeared. We should vainly pretend to succeed in the explanation of the echo, that is to say, of the reflected sound, without previously having a perfect knowledge of the direct sound. It would be equally in vain for us to seek for any assistance from the ancients, who were, no doubt, as unfortunate, in their hypotheses, as the poets in their fictions, who attributed the effect of the echo to the mis-

fortunes of a chattering nymph, whom Juno, in a rage, changed into a voice, for having amused her jealousy, and, by the length of her tales, (an artifice employed in all times) prevented her from surprising Jupiter in the arms of his mistresses.

All the philosophers, in general, agree that the cause of the echo is to be attributed to the reflection of sounds, which, impelled by the sonorous body, strikes upon the organ of hearing; but if they agree thus far, it must be allowed that they do not travel far together, that the details are at variance, and that they differ much more in those which they do, than in those which they do not, understand.

In the first place, if, enquiring into the nature of a direct sound, we ask them in what manner the air is impelled by the sonorous body, some will say it is by an undulatory motion, and will not fail to draw an analogy between those undulations and those that are produced by throwing a stone into the water: but others, not satisfied with that comparison, will immediately form a separate sect, and will sooner renounce the reputation of philosophers, than admit the existence of such undulations in a fluid body like the air, which does not, in the same manner, form a smooth surface stretched upon a bottom. Besides, say they, according to that system, the sound of a bell must be heard several times, for the same impression forms many circles, and many undulations.

They are more willing to admit direct furrows, proceeding, without interruption, from the mouth of him who speaks to the ear of him who hears: the pressure given to the air by the spring of the sonorous body being sufficient to communicate that action.

If, considering sound in relation to its swiftness, we ask those philosophers why that is always equal, and why, when the report of a cannon at one hundred and seventy-one toises distance, takes a space of a second to be heard, any other sound, however weak, will reach us in as short a time? they will be obliged to confess their ignorance, or to enter upon long dissertations on it, which amounts to the same thing.

Go more deeply into the subject, and ask the cause of the echo? The general answer is, that the reflection is sufficient to produce it; but an individual contends that it is not sufficient, and perhaps his reasoning may make some impression upon those who are willing to divest themselves of the prejudice in favour of multitudes against one.

Those who admit that reflection alone will suffice, tell us that

the walls of a chamber would produce an echo if they were not too close to us, and gave the reflected sound at the same instant that our ears are struck by the direct one. Echo, according to them, exists in all places—"Jovis omnia plena." It may be said that, with Heraclitus, they allow a concert and harmony in the universe, which habit conceals from us; and the more so, as the reflection being frequently directed towards parts different from those whence the sound was produced, it often happens that the echo does not return the sound to the place where it originated. This nymph does not always make her responses to him who addresses her. There have been occasions on which her voice was mistaken by those who heard it, which may account for some marvellous stories, and those voices heard in the air, which Rome, built upon seven hills, has so often reckoned in the number of its prodigies.*

Others, who do not think nature altogether so liberal, refer to particular situations, which give an infinite variety to the reflections: but, after all, we are not far advanced in our knowledge of the cause of the echo. I cannot here pass over a difficulty common to all systems, which, notwithstanding the satisfaction we feel in contributing to bring to light some things which were before obscure in physics, tends to our humiliation. We can easily comprehend that the air, which has already produced a sound, encountering a rock at a little distance, is reflected towards him who speaks, and reproduces a new sound, or an echo; but how does it happen that the echo repeats precisely the same words, and in the same tone in which they are pronounced? Why are they not at times more shrill, and at other times more grave? Why does not the rugged surface of rocks, or other reflecting bodies, make a change in the impulse which the air has already received in order to produce the direct sound? I am aware of the difficulty, and still more of my own inability to solve it.

* "*Visionem audire vocem ingentem ex summi cacuminis luo.*" Livy, B. i. Chap. 31.

"*Spreta vox de caelo emissa.*" Ibid, Chap 32.

"*Templo sospitæ Junonis nocte ingentem strepitum exortum.*" Ibid, B. 31, Chap. 12.

"*Silento proximæ noctis ea sylva Arisia ingentem editam vocem.*" Ibid, B. 2, Chap. 7.

"*Cantusque ferantur*
"*Auditi, sanctis et verba minacio lucis.*"

TOUR IN SOUTH WALES.

[Continued.]

Llansteffn, August 7, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

THE sun was rising over the mountains on the east, as we descended to the beach—the voice of the mariner was alone heard filling the gale at a distance, and nothing was wanting that was lovely in landscape, to dispose the mind to a delicious sense of nature's inexhaustible beauties. I never repeated with more pleasure the beautiful passage of Milton—

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds, &c.

As we were wandering on the shore, amusing ourselves with the various forms and colours of the stones, washed on the shore by the sea, I could but call to mind the exquisite picture that Cicero draws of the amusements of Scipio and Lælius, and the romantic situation of Britton in some measure coincided with my ideas in the picture I had mentally drawn of Scipio's seat on the banks of the Tiber. The recognising a prospect similar to those we have seen or heard described, is like contemplating the features of a friend in those of a stranger, and fills the mind with inexpressible pleasure. We passed over the ferry, and pursued our route over the sands washed by the British Channel, and, after the course of three miles, entered the capital of Glamorganshire.

The harbour of Swansea is tolerably convenient, and the trade to Cornwall in coals, the importation of copper ore from thence, and of the clay for the pottery from Corfe, in Dorsetshire, are very considerable.

I might here give you a learned account of the misfortunes this town has experienced, to whom it fell in the division of Glamorganshire among the twelve Norman knights, and a description of the lead by which the cross is covered, the gift of Cromwell; but the subject is exhausted, and at best affords but little pleasure, unless read in the immediate scene of action. I shall only observe, that the castle which was built by the Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I. like many others, has descended from the honour of being guardian to the nobility, to the degrading office of guarding offenders of the laws of society. Towns are generally of little importance to a lover of landscape; they are mostly of a similar stamp

In every country, and deserve but little the attention of a traveller to seek pleasure in each rural scene.

We hastened from the bustle of business, and the pleasure of the bathing machines, over a Roman way, till we reached what is called *Gowerland*.^{*} From hence the poet Gower derived his title, and the following is a portrait of him, copied from an ancient MS. and printed in the *Monthly Magazine*, 1801, p. 35, and will give you a perfect idea of the prevailing fashion of that age.

Large he was—his height was long ;
 Broad of breast ; his limbs were strong,
 But colour pale ; and wan his look,
 Such as they that ply'n their book ;
 His head was gray, and quaintly shorn ;
 Neatly was his beard yworn ;
 His visage stern, and grave, and grim,
 Cato was most like to him :
 His bonnet was a hat of blue ;
 His sleeves were straight, of that same hue ;
 A surcoat, of a tawney dye,
 Hung in plaits across his thigh ;
 A breeche, close unto his nock,
 Handsomed with a long stocke ;
 Peeked before was his shoone,
 He wore such as others donne ;
 A bag of red was by his side ;
 And, by that, his napkin ty'd.

Thus John Gower did appear,
 Quaint attired as you hear.

After some miles travelling, we arrived at the small town and ferry of Lwghor, called in Antoniaus' Itinerary, *Leucarius*. The river Lwghor here winds in a most enchanting manner under the mountains, whose sides are enlivened with woods and cottages, churches and houses, and a distant view of the opening of the river, filled with ships, closes this delightful prospect.

The church yard, which is of the true Welch character, has the following offspring of a rustic muse.

Epitaph on Mary Pengree.

The village maidens to her grave shall bring
 The fragrant garland each returning spring ;

^{*} Collin's *Peetrage*, vol. 5, p. 241.

Selected sweets, in emblem of the maid
 Who underneath this hollow turf is laid:
 Like her they flourish, beauteous to the eye,
 Like her too soon they languish, fade, and die.

This sentiment has always been a particular favourite with almost every poet, ancient and modern.

Thus Ausonius, *Idyl* 14.

Again, in Theocritus, *Idyl* 23.

Fragrant the rose, but soon it fades away,
 &c. &c. &c.

Such is the bloom of beauty, cropt by time,
 Full soon it fades, and withers in its prime.

Ovid, *Art. Amor.* b. 2, l. 115.

Nec violæ semper nec Hianthia lilia florent
 Et riget amissâ spina relicta rosâ.

Our own Shakespeare too continually, *Passionate Pilgrim*, l. 147-8-9, stanza 11. Again, in *Venus and Adonis*, l. 130. In *Twelfth Night*, act 2, sc. 3. Lest, however, you may wish to bring this as a farther proof of the learning of Shakespeare, I shall quote authors from whom, in my opinion, he imbibed the idea.

Thus the Earl of Surry, upon the *frailtie and hurtfulness of beautie*:

Brittle beautie, that Nature made so fraile,
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,
 Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to faile.

Again, in Fletcher's beautiful *Faithful Shepherdess*, act 4,

——— Such beauty may

Spring and perish in a day.

Brown, too, in *Shepherd's Pipe*, *Ecl.* 5, when lamenting *Phila-rete's* death, says, beautifully,

Look, as a sweet rose, fairly budding forth
 Bewrays her beauties to th' enamoured morn,
 Until some keen blast, from the envious north,
 Kills the sweet bud that is but newly born.

And old Tom D'Urfey, in his *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. 6, p. 39,

Then boast not young Phillis because thou art fair,
 Soft roses and lilies more beautiful are
 Than ever thou wast, when they in their prime,
 And yet they do fade in a very short time.

It was not likely Milton should suffer this thought to escape him, as in *Comus*, l. 743, and his ode on the Death of a fair Infant.

You must call up all the powers of friendship, to excuse so much garrulity: but you promised to read all I should think proper to write, and you see I have put your patience to a severe trial.

On the opposite side of the ferry, we, for the first time, felt the misery of a Welch road, which lasted till we arrived at the small town of Llanelly, from whence, 'creeping up the side of a mountain for about two miles, and making a curve to the left, a most unbounded view on every side presented itself. Hills rose on hills in west and north, crowned by one resembling the sugar loaf in Monmouthshire; the left occupied by an extensive view of the channel, with the fine front of Worm's Head towering over it, gave the scene a more determined character than birds' eye views generally possess. They are seldom picturesque, for, by becoming general, they lose all local effect; and, by possessing little or no foreground, lose their richness in the variety and multitude of their parts.

Kidwelly was the next town we entered. It has two excellently paved streets, which led us to the church. In the portal of this church is a miserable figure of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, to which many Irish still pay reverence. The castle is in the highest state of preservation, and was one of considerable strength when the contemptible John retired to seek refuge from the fury of his irritated barons and his own thoughts. This town was founded by Londres, and enlarged by the Duke of Lancaster, to whom it devolved at the death of his wife's father. This is the reason of its being in the dutchy of Lancaster, so much marvelled at by many.

Our guide directed us to the mint, the towers, and the chapel, for a description of which I shall refer you to our numerous tourists, who, to fill a volume, will tell you what you never wish to know, or what you have heard ten times before. You observe I drop the importance of antiquarian information, to assume the right of *reading* the many wars each castle has waged in SILENCE, and shall afterwards send them to the *Mirror*, that, at some future year, I may contemplate more easily scenes of such exquisite beauty, together with the impressions that they made upon me. The evening was closing as we reached the east bank of the mouth of the Towey, opposite the town and castle of Llanstiffin. This scene would exercise the powers of a painter. Two mountains on each side the river, which here enters the bay of Carmarthen, are formed by na-

ture to protect its entrance, while the castle, on a lower one, composes a most picturesque landscape, diversified on the N. W. with a long line of cottages and pastures. I have seen a print of this view; which has as little resemblance to it, as the Hercules Farnese to the Apollo Belvidere. It is to be lamented, that truth and justice are less regarded in landscape than in any other department of painting. It is the most essential qualification, and it is from this sole reason that we experience the more pleasure in analysing the pictures of Swanevelt and Waterloo, than the exquisite pieces of Claude or Poussin.

While we were endeavouring to procure a passage over this wide river, I saw the prettiest woman I had seen in Wales. She spoke English to me, and Welch to a woman and her son, who were milking some cows in a small pasture adjoining her cottage. She was an emblem of Lady Mortimer: for

Her tongue

Made Welch as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower
With ravishing division to her lute.

Henry IV. Act 3, Scene 1.

After indulging in conversation for some time, I wished her good evening, and was soon wafted over the Towey to the village of Llanstufin, from whence I direct you this letter.

Adieu.

MORTIMER

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SUN'S HEAT.

NOT being satisfied with the manner in which the various degrees of the sun's heat has been accounted for, I have been induced to seek some other cause, and the following is the result.

I consider the atmosphere surrounding the earth to operate as a *lens*, or burning glass, when in conjunction with the sun's rays. This view of it will solve many difficulties, and, perhaps, afford some new ideas upon this branch of astronomy.

The properties and effects of a lens are well known, such as the necessity of the object to be operated upon, being at a precise *distance* from the lens, if the focus be perfectly round. Any departure from these rules will diminish the effect, just in proportion to the deviation. Thus the degree of heat is diminished accordingly, whether you advance to, or recede from, the true focus. If

the true distance is preserved, and the focus is made *oblong* instead of round, the heat is diminished accordingly. Also, the heat of a focus from a lens, is most intense in the centre, and diminished as you recede from the centre to the extremity. Now apply these principles to the operation of the sun upon the earth; the sun is the burning power, the atmosphere the lens, the levelled surface of the earth is its true focus. From late experiments it is well known to be considerably colder, the nearer we approach to the origin of light and heat, notwithstanding the vertical rays are precisely the same. The like effect will be produced by descending below the surface of the earth, even though the sun's rays came upon you in the same direction. The solution of this is, that you then have quitted the true focus; this plainly accounts for high mountains, even in warm climates, being continually covered with snow, and also for our earth's not receiving any heat from the moon. Heat is as capable of being reflected as light, but *not through a lens*. Hence we receive light, but no heat from the Moon, and the light from that body being reflected, and passing through the atmosphere, presents to our sight that pale cast.

The planet Mercury being situated seven times nearer to the sun than the earth is, it has been concluded by some, that it is utterly impossible it can be inhabited by our species; but may it not, for want of a lens, be even colder than the earth? Or is it probable that it is fitted with an atmosphere, exactly suited to its distance from the sun? The observations may be applied to the most distant planets, even the Hérshel, which is supposed, from its immense distance, to be almost in darkness. The GLARE of light from a small luminary, assisted by a lens, is so well known, that it cannot be doubted, but that the most distant planets are as well lighted as our earth is: the dimensions of the earth are well known, one half of which is always acted on by the sun's rays.

When we contemplate the application of a burning glass, &c. it will, in some degree, reconcile us to the astonishing effects we behold! "Ah," we exclaim, with the well known author, "how contemptible are the grandest of our works, compared with those of Nature." Perhaps I trespass too far on the limits of your work. Should any of your scientific correspondents take up the subject, and convey the result of their experiments, through the medium of your valuable miscellany, it will confer an obligation on one of your most constant readers.

City Road.

J. B.

IDLE HOURS.

NUMBER VI.

"Les malheureux, qui ont de l'esprit, trouvent des ressources en eux-mêmes."

BOUHOURS.

THE sensations with which we look and think upon the dead, create in the reflecting mind a disposition to do good, to cultivate the social affections, and bear with the weaknesses of the living. There is something in death which sanctifies the objects of its rapacity. Our deadliest foes, and our most successful rivals, are no longer fit objects of contention; our envy and hatred subside into gentler emotions, and we frequently turn with something like regret from the remains of those, whose life was a continued check upon our ambition, and a drawback upon our fame, with an eye of censure on ourselves. The critic, in reviewing the works of an author, who is alike deaf to his censure or applause, and who can no longer receive encouragement from praise, nor profit from correction, sits down, in true dispassionate philosophy, to see what he can find to admire. The volume of poetry by William Vernon, which I have with some difficulty procured, consists principally of scattered pieces, that had been inserted in the magazines of the day, on various subjects, and unequal in merit.

Ah me! environ'd with what ill
Is he that meddles with a quill!

From these lines our poet appears to have been aware of the fate that awaits an author. He experienced it in its severest degree. I know of no situation more wretched than to be condemned to be the companion of men, who at once "enjoy and despise you;" to prostitute your talents, and devote your nights to the amusement of those who, in the day, are ashamed to acknowledge you. The love of fame *alone* cannot be a sufficient inducement for a man to forego the common enjoyments of life, to brave the shafts of criticism, to tempt the malice and provoke the envy of mankind. In his musing mood the poet exists in *another world*, peopled by the beings of his own prolific imagination. He is here compensated for the neglect he meets with in life. Here every thing is adjusted to his taste, his rivals are always disgraced, and his nymphs are always kind. From some introductory lines which our poet has prefixed to his volume, it appears he had published some "tales and songs," some time

before, and the reception they met with had nearly deterred him from making another attempt. When this was, and under what circumstances, I have not been able to learn, though, if it were ascertained, it would determine some singular coincidences of thought and expression that may be found in cotemporary writers. I have met with several of his poems that do not appear in the volume which he published on his returning from abroad, and which have not any date affixed, but are paged for the beginning of a work, and bound up with other fragments of poetry and prose.

"The Race of the Maids" is a spirited poem, and has many good lines. The following are bold and descriptive.

"——— O muse! in faithful numbers tell
How vig'rous strove the Chetkil maid and Nell,
As up the pathway furiously they sweep,
How closely in each others steps they keep!
And now, involv'd in clouds of rising dust,
The rapid racers to the sight are lost;
And now again appearing full in view,
No ground is gain'd by Nell or lost by Sue.
As of a chariot, that outstrips the wind,
The wheels before and those that run behind
Whirl with an equal swiftness o'er the plain,
And at an equal distance still remain:
So ran the maids—the rais'd spectators gaze,
In mind suspended whom they most should praise."

In an epistle to Mr. Sharp, jun. of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, he describes his feelings on being doomed

"——— In works of death to toil,
And fertilize with blood a foreign soil."

From this poem, Yorick's platonic friend, the accomplished Eliza, has selected the following lines, which appear in one of the letters that are now published in her name. The poet is supposing that he remained with his literary friend, and is writing on the eve of his departure; Eliza is supposing herself married to her Bramin.

"My genius rough, should by degrees refine,
Acquiring worth by imitating thine,
With thee I'd wander o'er th' historic page,
And view the changing scenes of ev'ry age;
Or, led by thee, the latent paths explore
Of grave philosophy's extensive lore;

Or now reclining on the sylvan bow'r,
With tuneful bards enjoy the peaceful hour."

This piece was originally communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for September 1757. In the number for November following, there appears another piece, entitled "Bardolph and Trulla," an imitation of Horace and Lydia, to which is prefixed a note, wherein he informs the editor that he is their old Staffordshire correspondent, who is not a sailor, as he understood, but a private soldier in the Old-*Buff*s. He then refers back to his former communications, as early as 1745 and 1746, at which period he must have been miraculously young for an author in his circumstances to have written any thing. He had several friends who countenanced his earliest flights in the regions of rhyme, but none of them had sufficient *active* benevolence to rescue the poet from the drudgery of a vile profession, that checked the ardour of his genius, and finally drove him to seek a scanty maintenance among the refuse of society. His best poem that I have yet seen is his "Parish Clerk." Where, and when, it made its first appearance, I have not been able to discover. It is written after the manner of Shenstone's "School-mistress," and has many natural beauties. It may be found in "Harrison and Co.'s Lady's Poetical Magazine, or Beauties of British Poetry." Vol. 1st.

After a few introductory Stanzas I select the following :—

" Ent'ring the village in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak his dwelling stands ;
The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay ;
All rudely rais'd by his forefather's hands.
Observe the homely hut as you pass by,
And pity the good man who lives so wretchedly.

" Vulcanian artist here, with oily brow,
And naked arm, he at his anvil plies ;
What time Aurora in the east does glow,
And eke when Vesper gilds the western skies ;
The bellows roar, the hammers loud resound,
And from the tortur'd mass the sparkles fly around.

" Hither the truant school-boy frequent wends,
And sily peeping o'er the hatch is seen,
To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
The steed's strong shoe, or forms the sickle keen :

Unthinking little elf, what ills betide,
Of breech begalled sore, and cruel task beside."

I have not Mr. Holloway's poems by me, but, as far as I recollect, there is a strong similarity between a few lines there, and the former part of this latter stanza.

The Parish Clerk's learning is characteristically delineated in the following lines :

" A deep historian well I wot is he,
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
Of England's George, the flow'r of chivalry,
Of Merlin's mirror, and the brazen head ;
With hundred legends more, which, to recite,
Would tire the wisest nurse, and spend the longest night."

The poet then describes the various ceremonies of a village wedding in appropriate numbers, and gives the following impressive picture of his hero in the decline of life.

" But now, alas, his ev'ry pow'r decays,
His voice grows hoarse, long toil has cramp'd his hands,
No more he fills the echoing choir with praise,
No more to melody the harp commands ;
Sadly he mourns the dulness of his ear,
And when a master plays, he *presses close to hear*."

The following lines are in Gray's style :—

" Late o'er the plain by chance or fancy led,
The pensive swain who does his annals write," &c.

But in the succeeding ones there is a direct hit.

" Beneath yon aged yew-tree's solemn shade,
Whose twisted roots above the greensward creep,
There freed from toil my pious father laid,
Enjoys a silent unmolested sleep.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
That wreath, its old fantastic roots so high."

GRAY.

The following is the concluding verse :—

" In that sweet earth, when nature's debt is paid,
And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,
My neighbours kind, I trust will see me laid,
In humble hope of mercy to repose.

Evil and few the Patriarch mourn'd his days,
Nor shall a man presume to vindicate his ways."

"*There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his father and his God.*"

GRAY.

The occasional emanations of genius may be discovered through the whole of his poems, and we cannot but regret that an author of much local celebrity, whose works have been thought worthy of being ranked among the happiest effusions of the press, should have continued unheeded, to the end of his life, in so mean and repugnant an office as that of a private soldier; the continual associate of men of rude and ferocious character; to see day rise upon day, and year close upon year, with no variation but that of wretchedness; the rays of genius beaming on his mind, and the clouds of oblivion and neglect encircling his head.

Wolverhampton, May 10.

CIVIS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

TIMIDITY, says the celebrated Montesquieu, has been the bane of my life. It seems to affect even the organs of my body, and my intellect; to arrest my tongue; to cast a cloud over my thoughts; and to confound my language. I am less subject to this humiliation before men of sense than fools, because I trust to *their* perceiving my ideas. Three times in my life I have chanced to acquit myself well enough. Being at Luxembourg, in an apartment where the Emperor was at dinner, Prince Kinski said to me, "You, Sir, who come from France, must be surprised to see the Emperor so ill lodged."—"Sir," I answered, "I am not sorry to see a country in which the subjects are better lodged than the sovereign."

Being in Piedmont, the King said to me, "I understand, Sir, you are a relation of the Abbé Montesquieu, whom I have seen here with the Abbé D'Etrade!" "Sir," I replied, "your Majesty is like Cæsar, who never forgot any one's name."

Dining in England, with the Duke of Richmond, the French envoy there, La Boine, who was ill qualified for his situation, contended that England was not larger than the province of Guienne.

I opposed the envoy. In the evening the Queen said to me, "I am informed, Sir, that you undertook our defence against Monsieur la Boine?" I replied, "Madam, I cannot persuade myself that a country over which *you* reign is not a *great* kingdom."

I CALL genius a secret gift of the Deity, which the possessor displays unknown to himself.

THE sublimely simple and comprehensive precept of christianity, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you," leads the moralist to compress the various tenets of his doctrine, into "Behave unto all men as ye would they should behave unto you." The ambitious, the covetous, the proud, the vain, the angry, the debauchee, the glutton, are *all lost* in the character of the *well bred man*. Or, if nature should now and then venture to peep forth, she withdraws in an instant, and does not shew enough of herself to become disgusting. The Abbé Bellegarde justly tells us, "Ill breeding is not a *single* defect. It is the result of *many*. It is sometimes a gross ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others the attention due to them; it is a *peevish malignity*, which inclines us to oppose the inclination of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity, which has no complaisance for any other person. The effect of a proud and whimsical humour, which soars above all the rules of civility: or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind, which pampers itself with a rude and disobliging behaviour."

HE who runs after wit is apt to embrace folly.

THE reason why fools so often succeed in their plans, is, that never distrusting themselves, they always persevere.

BE *singular* if you please: but let it be in the elevation of your thoughts, and the rectitude of your manners. He that can distinguish himself *only by the abuse of others*, is a despicable creature in every country.

A LIAR begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

THE difference there is between *honour* and *honesty*, is chiefly in the *motive*. The honest man does that from *duty*, which the man of honour does for the sake of *character*. True honour is to honesty, what the court of chancery is to common law!

Q. Z.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

 QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

 MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected Odes of Anacreon, with critical Annotations; to which are added, Translations and Imitations of other ancient Authors. By the late Rev. Hercules Younge, and published by the Rev. Mr. Drought.

THIS elegant little work is ushered into the world under the auspices of Earl Moira, whom the editor has addressed in a dedication so delicate and appropriate, as well as brief—another excellence in epistles dedicatory—that we shall lay it before our readers.

“MY LORD,

“Having long contemplated the character of Earl Moira with silent, though sincere veneration, it is impossible for me to resist profiting by the opportunity which the publication of these posthumous papers, of a near and dear relative, affords, of testifying it to the world, by inscribing them to a nobleman, who has taste to appreciate, and knowledge to distinguish, their merits; and it is a highly gratifying circumstance to find, that, though I am not prepared, or, I fear, competent, to make this manifestation by my own talents, yet I shall not go out of my family to assure your lordship, that I am your obedient servant,

“ROBERT DROUGHT.”

The incontestible merit of “Anacreon” may be deduced from the single circumstance of his enjoying an unfading character as a poet, for so many centuries; his odes being as much admired at the present time as they were in their first appearance. Imitations of his thought and manner have been innumerable; and the avowed literal translations of distinct odes have been no less. They have been also given to the public in an English translation, collectively, with great general effect, by Mr. Fawkes; and more recently, as well as more in the spirit of the original, by Mr. Moore. The genius of the latter gentleman, indeed, seems to have assimilated better with that of the Tæan Bard than any other, and particularly in the more voluptuous, not to say licentious, part of his author. Notwithstanding which we fully subscribe to the opinion of Mr. Pratt, who, on seeing the manuscript of those selections, observed—that a chaste yet animated selection of these captivating odes, giving in a fashionable pocket volume the *Beauties of Anacreon*, in a liberal yet guarded translation, so as to preserve the delightful sport, the jovial

sentiments, and playful spirit of the original, without bringing forward any thing that o'er-steps the bounds of modesty, appeared to be a desideratum in English poetry: and we hesitate not to say, that the translations under our immediate consideration are, to adopt the language of another of the editor's friends, chosen with great delicacy, and that the warmest glow of passion has been shaded by a lovelier modesty in such of the odes as required it. Though we acknowledge, in justice to the present translator, that it must have been by a very skilful hand that these chastening touches were given, without injury to the rich and joyous imagery which characterizes the Grecian bard.

In proof of this assertion, we shall present our readers with the celebrated address to the painter, about to draw a portrait of Anacreon's mistress, ode 28, of which Mr. Younge has given two translations. We give the preference to the first,

Master of the rosy art,
Try the pleasing friendly part;
Paint my beauty all divine;
Colour you, and I'll design,
Make her tresses easy lie,
Softly touch'd, and black the dye,
If your tint so far prevails,
Paint them breathing od'rous gales.
Next, her forehead, smooth and fair,
Gently raise beneath her hair.
Form a brow on either side;
Mix them not, nor yet divide;
Let no eye distinctly see
Where they part, or where agree;
Then her eye-lash must arise
Black and circling o'er her eyes.
Now her eyes your hand require;
Paint them sparkling as the fire,
Awful as the queen of arms,
Lively as the queen of charms.
Next attempt her cheeks and nose;
Blend the fairness through the rose;
Then her lip's persuasive grace,
Softly courting an embrace.
Let a thousand graces deck
All her Parian-marble neck.
Painter, now, to clothe the rest,
Form a purple, slender vest,
Clear, pellucid, that her skin,
Half observ'd, shall lie withid:

Prying fancy thus may know,
 Wood'rous besettles are below.
 Hold ! enough ! I see the fair :
 All her charms confess'd appear !
 Such the work in ev'ry feature,
 Voice would make it real nature.

The famous address to Anacreon's dove is very happily trans-
 fused, and we cannot refuse it to our readers.

Stop, my beauteous dove, and pray
 Tell me whence your airy way ?
 Why do all your little plumes
 Send a gale of rich perfumes ?
 Who's your lord, and where you dwell,
 Lovely stranger, stay and tell.

DOVE.

Me the Telian bid with care
 Search and find his idol-fair,
 Her, whose beauty's early pride
 Conquers all the sex beside.
 Venus, for an ode he gave her,
 Much delighted with the favour,
 Bid me, since you long to know it,
 Serve obsequiously the poet.
 Now his fair one I pursue,
 Charg'd to give this billet-doux.

Once he told me—"Dove," said he,
 "Soon I mean to set you free."
 But, so easy now my case,
 Should I quit the happy place ?
 Should I range the hill and wood,
 Seeking mean and scanty food ?
 Now securely I may stand,
 Crumbs receiving from his hand ;
 Or, if thirsty, go and sup
 Wine delicious from his cup.
 Cheer'd with this, I play and bound,
 Nimbly dancing on the ground ;
 Then cares the bard, and spread
 Both my pinions o'er his head ;
 Last, to quiet sleep retire,
 Perching on the very lyre.
 Thus I told—a prattling jay—
 All my case—now go my way.

The imitations from Bion, Moschus, and Horace, are not less
 happily executed. A familiar imitation of the latter, Book I.
 Epist. 4, we resolve to make room for.

Since you, my friend, without a courtly sneer,
 Can sit on oak, and feast on country cheer,

To supper come, and come in easy guise,
 Ere Phobus sets, or anxious damps arise.
 Light is my claret; *** is strictly true;
 Th' importer he, the vintage fifty-two.
 For meat, the brook can eels and trouts supply,
 My barn a chickens, and my doves a pie.
 Add that *Pewons*, o'er vicarial land,
 Her fruits diffuses with a bounteous hand.
 If more than such your better tithes afford,
 Dress when you please; and I'll attend the board;
 If not, your fav'rite *Chillingworths* reign,
 For social converse, harmless mirth, and wine.
 Since this fair eve precedeth th' auspicious morn,
 On which, thank heav'n, our George the good was born,
 We'll sit, uncensur'd, chat the hours away.
 Till light appears, then grateful toast the day.
 Plagu'd with no doubts, unanxious for an heir,
 Free from lean av'rice, and the frown severe,
 Be mine to quaff, or stretch in careless ease;
 And fools may call me thoughtless, if they please.

What cannot wine perform? Its genial fire
 To am'rous youth restores the tott'ring sire;
 It arms the coward hand, revives the brave,
 Strikes off his fetters from the lab'ring slave;
 Nay, bids e'en B***y fearless ope the door,
 And give (strange pow'r!) one farthing to the poor!

Though little cost adorns my friendly treat,
 At least the furniture is plainly neat:
 Each knife, well whetted, cuts exactly keen;
 In each bright dish your face is clearly seen;
 The cloth is fair as *Kitty's* wondrous breast:
 And all may satisfy an easy guest.
 Nor dread, my friend, to see a motley train
 Of clam'rous blockheads, or of pertly vain:
 I hate disputes, and hold this gen'ral rule,
 'Tis fretful labour to oppose a fool.
 No barrister, who, joy'd himself to hear,
 Refuses quarter to the wounded ear;
 Who—in the hall, unworthy of a part—
 To spoil good liquor, keeps his terms of art:
 No rev'rend doctor, with important face,
 Who palms stupidity for heav'nly grace;
 O'er whose broad head fat waves unwieldy flow,
 Impartial emblems of the brains below;
 Who in polemics shews Herculean pow'r,
 When not oppos'd, and dulls the festive hour!
 None such expect:—I'll bid a sprightly few,
 Or leave the choice of company of you.

These are my terms: if grateful these, attend,
And quit a wife, one night, to please a friend.*

The editor, Mr. Drought, justly observes, that the majority of the NOTES will be gratifying chiefly to those who are intimate with the Greek; yet, besides that the commentary is too valuable to be lost, it seems expedient to admit this estimable edition, without swelling the size, or increasing the price of the book, by printing the original text to each ode. These illustrations not only throw an agreeable and general light upon the subject and the author, that may assist the English reader, but present the learned with opportunities of reference, augmenting at the same time the reputation of the erudite translator.

Mr. Drought, the editor of the present elegant selection, has prefixed a short account of the last-mentioned gentleman, his ingenious and learned relative; but, as he observes, it is very scanty of materials. He tells us Mr. Younge was educated at the university of Dublin, where he was eminently distinguished for his literary talents, and the strict propriety of his conduct. When ordained, the Bishop of Waterford, at the desire of Lord Chesterfield, who still extended to him his patronage, gave him a valuable living in his diocese.—Mr. Younge usually resided at *Carrick on Suir*, where his time was divided between study, and the conscientious discharge of his parochial duties. Dr. Newton, late Bishop of Bristol, acknowledges himself indebted to our author for several ingenious hints, in his well known dissertations on the prophecies.

Mr. Younge remained in retirement, greatly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was usually called the Christian Socrates, on account of his uncommon patience, in cheerfully submitting to a wife whose temper procured her the appellation of a young Xantippe. Though our author survived his thirteen children, and languished for many years under a painful disease, yet he bore his misfortunes with that pious resignation, which, by precept and example, he had always enforced on the minds of his parishioners. He died January 14, 1798, aged 77, admired for his talents, and revered for his virtues.

The grandmother of this gentleman was the daughter of the illustrious, but unfortunate, Montmorenci, high-constable of France, who, after the revocation of the famous edict of Nantes, was imprisoned as a Hugonot. The violent and indignant exertions of this eminent Frenchman, to prevent his enemies from loading him with

* The notes to the poems, being very long, are omitted. EDITOR.

chains, occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel, which quickly terminated his sufferings and his life.

The Mild Tenour of Christianity, an Essay, elucidated from Scripture and History, containing a new Illustration of the Characters of several eminent Personages. By Mr. Jerminham. 12mo. 3s. Clarke, New Bond Street.

THE benevolent purpose of this performance is to present to the dissolute, to the thoughtless, to the half-infidel, the Christian doctrine in its most attractive form, which we think the author has happily effected. He summons to our view many eminent personages, who all received the doctrine of christianity under that mild acceptation in which it is here presented to our view. Though the several arguments our author uses may have been separately considered by different writers, they have never been united into one consistent system before; and it was a marked desideratum in our literature.

Practical Sermons on several important Subjects. By the Reverend J. St. John, L. L. B. Price 6s. Verner and Hood. pp. 394.

WE have perused these sermons with more than common satisfaction. They are exactly what sermons should be. The author considers that he is addressing an assembly of Christians, in order to persuade them to become useful to one another, and acceptable to God. Instead of taking up our time, as many authors do, by abstruse reasoning, he seizes on the affections, and continues his hold from the beginning of his discourse to the end of it.

"The French and English writers of sermons," Dr. Blair observes, "proceed upon very different ideas of the eloquence of the pulpit; and seem indeed to have split it betwixt them. A French sermon is, for the most part, a warm, animated exhortation; an English one is a piece of cool, instructive reasoning. The French preachers address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the passions; the English almost solely to the understanding. It is the union of these two kinds of composition, of the French earnestness and warmth, with the English accuracy and reason, that would form, according to my idea, the model of a perfect sermon. A French sermon would sound in our ears as a florid, and often as an enthusiastic, harangue. The censure which, in fact, the French critics pass on the English preachers is, that they are philosophers and logicians, but not orators." We perceive this union of English accuracy and reason with French earnestness and warmth, throughout

the whole of these animated and valuable discourses. Indeed we have seen none so admirably adapted to effect the great purpose of public speaking, which is persuasion, as these now under our notice.

Whether the preacher is exhorting to a duty, or dissuading from a vice, every hearer conceives himself to be the person addressed.—The historical sermons, in particular, are so exceedingly interesting and pathetic, that hard must be the heart that can read them without the most lively emotion. Many of them conclude with prayers, which are truly appropriate and devotional. The language being always elegant, and often sublime, we recommend them, as models of composition, to young divines; and as sermons proper for the closet, for families, schools, &c. &c. We have no hesitation in saying, that we are not able to mention a volume by the most celebrated author, either ancient or modern, which contains more real excellence.

Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. Continued from p. 246.

THE views, given by Mr. C. of Loch-Kaitrin, and the hill of Binean, convey gratifying specimens of wild magnificence, though these are exceeded, in point of execution, by the lucid sketch of Loch Lubnaig. The traveller, he tells us, who may be inclined to visit the loch of Monteith and Loch Aird, a distance from Callander of about twelve miles, will be much delighted with scenery, if not sublime, yet little less interesting than that already visited. Loch Monteith is a sheet of water, remarkable not only for picturesque beauty, but also for having in former times been chosen as a sweet retreat for a priory*, the ruins of which are still to be seen on the largest of two small islands, that constitute the chief ornaments of this lake.—Loch Aird is about five miles south-west of Loch Monteith. We pass by a description of the botanical and mineralogical productions of these parts, to notice some of the popular superstitions.

“ Although this district can hardly be deemed *highland*, yet the language spoken by the generality of the people is a bad dialect of the ancient Celtic or Gaelic, greatly corrupted in point of pronunciation. The dialect of the Scotch-Saxon, or language of the lowlands, is spoken much in the same vulgar and drawling accent. The customs, however, of this part of the country are altogether

* Said to have been founded by Murdoch, earl of Monteith, who was killed at the battle of Duplin in 1332; but Spottiswood seems to doubt this, as in Prynnæ's collection, vol. iii. p. 653, mention is made that Adam Priour de Pisle de Saint Colmoch swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296, as also did Alexander, earl of Monteith, father to the above Earl Murdoch. See Spottiswood's account of religious houses.

ther highland. For example:—on the first day of May, O. S. which is *Beim-day**, the boys of the neighbouring hamlets meet, and retire to some sequestered spot amid the hills, where they cut a circular trench out of the green turf, in the centre of which a table is formed, round which they sit, and eat a repast dressed in the following manner, for the occasion:—Milk and eggs being made into the consistence of a custard, an oatmeal cake is kneaded very thick, and toasted by being set up against a stone at the embers: this is called a *bomnac-chhich*, or stone-cake. As to each person present a portion of this cake is to be distributed, it is cut into the requisite number of pieces. One bit of it is then bedaubed with charcoal, and the whole put into a bonnet. Each lad draws out a bit; and he to whose lot the black falls, is said to be devoted to Beal-taine, Beltin, or Baal's fire, as a sacrifice. Instead of actual immolation, the victim is made to skip three times through the glowing embers, and here the ceremony ends†.

"Another custom is still observed, though, like the former, it is falling rapidly into neglect. On the first of November, *All-saints' even*, fires; usually made of fern, are kindled on knolls, within sight of each other, and the boys interested in each fire, set stones on end, amid the ashes, which are collected carefully into a circular form, one stone for each of the party concerned; and if it should happen that any stone is moved out of its place before next morning, the person represented by such stone is supposed to be *fey*, i. e. unfortunate, devoted, and doomed to die within a year from that day. But through most other parts of the north and west of Scotland, the festival of *All-saints*, or *Hallow-e'en*, is still kept with much fantastic ceremony and festivity; for a characteristic description of which, see Burn's admirable poem entitled "*Halloween*," subjoined to which are notes that explain many of the strange customs not altogether exploded even to this day."

Proceeding from Callander westward, Mr. C. passes through the small village of Kilmahog, pleasantly situated along the river Teath, and soon reaches the pass of Laing to the north-west highlands. Here a new scene of desolate grandeur presents itself. A glen, wild, sterile, bleak, shut out from all but the inhabitants of the neighbouring mountains, which here appear almost inaccessible, strikes the stranger with awe, and may induce him to thank Heaven that he was not destined to inhabit so cheerless a spot. Yet here, beneath the brow of the hill of Ardschulary, a solitary but small mansion, close on the margin of Loch Lubnaigt, was formerly the hunting seat of the Abyssinian traveller, Bruce of Kinnaird.

On an elevated plat on the left, he comes in sight of Loch Earn and Edinchip, the residence of Mr. Campbell. The prospect of the lake, from the inn of Locherin-head, is by no means interesting at first sight; but when thrown into a breadth of light and shade, by

* i. e. May-day.

† See other ceremonies observed on May-day, in Bourque's *Antiquitates Vulgares*.

‡ i. e. The winding-lake.

some casual stream of floating light, it produces a happy effect, as Mr. C. has shewn.

Noticing the rich and extensive valley of Strathern for its picturesque beauties, our tourist leaves Locher-in-head, and passes through an inhospitable and dreary valley called Glenogle, than which a more wild and barren tract is hardly to be met with in the highlands of Scotland. Glendochart next presents a region of sterile magnificence, though several hamlets, disposed on the adjacent eminences, give it some interest. Proceeding by the banks of the river Dochart to Killin, the hill called Stron-chlachan, the craggy heights of Finlairg, and the lofty wilds of Ben-lauris, with Loch Tay stretching its ample breadth along the base of the mountains, form a grand and simple picture, as delineated by the hand of Mr. C.

Some very entertaining extracts are here introduced from the narrations of various travellers, contrasting the *former* customs, occupations, and manners of the highlanders with the *present*, from Donald Monro's account in 1549, to that of Dr. Johnson in 1775. Some ingenious disquisitions are then subjoined, relating to the "king of woody Morven." Of these we can take but a very cursory glance; sufficient, however, to shew that Mr. C. is still a stickler, as he was in his poetic history, for the authenticity of Ossian.

"Fin-mac-cumhal, or (as Macpherson has translated it) Fingal, is well known as the celebrated hero of antiquity among the native Irish, and the Scottish highlanders. Both lay claim to him, and to the poetical rhapsodies respecting him and his heroes; and, as the Scottish highlanders and the Irish aborigines are undoubtedly one and the same people, whose language, in great measure, even at this day, whose customs and manners are the same, it seems a matter of small importance on which side of the water Fingal and his heroes were born and flourished.

"The first author of any note who mentions Fingal, is the celebrated author of "the Bruce," Barbour, who wrote towards the latter end of the fourteenth century.

"The Lord of Lorn is made to say:—

——— Methynke Marthoeke's son

"Right as Gowmakmorn* was won,

"Ty! haif fra *Fyngal* his menyie,

"Richt sa fra us all hys hes bec."

"Hector Boethius, Buchanan, and Leslie, mention *Fin-mac-cul*; as doth also Nicolson in his Scottish historical library, but in such a way as to class what relates

*Gaul-mac-morn, and Fin-mac-cumhal, i. e. Gaul, the son of Morni, and the Fingal of Ossian, as translated by Macpherson.

relates to him with the fictions of romance. To whatever period of our traditional history the *Fairs* are referable, their existence at some time is undoubted.—The whole highlands and isles, with respect to traditional remains, bear witness. Names of places to this hour clearly evince the age of Ossian."

We do not perceive why the "names of places" might not be fabricated as easily as any other part of the work, and made to correspond with history or tradition. The term "romance" has been misconceived, from having become perverted. Its genuine signification did not imply fictitious narrative, but a history of facts related in the romance or vulgar tongue, the *lingua Romana rustica*. The name of the language was at length transferred to the subject; and all legendary tales of ancient date seem now to have taken, however inaccurately, the title of "Romance."

"To the lover of picturesque scenery, says Mr. C. the environs of Killin will be found peculiarly interesting. All the assemblage of wood and water, hill and valley, that constitutes landscape, is to be met with here in endless variety. To be minute, therefore, in description, were needless, and a general enumeration would fall greatly short of what, on actual survey, can hardly fail to please."

Mr. Campbell has well compensated, in general, for the want of minute description, by the aptitude of his pencil to pourtray the characteristic features of highland scenery. On leaving Killin, it is recommended to the traveller to proceed down the right border of Loch Tay, as being, in point of prospect, by far preferable to the left; besides, that the road is less hilly, and superior to that on the north border of the lake. Stations for prospects are pointed out, at the fourth, sixth, and twelfth mile stones. Taymouth, the family residence of Lord Breadalbane, is next visited, and, with the village of Kinmore, affords a rich and diversified composition, and displays the delicate skill of Alken in the art of aquatinta. On leaving Taymouth, Mr. C. proceeds down the Tay, along whose banks the face of the country bespeaks the hand of cultivation, and promises, in a few years, to wear the aspect of plenty and cheerfulness. The places next touched on, in this tour, are Fortingal and Aberfeldie. The latter of these will recal to every poetic reader the lyrical tribute of Burns. Pennant notices the wild beauties of these solitudes with peculiar delight. On leaving Aberfeldie (says Mr. C.) if, instead of pursuing our journey directly to Dunkeld, we would rather visit Blair in Athol, it is necessary to pass the Tay by Wade's bridge, and proceed along the windings of the river, till we come to its confluence with the Tummel, over which we pass by boat. But another route, more circuitous indeed, though not less interesting, is to cross the Tay by the bridge at Aberfeldie, and ascend through Apen

a Dull to the bridge of Tummel; thence to make an excursion along the south side of Loch Rannoch, and return by the north border of the lake to the bridge of Tummel; thence to cross over the hills to Blair in Athol, and proceed to Dunkeld; the whole way from the ferry of Tummel to Blair, being one continued series of diversified prospects.

[To be continued.]

Sketches and Observations taken on a Tour through a Part of the South of Europe. By Jens Wolff. 18s. 4to. Richardson.

[By a Correspondent.]

THIS tour was made in the year 1785, and the work will, therefore, not excite the public attention so strongly as if it afforded a description of more recent events; the author, however, has executed the task he proposed to himself in a manner that does him great credit. "Far from aiming at the higher ornaments of composition, he purposes only to relate the occurrences of an agreeable excursion, in easy and familiar language; fortunate indeed, if, by an occasional stroke of pleasantry, he may rather dispose his reader to accompany him through the work with the cheerfulness of a companion, than to fasten upon its defects with the severity of a critic."

We think Mr. Wolff has been thus fortunate in the following whimsical description of a scene in the coffee-room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles, which we transcribe as a specimen of the entertainment the reader may expect from a perusal of the whole performance.

"Strolling into the coffee-room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles one day at the hour of dinner, I could not avoid remarking the manners of different people, and the effect of various languages on the ear of a stranger. Several persons were assembled, either at dinner, reading the newspapers, taking ices, or ordering whatever suited their palate. A little full-dressed, hungry, meagre Frenchman, bossu avec des jambes longues et un nez crochu, with his napkin tucked under his chin, and devouring a salad with impatient gestures, was, at every mouthful, vociferating, "*Garçon! Garçon!*"—The latter arriving out of breath, with big drops of symptomatic heat emitting from his brows: "*Quoi diable, garçon, est ce donc comme ça qu'on fait des attentions ici? Il y a plus d'un quart d'heure que j'ai appelé, et personne ne vient! appelez vous ça être bien servi? Qu'avez vous donc pour diner? Donnez moi la carte sur le champ!*"—"Eh bien, Monsieur, la voilà!"—"Ah! voyons un peu!"—Taking a magnifying eye glass out of his pocket, which, by the reflection of the candles, seemed to set the bill of fare on fire.

* Bouille à la sauce.

De ros-bif à l'Anglois.

Cabillau à la sauce blanche.

Demi canard roti, ou aux navets.

Quarré de mouton en chevreuil, ou à la reine.

Poitrine de mouton pannée grillée.
 Fricandeau à l'oseille, ou à la Dauphine.
 Des Epinards au jus.
 Omelette aux pommes.
 Poudin au ris.
 Oeufs au miroir.
 Macaroni, &c. &c.

"A blustering German baron, six feet high, surrounded by dishes, none of which seemed to please or satisfy him, was muttering to himself, '*Was Teufel! donner wetter! hat er mir gegeben? dis kan ich bey meiner seele nicht essen*—What the devil, thunder and lightning, has he given me? By my soul this is not eatable.'—'Garçon! sien ici tonc!—'Eh bien, me viola, Monsieur, que vous plait il?'—'Ke tiable kes que ça qu'on m'apport? Me prend on per en pete sauvage ke je pte manger ceci ou cela in-çi, ke tous vos otrez tiabiles te phats, he?'—'Mais, Monsieur, (said the waiter, with an humble and submissive tone of voice) je vous assure que tout est bon dans notre maison, et'—'Et quoi tonc, Monsieur Hans Wurst! foils des raisonnemens toujours, tes tometiques quant on temande kek chose, c'est les Carçons de nous fairez tes isputes, tes kerelles!—donner blicksum allen foo au tiable, et dit à ton maitre qu'il fient ici.—Tiable! der werfluchter kerl meint dass man bier mit allen zufriednen seyn muss.—The cursed rascal conceives that one must here be satisfied with every thing.'—At this moment, an English naval officer entered the room, who, going to a table, was recognised by an old acquaintance, his countryman. 'Ah, George, my worthy, who the D—l would have thought of seeing you in France? How are you?'—'Why Bedford, G—d dam'me, where do you come from?' replied the other, 'I thought you were safely lodged in Old England among the loungers in Bond-street, by G—d!'—'No, I'm on my travels with my tutor.'—'Are you? Well I'm d—d glad to see you, by G—d! Let's sit down and crack a bottle of Burgundy together. Here you waiter, garçon, scaramouch, what's your name, lay the cloth, and bring a bill of fare, d'ye hear?'—'Monsieur,' said the waiter, staring, '*me no understand Inglisb*.'—'You don't, hey. Why then, G—d damme, tell your master to send us a fellow that does.' (Another waiter arriving.) 'Here you son of a land lubber, bring in something decent to eat. None of your black broths, cursed fricande of frogs, or half-starved rabbits ragoued up into a kickshaw; some beef dam'me, plain roast is good enough for me, by G—d!'—'Où, Monsieur, vous aurez le ras bif soule de suite.'

"This interesting conversation, and volley of expletives, was checked by a large Newfoundland dog, who, in following the officer up the room, had stopped on the way, tempted by the sight and smell of a delicate *gigot de mouton*, which was visible from the corner of a table occupied by a spruce Abbé and Italian opera dancer *bien poudré*, and dressed for the ballet of the evening, who were warmly disputing whether a *gigot de mouton fuit à la merveille avec sauce piquante*, was, or was not preferable to *macaroni à la parmesan*. In the heat of controversy, the *gigot* was nearly edged off the table by the arm of the impetuous Abbé; when impatient Cæsar, thinking a donation was intended for him, snapped at the knuckle of the *gigot*, and with an irresistible pull brought down dish, mutton, haricot, cloth, and plates, on the extended leg of Signor Scamperino, and ran growling,

with the *gigot* in his mouth, under his master's chair. Up started the Abbé in a rage, vociferating—*Ob! Morbleu! sacristie! quel voleur! Ob! mon gigot! l'oiseau infame chien—je voudrais qu'il s'étrangle, villain!*—“*A il mio gambi,* (cried the Italian, rubbing his leg,) *erafa, e non piu ballare—cospetto di Bacco! corpo di Christo! maledetto sia il dog Inglese che bo fatto! A me! son disfortunato e rovinato!*—Oh my leg! it's broken, and I shall no longer be able to dance—O Bacchus! body of Christ! curses alight on the English dog who did the act—Oh Lord! I'm undone! I'm ruined!” These exclamations, the clattering of the broken dishes, and the coolness of the dog gnawing the *gigot* under the table, attracting the attention of the company, created a general laugh at the distress of the Signor and his friend, the passionate Abbé, the latter crying out furiously “*pour son chapeau, ses gants, sa canne, le compte, tout etant en desordre ou perdu,*” in the confusion of a crowded room, where *la jolie maitresse* at the bar, was too deeply engaged in receiving the *millés attentions* of her admirers, and delivering out *bombons* from a *boudoir orné*, to attend to any mishap at a distance; her surrounding galants pressing her to give them ices *à la crème, à la pistache, des marons glacés, des verres de limonade, d'orgeat, des bavaroises, une tasse de café, des liqueurs de cannelle, anis, girofle, noyau de la Martinique, de Mde. Amphien, des jules*, and a thousand other et-cetera, with which her *joli cabinet* was replenished. This agreeable confusion of tongues, and discordant sounds, continued till a boy entered the room, and distributed *les petites affiches*, announcing the play of the evening, (wherein *la charmante* Ponteuille was the chief performer) a piece which had had a run of several nights, but of which *tout le monde* was still anxious to be spectators. This broke up the sittings, the *amateurs* quitted their seats with alacrity, the *dilettante* hopped off in graceful attitudes, and the *cosmopolite*, after taking their *pousse café* with a grave and dignified air, marched *au spectacle, sans deliberation.*”

Travels through the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire, performed in 1793 and 1794. By P. S. Pallas. Translated by Francis Blagdon, Esq. Vols. III. and IV.

THESE volumes conclude the *Travels* of Pallas, and, for the present, as we learn from an advertisement to Vol. IV. suspend the publication. From various causes enumerated by Mr. Blagdon, and which will be admitted by his readers as perfectly satisfactory, it has been found very inconvenient, and nearly impracticable, to carry into execution the original design of publishing a volume of this work on the first day of every month. It is intended, therefore, to discontinue the publication for a few months; after which it will be resumed on a different plan. Each Book of *Travels* will appear in a complete state at once, by which means, the editor observes, “a greater portion of time will be afforded to every person concerned in the undertaking, which must consequently receive a greater share of attention in its execution; while the advantage to be derived by the reader from this new arrangement is too obvious to need remark.”

Mooriana: or Selections from the Moral, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. John Moore; illustrated by a new Biographical and Critical Account of the Doctor and his Writings; and Notes, Historical, Classical, and Explanatory. By the Rev. F. Prevost, and F. Blagdon, Esq. 12mo. 10s. Crosby, 1803.

THERE are few writers, who, either from the extent or variety of their publications, have afforded scope for a selection of *ana*, at once so agreeable and instructive as the present. The extracts are very judiciously made, and the notes discover much taste and critical acumen. A well executed engraving, from a drawing by Wm. Lock, Junr. sketched posterior to the picture of the doctor by Lawrence, appears in the front of the volumes.

The Praise of Paris; or a Sketch of the French Capital; in Extracts of Letters from France, in the Summer of 1802; with an Index of many of the Convents, Churches, and Palaces, not in the French Catalogues which have furnished Pictures for the Louvre Gallery. By S. W. F. R. S. F. A. S. 5s. 6d. 8vo. Baldwins. 1803.

As companions in a tour to Paris, books of this sort will unfortunately be no longer required; but their value in the closet will rise in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining a personal view of the capital of the French empire. The letters from which these extracts are drawn, seem to have been written *currente calamo*, for the amusement of the author's friends. The style is very pleasing, and the author appears to be a man of good taste and general information.

Some Remarks relative to the present State of Education in the Society of the People called Quakers. By George Harrison. 1s. 8vo. Darton and Harvey. 1802.

THIS is an exhortation from a Quaker to his brethren, to pay more regard to the education of their youth, and to put their schools under some stricter regulation. The remarks are worthy of attention.

Martyn of Fenrose; or the Wizard and the Sword. A Romance. By Henry Summerson. 12mo. 9s. 3 Vols. Dutton. 1803.

A STORY full of enchantment and horrid descriptions, in which the author, however, has shewn some occasional flights of fancy and genius. This romance is very superior to works in general of a similar description.

 THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Clear,*
 The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

THE NEW COMPANY

AT THE

 HAY-MARKET.

IN conformity to the new arrangements, Mr. Colman opened his theatre, on Monday the 16th of May, with an introductory piece, under the title of *No Prelude*, the comedy of the *Jew*, and the musical entertainment of the *Agreeable Surprise*. Whatever may be the result of this experiment, it is certainly worth the trial. The advantage of having performers established in the opinion of the town, is no doubt considerable; but if, in order to obtain their assistance, the proprietor must be content to await the convenience of the winter managers, and to lose six or eight weeks out of the four months to which the patent confines the performances of the Hay-market theatre, it becomes a point of policy to render it totally independent of the other houses, and to collect a company of its own, which, in the course of a season or two, may so recommend itself, as to become equally respectable and attractive with any that might be formed from the joint companies of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. How far the scheme may answer, is a question that can only be decided by time. We are among those who think that the issue will be successful; and, at any rate, the attempt to disencumber himself of a dependence which reduced his property to insignificance, and almost to contempt, is worthy of Mr. Colman's spirit, and entitled to every degree of favour and encouragement on the part of the public. Though we have hitherto had but few opportunities of visiting the theatre, we have seen enough to enable us briefly to notice the merits of some of the performers.

Mr. Elliston, who is appointed stage manager, and who will take the lead in the principal characters in tragedy and genteel comedy, has already received the sanction of a London audience. Beyond all question, no other gentleman could have been found, unconnected with the winter theatres, so eminently calculated, from the

respectability of his character, to recommend an infant theatrical scheme to the notice of the town, and by the splendour and versatility of his talents to bring it into speedy reputation.

Mr. Mathews, from the York stage, we pronounce to be an actor of genuine merit. He is rich and abundant in humour, original both in conception and manner, and rigidly faithful to the characters he represents. His *Jabal*, *Tag*, *Scout*, and *Sharp*, are irresistible, and in *Lingo* he displays uncommon genius, particularly in the songs, which are constantly encored, and into which he introduces so much novelty with so much neatness, that we may justly set him down as one of the best *comic singers*, as he is also decisively one of the most whimsical and valuable comedians whose appearance we have for a long time had to welcome on the London boards. He has some striking peculiarities of figure, voice, and countenance, all of which tend to excite and keep alive the merriment of the audience. He is already an astonishing favourite.

We can speak of Mr. Chapman's capabilities more confidently than we should be entitled to do from the slender opportunities he has yet had of exhibiting them at the Haymarket, from having seen him perform on provincial boards several characters of great difficulty and importance, in a manner that gave us the highest opinion of his judgment, and of his general qualifications for the stage.—He is, indeed, one of the most judicious speakers we have ever heard.

Mr. Blissett, from Bath, has performed *Falstaff*, which he conceived with great propriety, but with less force of humour, we presume, than he displayed in it some years ago. This gentleman, we understand, is very happy in *Lord Duberly*, and characters of that description.

Mr. Seymour, from the Norwich stage, has made his appearance in *Baron Wildenhaim*, but we were not fortunate enough to have it in our power to be present. We understand, however, that he was received with universal applause; and when we state that this is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for the masterly notes upon *Shakspeare*, which have been inserted in regular series in this work, no one will entertain a doubt respecting the good sense and judgment which he must have manifested throughout the part.

Among the rest of the company are Mr. John Palmer, surprisingly improved; Mr. Trucman, a vocal performer of much merit, late of Drury Lane; Mr. Archer, the gentleman who performed *Shylock*, and Mr. Denman, who appeared in *Foigard*, at

the same theatre; Mr. H. Kelly, from the Southampton stage, an actor of considerable promise; Mr. Burton, who played one season, a few years back, at Covent Garden; Mr. Hatton, from Windsor, &c. &c. All these gentlemen have been frequently noticed in our reports of the various country companies.

It is unnecessary to say how valuable so interesting and sensible an actress as Mrs. Gibbs must prove to the theatre. Her engagement at Covent Garden only extended, we believe, till the opening of the Haymarket. Mrs. Atkyns also is a singer of established rank; and Mrs. Goodall, and Mrs. T. Woodfall, late Miss Collins, whose return to the stage we are happy to record, are acquisitions of considerable importance. Mrs. Mathews has a very interesting countenance and figure, and though evidently too much under the influence of timidity, sings with taste and sweetness. Mrs. Keys, from Weymouth, mother to Mrs. Mills of Covent Garden, is the best *Dorcas* we have seen, and, in a particular line of character, will be found extremely useful. Mrs. Ward, and Mrs. Cleland, are both in possession of requisites that will render them serviceable to the theatre.

It is impossible to judge thus early, with any accuracy, of the pretensions of the several new candidates, and every allowance must be made for the imperfect manner in which some of the pieces have been exhibited. These irregularities cannot be avoided at first with a *new* company, (*undique collatis membris*) called upon to succeed established actors in *new* parts, before a *new* audience, and agitated by those overwhelming apprehensions which are always attendant upon modest merit.

Mr. Waldron continues the prompter, and Mr. Kelly succeeds Dr. Arnold as composer. A new farce, under the whimsical title of *Mrs. Wiggins*, by the author of the Marriage Promise, will have made its appearance before our publication; and *Three-fingered Jack*, is already in rehearsal.

Ay, that's the way,

Dull not device by coldness or delay.

Their majesties commanded the entertainments on the second night, which were the same as on the first, and have since repeated their visit.

MR. SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

MACBETH.

ACT III.—SCENE, BANQUET.

299. "The table's full—"

IN the late representations of this play, at one of the great theatres in the capital, Macbeth is seen to

—"start and tremble at the vacant chair,"

according to the conception of Lloyd, in his poem called *The Actor*. It would be deemed only a waste of criticism to combat an opinion so defenceless, which presumes that Macbeth's agitations are merely the result of phrensy; whereas, there can hardly be a serious doubt that the poet designed the real introduction of the spectre; and the superstition, wherever it prevailed, has been, that though the ghost was sometimes invisible to all except the special object of its visitation, yet it was really and *bonâ fide* present. What I am going to advance will not obtain quite so ready an assent, though I am almost as firmly persuaded of its propriety.

I think two ghosts are seen; Duncan's first, and afterwards that of Banquo; for what new terror, or what augmented perturbation, is to be produced by the re-appearance of the same object, in the same scene? or, if but one dread monitor could gain access to this imperial malefactor, which had the superior claim? or who was the more likely to harrow the remorseful bosom of Macbeth, "the gracious Duncan," he who had "borne his faculties so meek, had been so clear in his great office," and in "the deep damnation of whose taking-off," not only friendship, allegiance, and kindred, but sacred hospitality had been profaned,—or Banquo, his mere "partner," of whom it only could be said, that, "in his royalty of nature reigned that which would be feared;" that wisdom guided his valour, and that under him the genius of Macbeth sustained rebuke?—which, I demand, of these two sacrifices to his "vaulting ambition," was more likely, at the regal banquet, to break in upon and confound the usurper? Besides this obvious general claim to precedence, exhibited by Duncan, how else can we apply these lines:

"If charnel houses and our graves must send
 "Those that we bury back, our monuments
 "Shall be the maws of kites;"

for they will not suit with Banquo, who had no grave or charnel house assigned to him, but was abandoned in a ditch, to find a monument in the "maws of kites," but must refer to Duncan, who, we may reasonably suppose, received the formal ostentatious rites of sepulture.

I do not overlook the words—

"Thou canst not say I did it,"

which may be urged against my argument; but if this sentence will stand, in the case of Banquo, as the subterfuge of one who had, by deputy, and not in person, done the murder, it surely will accord with the casuistry of him who knows he struck a sleeping victim; and this, with the pains that had been taken to fix the murder on the grooms, may sufficiently defend the application of the remark to the royal spectre. Besides, to whom, except Duncan, can these words apply:

"If I stand here I saw him?"

The ghost being gone, and Macbeth "a man again," he reasons like a man, and gives this answer to his wife, who had reproached him with being "unmann'd in folly;" but if Banquo were the object referred to in this declaration, it must be unintelligible to the lady, who had not yet heard of Banquo's murder. The ghost of Duncan having performed his office and departed, Macbeth is at leisure to ruminate on the prodigy, and he naturally reflects that, if the grave can thus cast up the form of buried Duncan, Banquo likewise may start up, regardless of the "trenched gashes," and "twenty mortal murders on his crown." The lady interrupts this reverie, and he proceeds to "mingle with society," and when he insidiously, with the raised goblet in his hand, invokes the health of his friend, the friend whose life he had destroyed, just at that moment his friend's ghost confronts him.

All this, indeed, is only conjecture; but conjecture, I trust, on the ground of strong probability; a basis that, in the estimation of those who are best acquainted with the subject, will, I doubt not, be deemed at least as secure as the authority of Messrs. Heminge and Condell, which unhappily is the best we have yet had to build upon.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PROLOGUE,

To Dr. VALPY's Alteration of KING JOHN.

Performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.

Written by H. J. Pye, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

TO-NIGHT our scene from British annals, shews
 How British warriors brav'd their country's foes ;
 Whether their hardy bands with martial toil
 Dar'd the proud Gaul upon his native soil,
 And by his ravag'd plains and prostrate tow'rs
 Led in triumphant march their conqu'ring pow'rs,
 Or on his own insulted fields, defied
 The whelming deluge of Invasion's tide.

The Muse Dramatic, with an angel's tongue,
 Proclaims the ills from civil Discord sprung.
 When bound by Union, England's heroes stand,
 Dread of each wave-worn shore and hostile land ;
 When warp'd by Faction,—sunk, dismay'd,—they mourn
 Their fairest wreaths by foreign inroad torn.—
 Then be this truth on every English breast
 In adamant characters impress'd :
 “ That England never did and never shall”
 Bow to a victor foe's inglorious thrall,
 Till her own sons, seduc'd by faction's sound,
 Aim at her heart the parricidal wound.

Far now such fear,—if specious arts awhile
 Lure some misguided sons of Albion's isle
 To think those train'd to bend the suppliant knee
 Could teach the manly Britons to be free—
 The fiend awhile, in Freedom's semblance dress'd,
 In all his native horrors stands confess'd ;
 And still o'er fertile Gallia's weeping land
 Despot empire waves his iron hand.

Britons be firm—*Be firm?*—We know ye are !
 Pride of the field ! the thunderbolts of war !
 And when the sword insulted Valour draws,
 When sacred Justice combats in our cause,

While the fam'd charter, offspring of the days
 The awful era which our scene displays,
 Beams now with bright effulgence o'er the land,
 Protected by a monarch's guardian hand,
 Tho' Europe tremble at the Gaul's alarms,
 "Come the three corners of the world in arms,"
 That force the island Queens united form
 "Smiles at the whirlwind, and derides the storm."

EPILOGUE TO KING JOHN.

WRITTEN BY MAURICE JAMES, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. Litchfield.

CONSTANCE alive! ah yes, that gen'rous sigh,
 Warm from the soul of honest sympathy,
 Caught her distracted spirit as it flew,
 And gently pow'rful drew it back to you.
 Grant she may meet a friendly welcome here;—
 Greet with a smile, you mourn'd her with a tear.
 Kind, pitying Britons, if she vainly plead,
 Constance must die again, and die indeed.
 But hold! I'll fib no more—alive! ah no,
 'Twas but to try you, that I told you so.
 Robb'd of her child, poor soul! in very spight
 She died as mad as any Bedlamite.
 Weak, silly Constance—oh, had I been you,
 So young, so handsome, and a widow too,
 I could have turn'd, I think, two maudlin kings,
 Like John and Philip, into diff'rent things;
 Chang'd the dire foe and the perfidious friend
 To whining lovers, who for smiles contend;
 Leer'd, ogled, languish'd, fainted, sicken'd, sigh'd,
 Storm'd, flouted, pouted, any thing but died.

But, to say truth, in those barbaric days,
 Widows wore manners, stiff as were their stays:—
 Scarce could the panting heart be felt at all,
 Thro' buckram breastwork, and thro' whalebone wall;
 Much less the passions' soft vicissitudes,
 Alike now obvious in coquettes and prudes,
 Thro' Grecian folds, and Grecian attitudes.

Oh, age of Reason, when soft female grace
 May, like the savage, say, I am *all* face.

'Tis not alone the lips or eyes impart
 The thoughts and feelings of the mind and heart;
 Each limb, each motion can a language speak,
 Plain as th' expressive brow, or varying cheek—
 E'en shoulder bones have ta'en a hostile part,
 And help'd to storm the battery of man's heart—
 Cupids have ambush'd in a well-turn'd ear,
 And rosy elbows cost beholders dear.

Rise, rise, academicians, hail the flame
 That nobly glows in ev'ry British dame.
 Lovely enthusiasts!—artists, cease to roam
 For Grecian models—they abound at home.
 Frenchmen, your antique trophies we defy,
 The blood-stain'd spoils of groaning Italy—
 Britain presents her sons a nobler school,
 A breathing study, and a living rule:
 Robbers, what works d'ye boast thus? senseless stone—
 Ours are all life, all soul, all beauty, all our own.

Oh! had the lady Constance flown for arms,
 To all the bright artill'ry of her charms!
 No!—she was chaste as ice, and pure as snow,
 Witness the tears that grace her mimic woe.
 In such a case our British matrons cry,
 Madness is reason, death a victory;—
 A mother's pangs, her anguish, her despair,
 Her rage, her phrenzy, all are sacred here.

I am a mother too—this night I try
 The genuine force of British sympathy.
 May not this plea fastidious frowns restrain?
 Say, shall a mother plead her cause in vain?
 Ah no! the brow severe soft smiles array!
 Relenting critics throw their shafts away—
 Britain will take a suppliant mother's part,
 And own to night no critic—but the heart.

ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE IPSWICH THEATRE, 1803.

WRITTEN BY MR. T. DIBDIN.

IN these enlighten'd days, when genius smiles
 To hail the polish of her favour'd isles;
 When British Thespians, children of the arts,
 Mount the gay stage—instead of mounting carts;

U U—VOL. XV.

When even rustics own, without a joke,
 That *admirable* people *may* be worthy folk—
 In these glad times we come, with hearts sincere,
 To bid our gen'rous patrons welcome here ;
 Nay more, to hope, as heretofore, from you,
 That *we* shall meet a lib'ral welcome too.
 What, if we may not boast a scene so wide,
 As where the rival mansions, side by side,
 Deck London's drama in such fine array ;
 She wears her best apparel ev'ry day :
 Yet here the Muses, though in plain attire,
 To gain your praise shall, emulous, aspire ;
 And could our *wish* to please you stand for *space*,
New Drury should be nothing to this *place*.
 Here where our efforts have your leave to claim
 " A local habitation and a name,"
 Here we should act, by inspiration's aid,
 For here—with rapture be the spot survey'd !
 His giant powers Garrick first essay'd ;
 The torch of genius lit from your warm praise,
 And kindled to a never-dying blaze.
 Immortal Shakspeare, whose Promethean hand,
 Assum'd, with rage poetic, nature's wand,
 Found here a subject, at his magic call,
 And grac'd with swan-like numbers Wolsey's fall ;
 And many a bard has sung, with sad delight,
 Of hapless *Grey*, who here first met the light.
 May you, benignant circle ! never know
 A pang beyond our transient mimic woe ;
 Or when you'd *chase* the sympathetic tear,
 May genuine humour ever meet you here.
 May Ipswich flourish ; may its commerce thrive ;
 May Peace the hand of Labour keep alive ;
 And here, like Britons, may we often sing,
 Our liberties, wives, sweethearts, and our King.

WINTER.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

INTENSELY cold although the season prove,
 And hard as adamant the roads be bound,
 O'er beds of moss although no currents move,
 But gath'ring snows, wide-drifted, hide the ground ;—

Yet there are objects to attract the sight—
 The silver rime in filligree appears;
 The mimic spar, this moment sparkling bright,
 The next is seen dissolv'd to pearly tears;
 Upon the frozen lake's fair polish'd breast
 The active skater sails with graceful pride;
 His waving shadow, on the ice imprest,
 And varying as he glides from side to side;
 And, warm with exercise, though fogs arise,
 The keenest temper of the air defies.

LINES

By T. GENT.

Ah! why is the stern eye averted with scorn,
 Of the stoic, who passes along?
 And why frowns the maid, else as mild as the morn,
 On the victim of falsehood and wrong?

For the wretch sunk in sorrow, repentance, and shame,
 The tear of compassion is won:
 And must she alone forfeit the wretch's sad claim,
 Because she's deceiv'd and undone?

Oh! recal the stern look ere it reaches her heart,
 To bid its wounds rankle anew,
 Oh! smile, or embalm with a tear the sad smart,
 And angels will smile upon you.

Time was, when she knew, nor opprobrium, nor pain,
 And youth could its pleasures impart,
 'Till some serpent distill'd through her bosom the stain,
 As he wound round the strings of her heart.

Poor girl! let thy tears through thy blandishments break,
 Nor strive to restrain them within;
 For mine would I mingle with those on thy cheek,
 Nor think that such sorrow were sin.

When the low-trampled reed, and the pine in its pride,
 Shall alike feel the hand of decay,
 May your God grant that mercy the world has deny'd,
 And wipe all your sorrows away.

CONCLUDING STANZA
TO
MISS HOLFORD'S ODE TO TIME.
INSCRIBED TO MISS SEWARD.

(Omitted last month by mistake.)

THEN, Seward, live, till time itself shall close,
Nor mourn mortality's promiscuous doom,
Since Death in vain his dreaded ice-bolt throws,
To blast the laurel Genius bids to bloom.
Lift to thy Muse the soul-enkindled eye—
She grants a glorious boon—'tis Immortality.

STANZAS

BY OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST, ESQ. F. A. S.

STELLA ! at twenty, o'er my heart
You may remember, girl, you gain'd
An undivided rule ; by art
Till now the empire have maintain'd.

Twelve months, unconscious of your pow'r,
Flew by, unmingled with alloy ;
I heeded not the fleeting hour,
But shook my bonds with thoughtless joy.

As in the sportive dance I press'd
Thy hand, what sense of bliss was mine !
What thoughts of transport throng'd my breast,
With thrills of ecstasy divine !—

When circulates the festive cheer,
And each their favourites impart,
I hide the name to me most dear,
But toast thee, Stella ! in my heart.

How oft with fondness on the voice
That utter'd from thy lips I've hung,
How oft have gaz'd upon those eyes
That lend enchantment to the tongue ;

Enraptur'd watch'd the crimson dye
Upon thy cheek quick come and go,
And caught the half-suppressed sigh,
That frequent from thy breast would flow.

Then curb ambitious beauty's scope,
 Disdain the coquet's wand'ring part,
 Nor "make the promise to my hope,
 "And break it to my heart."

In pity to my anxious pains,
 Let love pronounce my destiny;
 Bind me with thee in wedlock's chains,
 Or set my heart for ever free.

So shall I, as life's sorrows press,
 Meet her stern frowns with brow serene,
 Or mourn, in heart-sunk heaviness,
 That love and hope are but a dream.
Stamford.

ODE,

SUPPOSED AS FROM SIMONIDES TO ANACREON.

BARD of Teos! strike the lyre,
 Gods might envy, men desire;
 Softly sweet, and clearly strong,
 Matchless flows thy melting song.
 Hark! already at the sound,
 See the Muses rang'd around.
 Venus, lovely to behold,
 Bursting from a cloud of gold.
 Perfumes round the Graces fling,
 Cupid flaps his purple wing;
 Happy urchin! thus to meet
 All that's lovely, all that's sweet.

Bid thy gentlest measures flow,
 Softly, warmly, 'witching slow;
 In the dance the Graces move,
 Pleas'dly smiles the Queen of Love;
 Round her minstrel's brow so fair,
 Twines the braid herself did wear,
 Breathing her, while yet reposes
 Rapture's tear upon its roses.

Bacchus, merry God! appears,
 Raise the song, o'erjoy'd he hears.
 Many a rosy maid and swain,
 Deftly tripping in his train,

Crossing, mingling, hand in hand,
Shaking oft the leafy wand!—
When thou bid'st to press the vine,
All thy numbers savour wine.
Sweetest pleasures last not long,
Ever short Anacreon's song.

Glasgow.

J. F. W.

IMITATION OF AN ODE

By Monsieur Menage,

As rendered in English Verse by THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

*And given as a Note in his incomparable Translation of the Odes of Anacreon.
Vol. 1st. p. 75.*

TELL the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore;
Then, my Bion, thou may'st count
Of my rhymes the vast amount!
I've been writing all my days,
Many poems in many ways,
Elegy, epistle, song—
I've been deftly scribbling, long,
Sonnets, epigrams, and letters,
Rhymes that flow, and march in fetters.
Odes, enigmas, great and small,
Yes, I swear, I've try'd them all!
Ev'ry trifle soon was done,
Finish'd ere 'twas well begun;
Oh! I'm such a rhyming elf,
Even Stratocles himself,
Though he practis'd all his wiles,
Threaten'd, urg'd, or pled with smiles,
All his power and proud endeavour
Could not still my Muse for ever!

Glasgow.

J. F. W.

[Mr. Editor,

The following Lines were written for Mrs. CHALMERS, of the Theatre Royal Weymouth, some years since, during a severe indisposition, in which she was unable to undergo the fatigue of the long Epilogue-Song: and should they appear worthy of a situation in the Mirror, the insertion of them will oblige,

Yours, &c.

W. HOLLOWAY.]

Ye rigid prudes, who, with dissembled art,
Assume a carriage foreign to the heart;
Ye gay coquettes, who flaunt in higher life,
And scorn the humble duties of a wife,
A widow's transformation O forgive!
And bid her doubtful fame unblemish'd live.
T' evade a sordid lecher's hated bed,
To vulgar, tho' not guilty schemes, she fled—
For this, the weight of scandal she endur'd,
And thus, the favourite of her soul secur'd;
Proud in deceit, she still resolves to prove
Her former *falshood* by her future *love*!

W. H.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A PILLAR AT CARTHAGE.

WHILE cruel Sylla stalk'd through haughty Rome,
Besmear'd with crimson, his infuriate foe,
Amid the ruins of old Carthage taught
Himself and Carthage an instructive moral—
Stranger! (of royal or ignoble blood!)
Hence learn the dangers of ill-plac'd ambition,
For Carthage, aiming to eclipse the World,
And Marius striving to usurp its rule,
Carthage in him, and he in Carthage view'd
At once the cause and issue of their fate*

MORTIMER.

* Livy has a fine passage. "Inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium cum Marius, inspicens Carthaginem, illa intuens Marium, alter alteri possent esse solatio!"

A SHORT SKETCH

OF A

LONG KNOWN FRIEND.

HONEST Bob is my friend, I mean flattery scorn,
 But, ask'd thus his merits to scan,
 I'll (tho' I ne'er sketch'd much, since first I was born)
 Make the outline as like as I can.

He is now no Adonis, whate'er he was once,
 His blush don't outcrimson the rose,
 And for ringlets, some dozen grey hairs grace his scone,
 And barnacles saddle his nose!

His features if regular form'd I sha'n't trace,
 But this each beholder must strike,
 Good humour and harmony dwell in his face,
 His likeness, and ever alike!

I do'n't say his voice trills an Incledon's lay,
 (Or his accents drop honey, forsooth,)
 But when he attunes it, he says his blunt say,
 In the bold manly language of truth!

In festive enjoyment, at Bacchus's board,
 Of Mirth's crew he so long has ta'en care,
 That ne'er can the absence of Mirth be deplor'd,
 While her archetype, Bob, fills the chair.

But my sketch must be brief, with this stroke it shall end,
 His presence a pleasure imparts;
 He has lips for his girl, a frank hand for his friend,
 And his *Heart's Core*, is *Worth's Heart of Hearts*!

J. C. C.

THE DIFFERENT TIMES OF THE DAY.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

Sonnet I. THE MORNING.

THE dawn dispers'd, the mist no longer seen,
 The orient sun his grateful influence sheds,
 Exhales the dew-drops from the moisten'd green,
 And tips with op'ning rays the mountains' heads.

Now from the dusky cave, or watted cote,
 With frequent bleat, the woolly tribes repair,
 And, issuing from the rock, the bounding goat,
 Enjoys the freshness of the morning air.
 Their udders drain'd, the lowing cows proceed,
 With measur'd step, majestically slow,
 To brouze the herbage of the verdant mead,
 And sip the crystal currents as they flow;
 But when around the fervid beam's display'd,
 They chew the cud, and solace in the shade.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY-LANE.

MAY 2.—*Haunted Tower*.—Madame Bolla, from the Opera House, appeared in the character of *Adela*, and supported it with great vivacity; *M. Gallet's* grand ballet of *Vologus* followed; in which all the dancers from the King's Theatre assisted, for the benefit of Mr. Kelly.

3.—*No Song no Supper*.—Miss Ellis, a pupil of Dr. Busby, displayed considerable promise in *Margaretta*. Mr. Bannister had the misfortune to strain one of the sinews of his leg, which laid him up for a few days, but we are happy to find that no serious consequence is likely to ensue from the accident.

7.—In consequence of Mr. Bannister's confinement, Mr. Bartley, at a very short notice, undertook his part of *Tandem*, in the *Marriage Promise*, and acquitted himself very creditably.

9.—Mrs. Jordan's night.—*The Midnight Hour* was acted for the first time at this theatre. Mrs. Jordan appeared to great advantage in *Flora*, and introduced a new song, accompanied by two lutes.

11.—Benefit of Mr. Suetts and Mr. Palmer.—Dr. Kenrick's comedy of *Falstaff's Wedding*, reduced into two acts, was performed on this evening; but, though strongly cast, and very judiciously compressed, it met with an indifferent reception.

16.—Mrs. Mountain's night.—A new musical drama, in one act, called the *Highland Lassie*, written by the author of the *Thorn* and the *Post Captain*, was performed between the play and the entertainment. It is a pleasing trifle, with several charming airs, by Davy, Corrie, Hook, &c. to which ample justice was done by Miss De Camp, Digaum, Mrs. Tyrer, and Mrs. Mountain. The burletta of *Midas* followed, with the novelty of Mrs. Mountain in *Apollo*. The house was very full.

19.—Mr. C. Kemble played *Hamlet*, for the first time, for his own benefit, and has greatly increased his reputation, before deservedly high, by his chaste and animated performance.

23.—Mrs. Powell's night. A sister of this lady made her curtsy to the public in the little part of *Emilia*, in the *Winter's Tale*. She has a handsome person, and talents that may be rendered useful to the theatre.

24.—Mrs. Young's night.—This lady performed Mrs. Haller, for the first time, in a very impressive manner. Her sister, Miss Biggs, an admirable actress in her line, made her first appearance in the *Old Maid*, a character which she supported with infinite humour and address. She was received with the loudest applause, and merits a permanent situation on the London stage.

COVENT-GARDEN.

APRIL 12.—Mrs. Davenport being indisposed, Mrs. Powel supplied her place in Mrs. Brulgruddery, which she played, with great success and applause, for several nights.

20.—Mr. Cooke's night.—Man of the World, and Comus. An indifferent house. Another instance to be offered in proof that talent is no consideration on benefit nights; but it certainly is not creditable to the English public, thus to neglect their most valuable performers, and distinguished favourites, on nights expressly set apart for their individual emolument.

28.—Mr. Munden's night.—A new farce, called *All fair in Love*, was presented for the first time, and favourably received.

MAY 4.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston's night.—A new tragedy, under the title of the *Harper's Daughter*, was performed on this evening; but, previous to the drawing up of the curtain, Mr. Johnston stated to the audience that Mr. Cooke had signified to him, in the morning, by a message, that, on account of a recent circumstance, he could not perform in the new tragedy, or in any other play that might be substituted on that evening; that being thus thrown into a very distressing situation, Mr. Siddons had undertaken to read the character, and he therefore entreated the usual indulgence of the audience, not only on behalf of Mr. Siddons, but also of the play, which must necessarily suffer by this unavoidable arrangement. This address was followed by loud and universal applause; and it must be confessed that, owing to Mr. Siddons's judicious management, and his aptitude in committing the most important speeches to memory behind the scenes, there never was experienced so little disappointment, upon any similar occasion. The tragedy is an alteration from Mr. Lewis's play of the Minister, which is a liberal translation of Schiller's *Cabal and Love*. A copious review of the Minister appeared long since in this work, and to that we beg leave to refer our readers for our sentiments respecting the piece, and the able manner in which Mr. Lewis has conducted his translation. As an acting drama, it exhibits several very interesting scenes and situations, but the plot is not, in every respect, suited to the feelings of an English audience; and the catastrophe is liable to many strong objections. No play, however, could be better received, and the performers were very happy in their respective characters. Mr. H. Johnston, particularly, never delighted us more, and we think never displayed a specimen of acting at once so judicious, animated, and striking, as in Rosenberg. Mrs. H. Johnston and Mrs. Litchfield performed the parts of Julia and Augusta Howard.

10.—Mr. Knight's benefit.—*The Mock'd Friend*.—This is a comedy in three

acts, altered from Mr. Holcroft's *Duplicity*, which seems to have afforded the materials for his *Hear both Sides*. The play was well acted in all its parts. Mr. Murray performed Osborne, Miss Marriot Clara, and Mrs. Litchfield Miss Turnbull, for the first time. The last is a character which touches the extreme of broad-comedy, and afforded Mrs. Litchfield another opportunity of displaying the versatility of her powers. A new farce, called *Hints for Painters*, was afterwards produced. It is upon the whole a promising attempt, and presents many farcical situations. The principal character, an enthusiastic painter, performed with great spirit by Mr. Brunton, is evidently drawn after Vapid.

12.—Mr. Murray's night.—A *Tale of Terror*; or, a *Castle without a Spectre*, a dramatic romance in three acts, written by Mr. Siddons, was received with very great applause. The author has evinced considerable knowledge of stage effect, and, by means of a pleasing fable, appropriate sentiment, and *spectacle*, produced an agreeable *melange* altogether, that places his dramatic talents in a very favourable light. The piece received every advantage from the acting of Messrs. H. Johnston, Emery, Blanchard, Murray, Mrs. H. Siddons, and Mrs. H. Johnston.

13.—Captain Caulfield appeared in *Richard III* and the *Liar*, for his own benefit.

16.—The *Fair Fugitives*.—A musical entertainment in three acts, by Miss Porter (the music by Dr. Busby) after frequent postponements, and changes in the cast, was at length brought forward on this evening. Miss Porter is an accomplished young lady, and a very elegant writer; but we do not think she has been fortunate on the present occasion, either in the choice of her subject or the conduct of her fable. When she has had a little more insight into the mechanical artifices of dramatic composition, we doubt not she will prove more fortunate. The piece was laid aside after the second night.

20.—Mrs. Litchfield's night.—Dr. Valpy's alteration of Shakspeare's *King John* was performed, for the first time, and received with the most unbounded approbation. The re-commencement of hostilities, and Bonaparte's renewed threat of invasion, gave electrical force to numerous passages in the play, which immediately apply to the state of affairs at the present moment. If they had been expressly written for the occasion, the sentiments of loyalty and patriotism could not have been more opportunely introduced. We shall have a future opportunity of pointing out the omissions and variations, for which Dr. Valpy is accountable. Mr. Cooke made his first appearance since his indisposition, which we understand has been very severe, in the part of *King John*. He was saluted on his entrance with some slight marks of disapprobation, upon which he begged permission to be heard. He said he could not affect to be ignorant of the cause of this disapprobation. He had lately failed to sustain a part in a new play (*The Harper's Daughter*), which it was announced he had undertaken. He solemnly declared that this was through no fault of his. For twenty-four hours he was confined to his bed by a violent disorder. There were many things in the part which he admired, and he never was more anxious to come forward.—Whatever acts of imprudence he might have committed, in this instance he felt that his conduct was unimpeachable. The applause he had received in that

house had made the deepest impression upon his mind, and it should be his study to shew himself not undeserving of the public favour. The audience appeared perfectly satisfied with this explanation, and applauded him very fervently. Mr. Cooks performed the part of *John* in a masterly style. In the scene with Hubert, where he prompts the latter to the murder of *Arthur*, he was particularly great, and, indeed, throughout the whole character, he appeared to infinite advantage.

Mrs. H. Johnston exhibited the gallant qualities of *Falconbridge* with noble animation. He gave the following speech, in reply to the offers of the *Duchess*, with peculiar energy, and the audience were enthusiastic in applauding it.

Fal. "France offer freedom ! Was France ever free ?

No, from the days of Cæsar to this hour,
France bow'd the neck beneath a master's sway.
And should the hapless time arrive, when France
Shall see the honours of her throne laid low,
Then shall her nobles bleed, her temples blaze,
Her towns fall prostrate, and her fields lie waste ;
Then grinning o'er her prey, fell Anarchy
Shall arm her hundred tyrants with the scythe
Of desolating rage ; nor shall her people
E'er taste of ease again, till happier times
Shall raise a lawful Monarch, and restore
The mild protection of her ancient laws !—
Give England freedom ! Did she ever stoop
To bondage unreveng'd, nor resume
Her wonted fire ? Did not invading Julius
Start at the form of Liberty, that frown'd
From Albion's tow'ring cliffs ? Did not the Normans
Soon feel the sacred flame ? And has not John
Seal'd the GREAT CHARTER of our liberties ?
Blest with our rights, we urge no further claim.
The English laws are written in our hearts ;
We will not change them ! May they last for ever !
The happiness of those, who feel their blessings,
The admiration of the envying world !"—

Mrs. Litchfield's *Constance* was a very powerful and affecting performance. In the bursts of indignation and contempt, on the falling off of the French king and Austria from her interest, she was eminently successful ; and her pathos and despair, after the loss of her son, made a deep impression upon the audience.

Miss Norton, the young lady who appeared last season at the Haymarket, excited a strong interest in *Arthur*. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that this prince should be represented, as is usually done, by a mere child. [See our remarks on this subject on the late revival of *King John* at Drury Lane.*] Miss Norton gives every promise of becoming an excellent actress.

Mr. Charles, the gentleman who performed *Othello* and *Jaffier* at this theatre, very kindly gave his assistance in *Hubert*, and increased the reputation he had

previously acquired by the able manner in which he acquitted himself. Mr. Brunton was judicious and spirited in the *Dauphin*: he brought the character very conspicuously forward indeed. The venerable Hull looked and spoke the Cardinal exceedingly well. The other parts were creditably sustained, particularly *Blanch*, by Mrs. Beverley.

An excellent prologue, from the pen of the Laureat, was delivered by Mr. Brunton; and one of the neatest and most effective epilogues we ever heard was spoken with admirable address by Mrs. Litchfield. They are both inserted among our Original Poetry of this month.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday evening, May the 5th, Madame Hilligsberg, who has so long and so deservedly been the favourite of the public, took her leave of the stage in the following short speech, which was honoured with the most enthusiastic plaudits we ever witnessed:—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am so grateful for your favours, that any attempt to express my acknowledgments, would fall short of what I feel. Nothing could flatter me more than the hope of having continued your favourite until the conclusion of my theatrical career; and I shall for ever bear in my heart the remembrance of your kindness."

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

Louisa of Lombardy, has proved very attractive indeed; the house is generally full, which is the strongest test of its excellence, and an argument in favour of its continuance night after night.

For the two last months we have been so minute in our notice of the summer places of rendezvous, as to render more than a mere mention of them this month superfluous.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE,

WITH constant novelty and perpetual change, like its sister, "fares sumptuously every night."

SADLER'S WELLS.

YOUNG Dibdin's Philip Quarll is an interesting and well managed subject. The new proprietors still go on prosperously.

VAUXHALL

Is newly painting, and preparing to open, with the addition of considerable vocal talent.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

CAROLAN.

It is probable, that, on his marriage with Miss Mac Gubre, Carolan fixed his residence on a small farm near Moshill, in the county of Leitrim, here he built a neat little house, in which he gave his friends,

"If not a sumptuous welcome, yet a kind."

Hospitality consumed the produce of his little farm: he ate, drank, and was merry, and improvidently left to-morrow to provide for itself. This, sometimes, occasioned embarrassments in his domestic affairs; but he had no friend to remind him "that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." *Dr. Johnson.*

At what period of his life Carolan commenced an itinerant musician, is not known; nor is it confidently told whether he did it through necessity, or whether his fondness for music induced him to betake himself to that profession. Doctor Campbell indeed seems to attribute his choice of it to an early disappointment in love: but we will leave these points unsettled, and follow our bard in his peregrinations. We find him mounted on a good horse, and attended by an harper in the character of a domestic, setting forth on his journey, and directing his course towards Connaught. Wherever he goes, the gates of the nobility and gentry are thrown open to him. Like the Demodocus of Homer, he is received with respect, and a distinguished place assigned him at the table; near him is seated his harper, ready to accompany his voice, and supply his want of skill in practical music. "Carolan," says Mr. Ritson, "seems, from the description we have of him, to be a genuine representative of the ancient bard."

On his return from one of those excursions, Mr. O'Connor asked him, had he visited Colonel Archdall. "No," replied the bard, emphatically, "but I visited a prince." Thus intimating the hospitable reception this gentleman had given him.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Carolan, in his gayest mood, and even when his genius was most elevated by "the flowing bowl," never could compose a planxty for a Miss Brett, in the county of Sligo, whose father's house he frequented, and where he always met with a reception due to his exquisite taste and mental endowments. One day, after an unsuccessful attempt to compose something in a sprightly strain for this lady, he threw aside his harp, with a mixture of rage and grief; and addressing himself in Irish (of which he was an eloquent speaker) to her mother: "Madam," said he, "I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty, in order to celebrate your daughter's perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me; there is not a string in my harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound, when I set about this task. I fear she is not doomed to remain long amongst us: nay," said he, emphatically, "she will not survive twelve months." The event verified the prediction, as several of the family can attest. By relating this circumstance, it is not our wish to insinuate that Carolan was endowed with the gift of prophecy; but scepticism must be at a stand, when we consider that many individuals, who could look no further into the womb of Time than the ordinary mass of mankind, have, at certain periods of their lives, foretold events in as extraordinary a manner. From an error in his education, if the manner in which he was reared deserves that name, Carolan, at an early period of his life, contracted a fondness for spirituous liquors, which he retained even to the last stage of it: but inordinate gratifications carry their punishment along with them, nor was Carolan exempt from this general im-

sition. His physicians assured him, that unless he corrected this vicious habit, a scurvy, which was the consequence of his intemperance, would soon put an end to his mortal career. He obeyed with reluctance, and seriously resolved upon never tasting that forbidden, though (to him) delicious cup. The town of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, was, at that time, his principal place of residence. There, while under so severe a regimen, he walked, or rather wandered about like a *reueur*; his usual gaiety forsook him; no sallies of a lively imagination escaped him; every moment was marked with a dejection of spirits, approaching to the deepest melancholy; and his harp, his favourite harp, lay in some obscure corner of his habitation neglected and unstrung.

Passing one Day by a grocer's shop in the town, our Irish Orpheus, after a six week's quarantine, was tempted to step in. Undetermined whether he should abide by his late resolution, or whether he should yield to the impulse which he felt at the moment, "Well, my dear friend," cried he, to the young man who stood behind the counter, "you see I am a man of constancy; for six long weeks I have refrained from whiskey: was there ever so great an instance of self denial? but a thought strikes me, and surely you will not be cruel enough to refuse one gratification which I earnestly solicit. Bring hither a measure of my favourite liquor, which I shall smell to, but indeed shall not taste." The lad indulged him on that condition, and no sooner did the fumes ascend to his brain, than every latent spark within him was rekindled; his countenance glowed with an unusual brightness; and the soliloquy which he repeated over the cup, was the effusion of an heart, newly animated, and the ramblings of a genius, which a Sterne would have pursued with raptures of delight. At length, to the great peril of his health, and contrary to the advice of his medical friends, he once more quaff'd the forbidden draught, and renewed the brimmer, until his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated, and until his mind had fully resumed its former tone. He immediately set about composing that much admired song which goes by the name of Carolan's (and sometimes Stafford's) receipt. For sprightliness of sentiment, and harmony of numbers, it stands unrivalled in the list of our best modern drinking songs, as our nicest critics will readily allow; he commenced the words, and began to modulate the air in the evening at Boyle, and before the following morning, he sung and played this noble offspring of his imagination, in Mr. Stafford's parlour at Elfin.

Carolan's inordinate fondness for Irish wine (as Peter the Great used to call whiskey) will not admit of an excuse: it was a vice of habit, and might, therefore, have been corrected. But let us say something in extenuation: he seldom drank to excess; besides, he seemed to think, nay, was convinced from experience, that the spirit of whiskey was grateful to his Muse, and for that reason, generally offered it when he intended to invoke her. "They tell me," says Dr. Campbell, "that in his (Carolan's) latter days, he never composed without the inspiration of whiskey, of which, at that critical hour, he always took care to have a bottle by him." Nor was Carolan the only bard who drew inspiration from the bottle; there have been several planets in the poetical hemisphere, that seldom shone but when illumed by the rays of rosy wine.

Cunningham wrote his best pastorals, after he had made a moderate sacrifice to Bacchus. It is told, that the amiable Addison's wit sparkled most, when his pulse beat quick; and the goblet always "Flows with wines unmixt," for Demodocus, (in whose person Homer represents himself) before he tunes his "wood lay."

"When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain
Great Homer was not of a sober strain;
And Father Ennius, till with drinking fir'd,
Was never to the martial song inspir'd."

To deny Carolan the "Sparkling bowl," was a certain method of rousing his satire. Residing for some time in the house of a parsimonious lady, he happened one day, as he was playing on his harp, to hear the butler unlock the cellar door: instantly he arose, and, following the man, requested a cup of beer; but the fellow thrust him rudely out of the cellar, declaring he would give him nothing, unless by orders from his mistress. In a rage the insulted bard composed the following bitter epigram.

What a pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flynn,
So surly a dog would let nobody in.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

The new Elector Duke of Wirttemberg lately issued the following edict, respecting theatrical representations:—His Most Serene Highness, having, with great displeasure, perceived that many persons dare him during the public performances at the theatre, it is his Highness's will, that, in future, any offender of this description, shall be taken out of the playhouse by the military, and delivered into the hands of justice for punishment. His Most Serene Highness further expects, that, during his presence at the theatre, *no one shall hiss or applaud, unless his Highness himself, by his example, shall give the signal for doing so.*"

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—Our theatre having been almost entirely rebuilt, with new scenery and decorations, equal in splendour to the London theatres, will open on the 6th of June, under the joint management of those deservedly great favourites Messrs. Lewis and Knight, with Morton's pleasant comedy of "Speed the Plough," in which Mrs. Mountain will perform Miss Blandford, and Margaretta in "No Song no Supper." The expectations of the town, in favour of the new arrangement, is very great indeed. We understand they have been extremely liberal in providing an excellent company and a great variety of new entertainments; let us hope, as we do not doubt, that public countenance and support will keep pace with them.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

THE LATE DUEL.—Mr. Editor,—As various illiberal unfounded reports are in circulation, reflecting on the conduct of the seconds in the late unfortunate duel between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara, I feel it my duty, as the second of the latter, to state (with his knowledge and approbation) the following particulars:—As the origin of the dispute is irrelevant to my purpose, I shall make no comment on it. Captain Macnamara and myself, accompanied by Mr. Heaviside, on our way to Chalk Farm, overtook Sir William Kier, who making himself known, I left the chaise, having previously received my friend's instructions. After the first compliments were over, Sir William Kier observed, "This is an unfortunate business, but I hope we shall be able to do it away." I replied, "Yes, I hope we shall; but, Sir William, I will at once inform you that no apology will come from Captain Macnamara, as he feels himself the offended party." I then related the particulars of the dispute, as Sir William appeared unacquainted with them. Sir William observed on the word *arrogant*, used by Captain Macnamara. I agreed with him that it was a severe word, but that the conduct of Colonel Montgomery had drawn it from Captain Macnamara. Sir William then wished to put off the meeting that evening, observing, that he hoped in the morning we might do it away, and that he thought it was getting too dark. To this I replied, that I much lamented the very prompt appointment of his friend, Colonel Montgomery, who had so decidedly fixed the meeting at precisely two hours from the time I delivered Captain Macnamara's message, and for that purpose had set his watch to mine: that as to the light, having accepted Colonel Montgomery's time, it was not for us to object to that, even were it moon-light; but, as I was equally anxious with him to do away the dispute, I would, the moment the time was expired (if Colonel Montgomery did not appear,) quit the ground with Captain Macnamara, and wait on Sir William Kier at any time he pleased, that evening or the following day; but that I did not think we could, as men of honour, quit the ground till the time was elapsed.

A few minutes before the appointed time, Colonel Montgomery appeared. Sir William Kier then went from me, to speak to him, before they proceeded to the ground. After a very short conversation, Sir William and Colonel Montgomery walked towards the ground, Sir William ordering his servant, in French, to bring the pistols. I then directed a servant to bring mine. When on the ground, Sir William Kier and I went apart, and I then repeated, that if Colonel Montgomery would make a written apology, it was not now too late. Sir William spoke to the Colonel, but soon returned, saying, "A written apology, you know, Captain Barrie, would be entirely out of the question; but Colonel Montgomery declines making any apology." The pistols were then loaded, and it was agreed that they should stand at twelve paces distant from each other, then level and fire as they pleased. The exchange of shots was almost instantaneous, but Colonel Montgomery fired first. The parties were immediately conveyed to Chalk Farm, and while I was binding up Captain Macnamara's wounds, Sir William Kier informed me Colonel Montgomery was dead. Sir William then

waited for me till my horse was brought out, and we accompanied each other to town.—This, to the best of my recollection, is a correct account of the conduct of the seconds.

ROBERT BARRIE.

Captain Barrie having sent the above statement to Sir William Kier, received the following answer:—

SIR,

London, May 2, 1803.

I have read the enclosed, which is, as far as my memory serves me, a correct statement of the substance of what passed between us.

Your most obedient Servant,

To Captain Barrie.

WILLIAM KIER.

Captain Macnamara has been tried, on the coroner's inquest, for manslaughter, and acquitted. Mr. Heavyside, the surgeon, was not brought to trial; the grand jury not returning any bill against him. The following elegant defence was made by Captain Macnamara. It is said to have been drawn up by his counsel, Mr. Erskine.

"Gentlemen of the jury,

"I appear before you with the consolation that my character has already been delivered, by the verdict of a grand jury, from the shocking imputation of murder, and that, although the evidence against me was laid before them, without any explanation or evidence of the sensations which brought me into my present unhappy situation, they made their own impression, and no charge of criminal homicide was found against me. I was delivered at once from the whole effect of the indictment. I therefore now stand before you upon the inquisition only, taken before the coroner, upon the view of the body, under circumstances extremely affecting to the minds of those who were to deliberate on the transaction, and without the opportunity, which the benignity of the law affords me, at this moment, of repelling that inference of even sudden resentment against the deceased, which is the foundation of this inquest of manslaughter.

"The origin of the difference, as you see in the evidence, was insignificant. The heat of two persons, each defending an animal under his protection, was natural, and could not have led to any serious consequences. It was not the deceased's defending his own dog, or his threatening to destroy mine, that led to the fatal catastrophe; it was the defiance alone which most unhappily accompanied what was said: words receive their interpretation from the avowed intention of the speaker. The offence was forced upon me by the declaration that he invited me to be offended, and challenged me to vindicate the offence by calling upon him for satisfaction. "If you are offended with what has passed, you know where to find me." These words, unfortunately repeated and reiterated, have, over and over again, been considered, by criminal courts of justice, as sufficient to support an indictment for a challenge. The judgments of courts are founded upon the universal understandings and feelings of mankind, and common candour must admit that an officer, however desirous to avoid a quarrel, cannot refuse to understand what even the grave judges of the law must interpret as a provocation and a defiance. I declare, therefore, most solemnly, that

I went into the field from no resentment against the deceased; nothing indeed but insanity could have led me to expose my own life to such imminent peril, under the impulse of passion, from so inadequate a cause as the evidence before you exhibits, when separated from the defiance which was the fatal source of mischief, and I could well have overlooked that too, if the world, in its present state, could have overlooked it also. I went into the field, therefore, with no determination or desire to take the life of my opponent, or to expose my own. I went there in hopes of receiving some soothing satisfaction for what would otherwise have exposed me in the general feelings and opinions of the world.—The deceased was a man of popular manners, as I have heard, and with a very general acquaintance. I, on the other hand, was in a manner a stranger in this great town, having been devoted from my infancy to the duties of my profession in distant seas. If, under these circumstances, the words which the deceased intended to be offensive, and which he repeatedly invited to be resented, had been passed by and submitted to, they would have passed from mouth to mouth, have been even exaggerated at every repetition, and my honour must have been lost.

“Gentlemen, I am a captain in the British Navy. My character you can only hear from others; but to maintain my character in that station, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honourable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who had sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge any thing against the laws of God, or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the general feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action: But, in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowance for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman, but their existence have supported this happy country many ages, and she might perish if they were lost.

“Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer. I will bring before you many honourable persons, who will speak what they know of me in my profession, and in private life; which will the better enable you to judge whether what I have offered in my defence may safely be received by you as truth. Gentlemen, I submit myself entirely to your judgment. I hope to obtain my liberty, through your verdict, and to employ it with honour in the defence of the liberties of my country.”

An Irish Gentleman called to inquire the health of Captain Macnamara, and was shewn the surgeon's report, which was entitled ‘*Bulletin*.’ On taking it up and reading it, he exclaimed ‘*Bullet-in!* by J—s!—I thought the *Ball* had been extracted.

A singular and diverting occurrence took place near Taunton, in Somersetshire.—Some time ago a favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Parsley, Esq., being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn, and cry of the hounds, he began to be very restive; the ostler going into the stable, judged that the spirited animal wanted some sport, he instantly saddled him, to which he

affixed a large monkey, and turned him loose, who, following the sound, joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened, by observing the monkey holding the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

The miners working at the Huddersford canal-tunnel, near Manchester, lately found a stratum of curious polished stone, of a light grey colour, except the polished side, which is as black as ebony; the polish is as high as that of the best marble, and reflects objects nearly as well as an ordinary looking-glass.

Extract of a letter from a friend on a visit to the Lakes:—On Friday I dined at Buttermere, and was waited on by MARY; what a libel on beauty! She is, nevertheless, a good sized person, and walks very upright; has a full black eye, and those kind of features which, at an early period, would give pubescence. She was dressed in a short cotton bed-gown, blue petticoat, coarse white apron, tied very high, and wore black stockings. Her deportment is modest and respectful; rather of a melancholy appearance; perhaps occasioned by her misfortune; but, were I to hazard an opinion, I should pronounce it in some measure habitual. She is as far advanced in pregnancy as may be expected. The father appears an honest coarse old man; the mother of the same cast, and both bending beneath the weight of years."

In the following anecdote, which is taken from *Breche's* publication of "The Conduct of Heroic Women during the French Revolution," Despair, resulting from strong conjugal affection, is forcibly depicted:—

"In one of the prisons of Paris, among a multitude that expected their trial, was a young man of a most interesting figure and countenance, who was accompanied, by his wife, an extremely young and beautiful woman. Happy that they were not separated in this dreadful moment, this young couple fully persuaded themselves that the same blow would release them from this life, and unite their souls in a better; and the sweet hope of a union that never could be dissolved, spread inexpressible charms even over the horrid scenes with which they were surrounded. One day, while the youthful wife was walking in the court with the other prisoners, she heard her husband called to the outer gate of the prison. She comprehended that it was the signal of his death: she ran after him, resolved to share his fate. The gaoler refused to let her pass. With unusual strength derived from her grief, she made her way, threw herself into the arms of her husband, hung upon his neck, and with the most affecting cries, besought them to suffer her to die with her husband. She was torn away by the guards. 'Barbarians,' she cried, 'can you compel me to live?' at the same moment she dashed her head violently against the gate of the prison, and in a few minutes expired."

Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, in his account of a late visit of three months to Great Britain and Ireland, has astonished the people of the Continent, with the following exhibition of the power of English industry:—"There is," says he, "a case in which a raw material, value one halfpenny, is raised by manufacture to the worth of 35,000 guineas!—This takes place in the art of a watch-spring-maker. A pound of crude iron only costs a halfpenny; it is converted into steel, the steel is made into watch-springs; every watch-spring is sold for half-a-guinea, and weighs only one-tenth of a grain. There are in a pound weight

7,000 grains; it, therefore, affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs.—The value of all these, at half-a-guinea each, is 35,000 guineas.

Among the vegetable productions of this country, none are more generally useful than the potatoe; hence we are induced to insert the account of *A new Method of propagating Potatoes*; communicated to the Bath and West of England Society, by the Rev. J. Barton.—Having a piece of ground choaked up with potatoe stalks, from the negligence of the labourers employed in clearing it of a preceding crop, this gentleman carefully planted about 100 of them in drills, in the same manner as cabbage plants, first pulling off the potatoes that adhered to the roots. The experiment succeeded beyond his expectation; as each stalk produced from ten to fifteen, some of them uncommonly large.—Should this method be generally adopted, it will prove highly beneficial, and the farmer's industry in cleaning his ground will thus be rewarded; the man of fortune will give these stems, hitherto considered useless, to his cottagers, to plant in their gardens, while those who have small potatoes, that are usually thrown to the hogs, may now turn them to a better account, by planting them in beds in November, and removing their stalks in the spring. This method of culture, particularly in wet soils, may probably succeed better than that commonly practised, as there would be no danger of their rotting, which the seed potatoes are apt to do: thus the markets might be supplied, not only with the root itself, but also with the stems, which could be sold in the same market as cabbage plants.

An inquisition was lately held at Hollinwood, on the bodies of one Hesketth, Alice Ogden, and an infant. It appeared that Hesketth and Ogden had lived together nearly three years, and that early on Monday morning, a man going to work in the garden of the deceased, saw a quantity of blood running under the door. He alarmed the neighbours, who forced open the door, which was locked and bolted, and found Hesketth, with the infant across his thighs, both quite dead, and miserably bruised, lying across the floor. Hesketth had the key of the door in his pocket, and the end of the tongs in his hand. Ogden was also in a dying state, and so much bruised as to be incapable of giving any account of this horrid business. She expired almost instantly. These circumstances induced the jury to believe that one or both of them killed the child and each other, which verdict they accordingly gave. The father of the woman, and another man, had been drinking at the house of the deceased on Sunday evening, and at ten o'clock they were left in perfect good humour with each other, not an angry word having passed.

A circumstance of a very shocking nature took place lately at Ward's-hill, in the Liberty. A pig seized in its mouth a child, and ran with it into an entry, or passage, where it would have devoured the infant, but for the timely interference of some persons who saw the frightful transaction, and pursued the ferocious animal, which was so very savage as even to turn upon its pursuers. The poor child did not escape unhurt, having been very much bruised and lacerated.

We have the following melancholy recital in a letter from Gardentstown, near Banff.—“ On Tuesday, the 19th instant, we had a very hard gale from W. S. W. which increased, towards afternoon, to a complete hurricane, abating only by short intervals throughout the night. Next morning a variety

of wreck, scattered along the shore, announced the destruction of some vessels at no great distance. Some of the inhabitants, eager to make a further discovery, went to survey the west rocks, where, from the top of a stupendous promontory, in a curved stone, called Whalecove, they discovered a large mass of wreck, which convinced them this had been the scene of the unfortunate event they had anticipated. Actuated by a spirit of enterprising humanity, some young men ventured to crawl down the tremendous precipice, and, notwithstanding the fluctuating and furious flaps of wind peculiar to the time and place, actually descended the depth of ninety feet perpendicular. On reaching the bottom of the rock, their attention and feeling were suddenly interested in a very striking object indeed—the only survivor of an unfortunate crew (eleven in number) insulated on a rock near the wreck, in whom the tide of life was fast ebbing! nor was it till low water that these laudable adventurers were able to rescue him from this dread asylum. This, however, they at last happily effected, and succeeded, weak and bruised as he was, in bringing him safe up the hill—an achievement which any stranger would certainly pronounce impossible. The wreck proves to be the *Reliance*, of Newcastle, William Allen Master, 198 tons register; sailed from Shields on the 17th, coal-laden, for Jamaica. The bodies of six of the crew have been found and interred. The survivor, Colin Burn, a native of Montrose, only engaged with Captain Allen on the 16th, of course very little acquainted with his ship-mates, but thinks three of them are from Aberdeen. People are daily employed securing what remains of the wreck may drift ashore; and the poor surviving tar is now so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad occasionally."

An odd circumstance has taken place at Berlin, which for some days furnished the topic of general conversation. A Jew waited on the Queen with a rich collection of valuable lace, which he had for sale. Her Majesty thought it extremely beautiful, but said she declined purchasing, as she was in no want of the article, and it was besides too dear. The Jew, however, as is customary with these people, would take no denial, and at last even presumed to desire her Majesty to take the lace of him *in commission*, to the king, who, he was sure, would be enraptured with its beauty, and consequently become a purchaser. The Queen, seeing no possibility of disengaging herself from the importunate Issaellite, at length consented, and took charge of the lace, in order to shew it to her illustrious consort. His Majesty, however, was equally averse to part with his money; and therefore gave the goods in charge to a lady of the court, for the purpose of returning them to the Jew. The next day, however, he returned to the court with a sorrowful countenance; and, having obtained an audience, informed her Majesty that he missed a piece of lace of seven ells, which must remain *somewhere*. The Queen's confusion and astonishment may be easily conceived; a general search took place, but it was no where to be found. In the mean time the King entered the apartment, and enquiring very naturally what the matter was, asked the Jew in a serious tone, if he dared abide by his assertion. Being now conscious that he had a just cause in hand, he answered undauntedly, that he would *stick to his text*. The King, on this, contrived to have the lady sent out of her apartment, and, during her absence, one of the ministers examined the bureau of this lady, and

where, strange to say, he discovered the lost piece of lace, to the inexpressible joy of the Jew, the satisfaction of their Majesties, and the utter confusion and disappointment of the fair pilferer, who was immediately conducted to prison.

BATH, APRIL 29.—On Monday died in this city, George Ring, formerly a baker, and celebrated as one of the first pugilists in the kingdom. He was rather under the middle size, but the quickness of his eye, and the muscular power of his arm, and his general activity, brought him always off victorious, though opposed to men of far superior size and strength. To his method of fighting, Ward, Mendoza, Humphries, and other noted heroes of the fist, it is said, owed their celebrity; for he introduced what is termed the present scientific mode of combat. But the glory of George Ring was of short duration: hard blows, frequently experienced, and a life of continued dissipation, brought on premature old age, poverty, and neglect; at a period when he ought to have been in the bloom of health and vigour, every “puny whipster” could “knock him about the sconce, and he durst not tell him of his action of battery.” As a contrast to the above character, we cannot avoid noticing that the celebrated George Maggs, whose fame rang through this country nearly fifty years ago as the champion of England, when he beat the noted Stephens, the nailor, in London, is now living in this city, a hale, hearty, respectable old man; a handsome and venerable pile of stately ruins.

Six of the young naval officers, who lately committed a riot at the Portsmouth theatre, were arraigned at the sessions, and pleaded guilty.—Mr. Burroughs, the recorder of the place, addressed them in a very impressive manner. He made some very strong remarks on the heinous offence of obstructing peace-officers in the execution of their duty; and the more especially by gentlemen of their profession: and earnestly recommended to them never to draw their swords again, except in defence of their country. He should not sentence them to imprisonment, as some of their ships were on the point of sailing; yet he felt it his duty to pass a sentence, as he trusted would serve to prevent such outrages in future—but, if it failed of that effect, he should feel himself called upon to add imprisonment to fine in any future similar case. The recorder then sentenced two of them to pay a fine of 40*l.* three of 25*l.* each, and one of 10*l.*

On Saturday, April 23, whilst Mr. Cornell, farmer, of Needham-street, in the parish of Gazely, Suffolk, was overlooking his workmen at plough in the field, a very severe tempest arose, when suddenly one of his ancles received a shock like a violent blow; and on casting his eyes downwards, he saw the lightning playing on his shoe, which affected his face and whole frame so much, that he called his seedsman to support him: but, finding the man's back towards him, Mr. Cornell made an effort to run, and caught hold of the seedsman just in time to save him from falling; and, after leaning upon him for two or three minutes, Mr. C. recovered from a state of stupor, when looking up, he perceived, at the distance of about 100 yards, two of his best horses had also been struck by the lightning, one of which was totally dead, and the other in the most acute agonies, which it survived only a few minutes.

Vaccination has been found, in Turkey, an antidote to the plague; some persons, who had been inoculated with the cow-pock, have escaped infection, although purposely exposed to it. This process has been tried on dogs, but does not preserve them from the disorders so peculiar to them.

MARRIED.

Sir Charles Hamilton, Bart. R. N. to Miss Drummond, only daughter of the late George Drummond, Esq. banker, at Charing-Cross. Major Maxwell, eldest son of Sir William Maxwell, Bart. of Monreith, to Miss Catharine Fordyce. The Rev. Henry Hodges, to Miss Murray, eldest daughter of the late Hon. General Murray, of Beaufort, in the County of Sussex. At Ballinacan, in Perthshire, Philip Dundas, Esq. M. P. to Miss Wedderburn, daughter of Sir John Wedderburn, Bart.

DIED,

At Brunswick, on the 21st of March, in the 68th year of his age, Prince Demetrius de Gallitzin, Privy Counsellor of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and Knight of the Order of St. Ann. At her house in Baker-street, Mrs. Dunlop; she caught the influenza on a Sunday morning, and in a fit of coughing on Monday evening, burst a blood vessel, and expired in a few hours after. At Paul's Cray, in Kent, the Dowager Lady Hoghton, relict of the late Sir Henry Hoghton, Bart. of Walton-hall, near Preston. At the Swan Inn, Bedford, Sir John Payne, Bart. of Temesford Hall. On the 25th of January last, on her passage from India, Mrs. Popham, wife of Major-General Popham. At Darn-hall, Vice-Admiral Sir George Home, Bart. In the prime of life, Sir John Davie, of Creedy, Bart. Merlin the ingenious mechanic. At Stratford House, Essex, the Right Hon. John Lord Henniker, Baron Henniker, of Stratford-upon-Avon, of Stratford House, and Newton Hall, Essex; Great Blealing's Hall, Suffolk; and St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet. He is succeeded in his title by the Hon. John Henniker Major, of Portman-square. Anne Baroness Dowager Camelford, in the 65th year of her age. At Canterbury, aged 68, the Rev. John Lynch, LL. D. Archdeacon of that diocese, Prebendary of Canterbury, and Rector of St. Dionis Back Church, London. Lately, Mr. Conolly. He had for a series of years been considered the first Commoner in Ireland. His estates, including those which he inherited by the death of his uncle, the late Earl of Strafford, produced upwards of 30,000*l.* per annum. He was married to Lady Louisa Augusta Lennox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, and was related to Mr. Fox, Mr. Byng, and several other persons of consequence. Dying without issue, the great bulk of his fortune is divided between his nephew, Mr. Byng, Member for Middlesex, and his nieces, Viscountess Castlereagh, and the Lady of Admiral Pakenham.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1803.

Embellished with

A PORTRAIT OF MR. PRATT, ENGRAVED BY RIDLEY, FROM AN ORIGINAL
PAINTING BY BEACH.

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence	362
Biographical Sketch of Mr. Pratt	363
Biographical Sketch of Mr. Emery,	367
The Effects of War	368
Original Letter from the late William Cowper, Esq. to Mr. Park	369
Hindoo Manual and Creed	370
William Vernon, the Shropshire Poet	372
Detached Thoughts on bad Temper	374
Sketch of an Historical Eulogium on the Marshal Duke of Berwick,	376
Tintern Abbey, a Welsh Tale	378
Olla Podrida—On Beauty	381
Select Sentences	384

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

GENERAL.

Henry Kirke White's Clifton Grove, with other Poems,	385
D'Israeli's Narrative Poems,	388
Storey and Grig's Cowper illustrated,	392
Mary Hays's Female Biography	395
Bibliographia Poetica	396
Elegant Extracts, in Prose and Verse, abridged	ib.
Dodsley's Economy of Human Life	397
Corry's Address to the People of Great Britain	ib.
Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c.	398
Anna Plumptre's Something New, or Adventures at Campbell House	404

Proverbs, or the Manual of Wisdom	ib.
Madame de Genlis's Series of Novels	404

BRITISH STAGE.

The Dramatic Essayist—No. I.—On Tragedy	405
Scymour's Notes upon Shakspeare	409

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Experience to the Poet	411
Quatuorain; by Mr. George Bloomfield; to the new-born Daughter of Capel Loft, Esq.	413
Johannis Secundi Bastium III. imitated	ib.
The Excursion	414
The different Times of the Day—No. II.—Noon	416

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

Drury Lane	417
Covent Garden	ib.
Haymarket	419
Theatrical Chit-Chat	420
New Royal Circus	421
Astley's Amphitheatre of Arts ...	ib.
Sadler's Well	ib.
Vauxhall	ib.
Ranelagh	422
Foreign Theatricals,	ib.

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Liverpool	422
News, &c.	423

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1803.

CORRESPONDENCE.

*A Portrait of Mr. Braham, from a Painting by Mr. Charles Al-
lingham, is intended for our next number.*

Miss HOLFORD's elegant verses are inserted in the present number. We earnestly solicit this lady's further communications.

MORTIMER is entitled to our best thanks, for his constant attention to us.

We differ in opinion with our constant reader, W. R. respecting the merits of the actor upon whom he comments so severely, and must therefore decline inserting his letter.

J. F. is informed that it has never been our plan to publish the prologues and epilogues indiscriminately. We shall, perhaps, at a future opportunity, insert the prologue and epilogue to John Bull.

Melancholy Hours, No. V. in our next.

Douglas and Anna, a tale, by J. T. and the verses written at the tomb of Gray, are reserved for insertion.

We hoped, last month, to have had an opportunity of noticing the communications of an Impartial Observer (*York*) but were prevented through want of room.

We beg to be favoured with a continuation of *A Tale in the Manner of Ossian*. The verses by the same writer shall appear next month.

Lines by Mr. George Bloomfield at the same time.

We find that W. R.'s remarks on a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost* affords nothing new upon the subject.

The hints respecting the teachers of youth shall be attended to.

Sir Henry Wotton on Queen Elizabeth is postponed till the next number.

E. A. P. (*Stafford*) will find his favour among the contents of the present number.

We are much obliged to a YORKSHIRE MAN, but the letter he has been so kind as to transmit, does not exactly suit the character of our work.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR,

FOR

JUNE, 1803.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. PRATT.

With a Portrait.

IN the progress of our work, we have had the pleasure to record the lives of a variety of persons, who have distinguished themselves for their virtues or their talents; but few of them unite a more rare assemblage of qualities that do honour both to the head and the heart, than the subject of the following memoir.

MR. PRATT is a native of St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, where he was born on Christmas-day 1749-50. His father twice served the office of high sheriff for that county, and many years acted as an upright and assiduous magistrate. His mother was niece of Sir Thomas Drury, who produced her husband fifteen children, most of whom died in early infancy, and of whom our author has long been the only survivor.

Mr. Pratt received the rudiments of classical education at Felstead, a celebrated seminary in Essex, in which county the family seat of Reokwood-hall was situated. This mansion was once the residence of the Capels, and is famous in history for being the place where the princess Elizabeth was concealed from the jealous rage of her sister Queen Mary, till she could be conveyed to a more secure retreat. It appears that afterwards, Mr. Pratt was some time under the private tuition of the celebrated Dr. Hawkesworth, a fact we have ascertained from his elegant dedication of the fifth volume of his "Gleanings," to the Marquis of Lansdown.

Thus, from his original splendour of situation, compared with that mediocrity of condition which has long been his lot, it is evident

That Fortune smil'd deceitful on his birth.

The causes that led to the decay of his family, and the frustration of his hopes as a man of independent property, it is not our business to enquire into, nor are we qualified to develope them. It

is sufficient here to observe, that his life seems early to have been chequered by hopes and fears, by success and disappointment; and that, in consequence of these alterations quickly succeeding each other, he fixed in neither of the learned professions, though his genius and his talents would have reflected a lustre on the highest situation in the church, or at the bar.

The bias which the mind receives in early life from fortuitous circumstances, and the direction given it by uncontrollable events, often stamp the character for ever. The constant concomitants of genius, ardour and enthusiasm, Mr. Pratt possessed in a high degree. Formed to enjoy and to reciprocate all the sensibilities of tenderness and affection, his heart was not proof against the delusions of love; and a disappointment of this nature, at an age when those who are blessed with constitutional apathy, scarcely know the passion but by name, appears to have long tinged the colour of his destiny, and even to have operated on his future prospects.

Yet to the misfortunes of his family, in which he was necessarily involved, and to his own particular disappointments, the world is probably indebted for that public display of talents, which, for the space of thirty years and upwards, have delighted, instructed, or reformed mankind. To the same source may be ascribed that refined sensibility, that diffusive philanthropy, and that soothing attention, which he has ever shewn for the unfortunate and the unhappy. In the words of Dido he may justly say,

Non ignarus mali, miseri succurrere disco.

Mr. Pratt's first essays in literature, as is usual, were for a time confined to the private circles of partial friends and admirers, or anonymously published in the periodical works of the day. Born to independence, it is not likely that he wrote with any other view than to amuse himself, or those he esteemed; but after family dissensions had diminished his patrimonial property, and much of the remainder was spent in ineffectual litigation, instead of sinking under the pressure of misfortune, the elasticity of his mind raised him superior to events; and, conscious of his powers, of which indeed he did not make a false estimate, he boldly entered the lists for literary fame, and found the public ready to applaud his attempts. Still, however, he used an adopted signature; and the reputation of Courtney Melmoth, Esq. was widely disseminated and firmly established, before Mr. Pratt was known, beyond the circle of his immediate friends and connexions.

The first poetical work, of any length, published by our author when he could not be more than twenty years of age, was the

"Tears of Genius," occasioned by the death of Dr. Goldsmith, whom it appears he knew, and of whose spirit a considerable portion has descended on his admirer and elegiast. In this poem the style and sentiment of our most illustrious bards are happily caught; and in erecting a monument to departed genius, the author has laid a solid foundation for his own.

Of the classical poem of "Sympathy" it is impossible to speak in terms of adequate praise. It has gone through numerous editions, and will unquestionably run down the stream of time with the "Traveller" and "Deserted Village" of Goldsmith, whose mantle he seems to have caught.

Deliciæ nostræ, GOLDSMITH, iturus ad astra
 Hæredem, dixit te mihi, Prætte volo.
 En! tibi lapsa cadit divino jure poetæ
 Vestis sacra; sacro munere digne fili:
 Risit pauperies, risere jacentia rura,
 Nam simul humanæ fila movère lyrae.
 Est redivivus, inops exclamat rusticus, alter
 GOLDSMITH jam nostro dulce dolore dolet.*

When the English Roscius departed this life, our author offered a poetical compliment to his memory, under the title of the "Shadows of Shakspeare," in which, with peculiar felicity, he has delineated the different characters of our immortal bard, which derived a new lustre from Garrick's performance. Since that time, he has contributed the epitaph, which is engraved on his monument in Westminster-abbey.

It would far exceed our limits to enter into an enumeration and analysis of Mr. Pratt's various publications. They are all in high estimation with the public, which has long appreciated their separate worth; and therefore it shall be our business, in what follows, to class and arrange rather than to enter into details, which would fail to draw from obscurity works which in themselves excite no interest, and which, in the present instance, would be unnecessary; as the want of new editions of several of Mr. Pratt's publications, not of new readers, is felt and lamented. It will however be agreeable to the admirers of Mr. Pratt's novels in particular, to learn, that an uniform edition of them, revised and corrected by the author, is likely to make its appearance soon. The public also loudly calls

* We believe this very elegant and deserved compliment, and hitherto we believe unpublished, was paid to Mr. Pratt on the publication of his "Poor," a poem, of which we shall speak farther in the sequel.

for a collection of his poems, which having been published in various forms, can scarcely be procured complete on any terms. We trust, therefore, the lovers of elegant poetry will speedily be gratified in this respect also; and we cannot doubt but that such a long and deserved favourite with the public, would find his reward in bringing forward this work, in a style equal to the merit of the subjects it embraces.

When the elegant hospitalities of the Bath Easton Villa were kept up by Sir John and Lady Miller, with a liberality that would have done honour to the first nobleman in the kingdom, Mr. Pratt was a frequent contributor to the "Vase," and generally gained the envied laurel. In his "Miscellanies," which were published many years ago, in four volumes, many of his contributions are preserved; and if they are not uniformly equal to his more elaborate productions, they shew the happy versatility of his talents, and the facility with which he composes on any subject.

"Landscapes in Verse," which next claim our notice, possess all the merit which can belong to that species of poetry; but here we think Mr. Pratt was less fortunate in his subject than in his preceding and subsequent offerings at the shrine of the Muses.

The "Triumph of Benevolence" was more consonant to his feelings as a man, and his powers as a poet; and it does equal honour to the benevolent Howard, from a contemplation of whose labours in the cause of misery it originated, and to the author who pointed out those labours to the imitation of all posterity.

"Humanity, or the Rights of Nature," if we mistake not, first appeared in 1788, and added another wreath to the crown he had so long wove and worn.

For some years after, his occasional poetic effusions, all of them excellent, and many deserving to be presented in a separate form, chiefly appeared in the "Gleanings," which remain to be noticed.

His last great poem, "The Poor, or Cottage Pictures," written and published in 1801, at a period of unexampled distress, will require to be mentioned at some length. In its structure it is most happy, and in pathos and energy it is superior to any of Mr. Pratt's former publications, as may well be imagined from a fervid fancy operating on a benevolent mind.*

* This poem has had the honour to have some of its principal scenes illustrated by the pencil of De Loutherbourg. The subjects are worthy of this distinguished artist; and those who can possess the 4th edition of the "Poor," with the plates taken from his designs, will in time find that they have got a treasure, which will become more valuable as it becomes more rare.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

MR. EMERY.

MR. JOHN EMERY was born at Sunderland, in the County of Durham, on the 22nd of Dec. 1777. At a very early age he left his native place, and continued to travel with his parents (both of them on the stage) until they thought it expedient to send him to a boarding-school at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, where he was chiefly brought up. On his return from school, his father was anxious that he should make choice of a profession, but having no preference, our hero submitted the selection to his father's maturer judgment, who accordingly desired him to direct his attention to the study of music, in which he soon made a considerable proficiency; and his knowledge of this science he considers as having been of infinite service to him in the profession of an actor. Mr. Emery played in the orchestras of *Exeter, Plymouth, &c.* But his love of music was not so great as his desire to become an actor; and he often sighed from behind his violin, and thought the most humble condition on the stage more desirable than all the honours which were to be acquired in the service of Apollo. His inclination was soon gratified; for in the time of Mr. Bernard's management at Plymouth, he saw himself in the enviable situation of actor and scene-painter. Mr. Bernard was much pleased with his first essay as an actor, which was in *Little John in Robin Hood*, a part for which his figure was tolerably suited, he being then only about 15 or 16 years of age. Before he attained his 17th year he adventured in a singular line of acting for one of his age, viz. the *feeble old men*; such as *Crazy, Sir Francis Gripe, Kechsey, &c.* in all of which he was fortunate enough to succeed. He next performed at Dover, Deal, and Sandwich, with Mr. Diddiear, where his line of business became more and more extensive; and having become tolerably conversant with the profession, at the age of 17 he left his parents, and entered into an engagement with Mr. Bernard, who was then manager of the Brighton theatre: from thence he went, in the year 1795, to Mr. Wilkinson at Hull, where he opened in *Caleb*, in *He would be a Soldier*, and *Dickey Gossip*. His old men followed very successfully; and he then embarked in the arduous characters of the *Miser, Item, &c.* in which he discovered talents of a very superior order. It was in this circuit that he first acted the countrymen; and, in consequence of his success in those characters, his fame reached London, and he had the offer of an engagement from Mr. Harris, which, however, he could not then accept, being under

articles to Mr. Wilkinson for three years, who would have been much inconvenienced by being deprived of so favourite a comedian. In the interim, he had a most liberal offer from Mr. Jones, the Dublin manager, which he made known to Mr. Wilkinson, who observed, the offer was a good one, but that if he left him then, the penalty of his article would be a poor equivalent for the loss of his services. He accordingly remained in the York Company; and, in consequence of his so doing, Mr. Wilkinson wrote to Mr. Harris, to inform him that our hero should be at his service at a particular time (before the expiration of his article,) an indulgence for which our hero considers himself under great obligation to Mr. Wilkinson. Mr. Emery appeared at Covent Garden Theatre on the 21st of September, 1798, in the characters of *Frank Oatland* and the *Miser*. Our observations on his performance appeared at some length in the number for the following month. The decided opinion we then formed of his talents has been fully confirmed by the favour and reputation he has since gradually acquired with the public. In the *Yorksire man* he is particularly excellent. Perhaps there is not a more completely characteristic and humorous piece of acting on the stage than he affords in *John Lump* in the *Review*. Mr. Emery has also considerable merit as an artist, and several of his performances have appeared in the exhibitions of the Royal academy.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

MR. EDITOR,

I BELIEVE all the considerate part of mankind are agreed, that the worst effect of war is the evil influence which it has upon the *morals* of a country. It is well known that the generality of common soldiers, when they return from service to their native homes, are to the fast degree idle and profligate, and consequently become fatal corrupters of their relations and neighbours. The readers of the Monthly Mirror will not be displeased with the following quotation from a celebrated Chronicler, much in point. Sir R. Baker, after mentioning the raising of the siege of Stenwich, in Friesland, by General Norris, in the year 1580, adds, "Here it must not be omitted, that the English, (who of all the dwellers in the northern parts of the world, were hitherto the least drinkers, and deserved praise for their sobriety,) in these Dutch wars learned to be drunkards; and brought the vice so far to overspread the kingdom, that laws were vain to be enacted for repressing it." *Baker's Chronicle*, page 382. Edition 1670.

Stamford.

E. A. P.

ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM

THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

TO MR. PARK.

Weston-Underwood, March 30, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

If you have indeed so favorable an opinion of my judgment as you profess, which I shall not allow myself to question, you will think highly and honourably of your poem,* for so I think of it. The view you give of the place that you describe is clear and distinct, the sentiments are just, and the reflections touching, and the numbers uncommonly harmonious. I give you joy of having been able to produce at twenty years of age, what would not have disgraced you at a much later period; and if you chuse to print it, have no doubt that it will do you great credit.

You will perceive, however, when you receive your copy again, that I have used all the liberty you gave me. I have proposed many alterations; but you will consider them as only proposed. My lines are by no means obtruded on you, but are ready to give place to any that you shall chuse to substitute, of your own composing. They will serve at least to mark the passages which seem to me susceptible of improvement, and the manner in which I think the change may be made. I have not always, seldom indeed, have given my reasons, but without a reason I have altered nothing, and the decision, as I say, is left with you in the last instance. Time failed me to be particular and explicit always in accounting for my strictures, and I assured myself that you would impute none of them to an arbitrary humour, but all to their true cause—a desire to discharge faithfully the trust committed to me.

I cannot but add, I think it pity that you, who have evidently such talents for poetry, should be so loudly called another way, and want leisure to cultivate them; for if such was the bud, what

* This poem, so partially appreciated by the most liberal of men and lenient of critics, was a juvenile offering of gratitude to the place where the writer had received his scholastic education. Its length, its locality, and triteness of subject, prevented it from appearing with a miscellany of minor poems, which were printed in 1797; nor will the plaudits even of COWPER make its author forego his ripper judgment, for the futile chance of obtaining popular approbation. The praise *whispered*, not *published*, has been regarded by him as "the praise that's worth ambition;" and he has enjoyed the singular good fortune *laudari a laudato viro*.

might we not have expected to see in the full-blown flower? Perhaps, however, I am not quite prudent in saying all this to you, whose proper function is not that of a poet; but I say it trusting to *your* prudence, that you will not suffer it to seduce you.

I have not the edition of Milton's juvenile poems which you mention, but shall be truly glad to see it, and thank you for the offer.

No possible way occurs to me of returning your MS. but by the Wellingborough coach: by that conveyance therefore I shall send it on Monday, and my remarks,* rough as I made them, shall accompany it.

Believe me with much sincerity

Yours,

WILLIAM COWPER.

HINDOO MANUAL AND CREED.

[Continued from p. 298.]

Punishment of the guilty Dewtahs.

IV. THE Eternal, whose knowledge, foresight, and power, extend over every thing, except the actions of beings whom he has created *free*; beheld, with as much grief as resentment, the defection of Moisasoor, Raubon, and the other chiefs of the Dewtahs. Merciful in his anger, he deputed Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, to forewarn them of their crime, and to induce them to return again to their duty: but they deluded themselves with the hope of being independent, and persisted in their disobedience. Then the Eternal commanded Seeb to arm himself with his omnipotence, and to drive them out of the Maha Surgo (or the upper heaven), and to plunge them in the regions of darkness, there to suffer unceasing torments, for the space of a thousand thousand munnuntors.

* Those remarks extended to seven octavo pages, and united the most consummate candour with a scrupulous desire to 'discharge faithfully' the trust reposed in this condescending friend, and able critic. From Mr. Hayley's estimable *Life of Cowper*, it appears that the commendations imparted in this letter, were imparted with a sincerity which dignified every action of the author of the *Task*; for they were reiterated in epistolary communications, about the same period, to Lady Hesketh and to Mr. Rose. See Hayley's *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 29, 30.

N. B. In Mr. Cowper's former letter, at page 300, line 1, for *twenty-three* read *thirty-three*.

Mitigation of the punishment of the rebellious Dewtahs, and their Final Sentence.

V. The rebellious Dewtahs, having incurred the displeasure of the Creator, groaned in darkness during the space of a munnuntor; during all which time, Bhirmah, Vistnou, and Seeb, and the rest of the Dewtahs, who had preserved their fidelity, never ceased praying the Eternal to pardon and restore them to their former condition. The Eternal was softened by their prayers, and as he could not foresee the effect his mercy would produce on these guilty Dewtahs, he relied on their repenting, and declared his will: he ordained that they should be enabled to work out their own salvation, on giving certain proofs of repentance. The Eternal revealed his intention, and, after having entrusted the government of the upper heaven to Bhirmah, he became absorbed within himself, and was invisible to all the celestial host for five thousand years. At the end of this period he appeared again, and mounted his throne of light, and re-appeared in all his glory. The Dewtahs who remained faithful to him, celebrated his return with hymns of joy and gladness. After all the Dewtahs made silence, the Eternal said,—“Let the Dounea Houda, containing fifteen bonbons of expiation and purification, appear, to serve as a place of residence for the rebellious Dewtahs;” and it instantly appeared. The Eternal added, “Let Vistnou, armed with my power, descend to the Dounea Houda, which I have just created; and let him withdraw the rebellious Dewtahs out of the regions of darkness, and place them in the lowest of the bonbons.” Vistnou presented himself before the throne of the Eternal, and said, “O Eternal, I have executed what you enjoined me.”—All the faithful Dewtahs were surprised at seeing the wonders and splendour of the Dounea Houda, which God had just created. The Eternal again addressed himself to Vistnou, and said, “I will form bodies for each of the rebellious Dewtahs, which shall be instead of a prison, and as an habitation to them for a certain space of time: they shall be subject to natural evils in proportion to the crimes they have committed. Go, and command them to prepare themselves to enter into those bodies, and they will obey you.”

Vistnou presented himself again prostrate before the throne, and said, “I have fulfilled your commands:” and the faithful Dewtahs, astonished at the wonders they had just heard spoken of, celebrated the praises and mercy of the Eternal in songs. After they had ceased again, the Eternal said to Vistnou, “The bodies I am going to prepare for the rebellious Dewtahs, shall be subject to change, to

decay, and to death and regeneration, through the principles of the matter of which they shall be fashioned. The guilty Dewtahs, inclosed in these mortal bodies, shall undergo eighty-seven successive transmigrations, and shall be more or less subject to natural and moral evil, in proportion to their original sin, and according as the actions they may commit in passing through these successive transmigrations, may correspond with the limited faculties which I shall give to each. That shall be the termination of their punishment, and expiation; and when the rebellious Dewtahs shall have undergone these eighty seven transmigrations, they shall (by my indulgence) animate a new form, and you, Vistnou, shall call it ghay, (i. e. cow.) When the cow shall die through old age, the guilty Dewtah, by an extraordinary degree of my goodness, shall animate the body of man. I will increase his intellectual faculties to the same degree they were when I created him, and it shall be under this transmigration that he must undergo the strongest and severest trials. The guilty Dewtahs shall hold the cow as holy and sacred. I will give them food the most agreeable, and I will exempt them from a portion of the labours to which I have doomed them. They shall neither eat the flesh of the cow, nor that of any mortal body which I have prepared as an habitation for them, whether it creepeth on the earth, or swims in the water, or flies in the air. They shall feed on the milk of cows, and fruits of the earth. The mortal bodies in which I shall enclose the guilty Dewtahs are the works of my hand: they must not be destroyed, but suffered to die a natural death. So that should any Dewtah premeditatedly, or by force, occasion the dissolution of any body animated by his brethren, the guilty Dewtahs; you, Seeb, shall plunge the spirit which has committed this crime in the regions of darkness, for a certain space of time; and you shall cause him to pass through eighty nine transmigrations, whatever may be his rank and quality, at the time of committing this crime."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM VERNON, THE SHROPSHIRE POET.

MR. EDITOR.

I MAKE bold to introduce myself to you, as a plain homely kind of man, and a lover of the good old fashioned poetry, which speaks to our hearts, and comes home to our passions and feelings; yet, by

the bye, I think I can discern the beauties of the most fanciful productions of the Muse, as well as those who pretend to greater penetration. Well, now to come to the point, I was exceedingly pleased to see, in your last month's Mirror, your correspondent CIVIS, in his "Idle Hours," bring again into notice that long neglected poet William Vernon, about whom very few readers have any knowledge. "Now, is not this a melancholy thing?" I have often wondered that some liberal-minded bookseller should not have undertaken to republish the works of this son of genius. I would almost venture to answer for his success. English poetry is again coming into repute; it has found its level, and it will find admirers, as long as the love of nature exists in a British bosom.

The "Parish Clerk" has always been such a favourite of mine, from my boyish days, that, if I had lived in the time of the author—provided he could have hit upon any better employment than that of writing poetry—I should gladly have saved up all my idle pence, for the purpose of purchasing his discharge. I believe the imitative lines in Holloway's poems, to which your correspondent alludes, are as follows:

"Beneath yon elders, furr'd with black'ning smoke,
The sinewy *Smith*, with many a labour'd stroke,
His clinking anvil plied, in's shed obscure,
And truant school-boys loiter'd round the door.
There would the swains on wintry eve retire,
To warm their limbs, and blow the rumbling fire;
While various tales their proffer'd toil repaid,
And vast improvement to the mind convey'd;
For much of life th' experienced Smith had seen,
In peace and war, since royal Anne was queen;
And much of fights and shipwrecks sad he told—
Of burning mountains, and of Scythian cold—
Of spectre forms, that haunt the convent's gloom,
Or fiends that glare around the murderer's tomb."

Peasant's Fate. Book I. L. 429.

I will not pretend to say that this is a direct imitation of Vernon's stanza; but rather a proof how near two writers may come to each other's expression, when they copy closely from nature.

While pondering on the above subject, I chanced to cast my eyes over the conclusion of that charming rural poem the "Farmer's Boy;" when I was struck with its more remarkable similarity to some lines which I had somewhere seen with the signature of W.

Vernon; and which, it is very probable, the Suffolk bard never saw.

"The mead, the rill, the *flow'r*, the *tree*,
Shall lift my wand'ring thoughts to THEE;
Thy *bounties* all conspire to raise
My heart to gratitude and praise!"

VERNON.

"Let the first *flow'r*, corn-waving field, plain, *tree*,
Here round my home, still lift my soul to THEE;
And let me ever, midst thy *bounties* raise
A humble note of thankfulness and praise!"

BLOOMFIELD.

Having now assisted the recollection of your ingenious and sensible correspondent, in the first instance, I should be glad if he could assist mine in the second; for I have not another line of his admired author at hand; and if, by his exertions, he could produce a republication of the poor soldier's works—his manes would smile upon his labours; every man of true genius would be gratified, and he would ensure the sincerest acknowledgments of

June 6, 1802.

RUSTICUS.

DETACHED THOUGHTS

ON

BAD TEMPER.

THERE seems to be, with persons of ill nature, an opinion which few persons who have no evil passions to hide, will allow—"That a man of good sense and quick parts, is of a bad temper, and that a man of bad temper, is generally a man of abilities." Never was a more erroneous idea, fatal to the interests of society, and palpably false in principle. A friend remarked to me the other day, while conversing on this subject, that he had observed through a long and laborious life, that those who have possessed abilities, honesty and integrity, have mostly possessed good humour, the general result of an unguilty mind.

It is not sense in Acasto to find fault with every thing another [man does; such a propensity springs from ill-nature, and a desire to raise himself by a pitiful expedient. It does not denote ability to decry the want of abilities in others, as this is too often a scheme to prevent the world from saying the same of him.

Mad men and fools, says Rochefoucault, see every thing through the medium of their humour : thus, if an ill-natured person is dissented from in a debate, as he can never imagine himself wrong, he sets his antagonist down for a fool, little suspecting that the company fastens the same cap upon himself with more propriety.

An ill-tempered person is mostly given to slander, and knowing the intemperance of his own thoughts seeks for hidden meanings, never in cant—

He sees more devils than all Hell can hold :

his offences are seldom forgiven, as they are generally more the offspring of the heart than the head.

All the heroes who possessed a bad temper, have been villains of the blackest dye, as Marius, Sylla, Dyonysius, Maximian, Tiberius, &c. &c.

All the most valuably conspicuous persons were to the contrary, as Socrates, Epaminondas, Cyrus, Cymon, Aristides, Alexander, Cæsar, Plato, Virgil, Alfred, Addison, Henry Vth, Edward VIth, Montaigne, Goldsmith : but they are innumerable.

Openness and candour have been mistaken by subtle and designing men, for want of capacity, not knowing that honesty and honour are the surest proofs of profound wisdom.

Acasto calls him weak and fickle who changes his opinion, not regarding that an alteration of circumstances will cause an alteration of sentiment. The Portuguese have a fine proverb on this subject, "The wise man changes his opinion often, the fool never." He is never more wrong than in misnomers ; he calls obstinacy, firmness ;—cunning, depth ;—a resistance to the charitable feelings, a resolution not to be imposed upon.

The will of an ill-natured man is his law ; his fist is his logic ; he is generally envious, avaricious, always tyrannical, ambitious, and contemptuous ; mostly ungrateful, illiberal, passionate, and treacherous ; a bear in society, and a pest to his family.

He is seldom a friend to any one, not even to himself ; his own misery not being problematical, he renders all around him as miserable as himself.

He dies detested, and is literally hissed out of the world.

S K E T C H
OF
AN HISTORICAL EULOGIUM,
ON
The Marshall Duke of Berwick.

FROM MONTESQUIEU'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

He was born on the 21st of August, 1670; was the son of James Duke of York, (afterwards King of England) and Miss Arabella Churchill. It was the fate of this family to produce, at the same time, two men, one of whom was destined to shake, and the other to sustain, the two greatest monarchies in Europe.

At the age of seven years, he was sent to France, in order to complete his studies and his exercises. The Duke of York coming to the crown, on the 6th of February, 1685, he sent him, the following year, into Hungary, where he served at the siege of Buda. He went to pass the winter in England, where the king created him Duke of Berwick, and returning to Hungary in the spring, the Emperor made him colonel of the regiment of the Cuirasseurs of Taaf. He served the campaign 1689, in which the Duke of Lorraine gained the victory of Mohatz, and on his return to Vienna, the Emperor promoted him to the rank of serjeant general of battle.

Thus was it under the great Duke of Lorraine that the Duke of Berwick began his career, and the remainder of his life was in a great measure military.

On his return to England, the king conferred upon him the government of Portsmouth, and of the county of Southampton. He had before a regiment of infantry, in addition to which he obtained the Earl of Oxford's regiment of horse guards. Thus, at the age of seventeen, he had before him that prospect so flattering to an elevated mind, of seeing the road to glory open to him, and the possibility of performing great exploits.

In 1688 came on the Revolution in England; and in that round of misfortunes, which all at once encompassed the king, the Duke of Berwick was charged with the management of those affairs which required the greatest confidence. The king having appointed him to assemble the army, the orders, through the treachery of the ministers, arrived too late, which afforded the opportunity of bringing it over to the Prince of Orange. The Duke met by accident with

four regiments going to join the Prince of Orange, and brought them to his own post. He left nothing undone to preserve Portsmouth, blockaded both by sea and land, and without any other provisions than what it was supplied with daily by the enemy, until the king sent him orders to surrender it. He was one of the five persons in whom the king confided, on leaving the kingdom, and who accompanied him to Florence. As soon as the king landed, he sent the Duke of Berwick, then scarcely eighteen years of age, to Versailles, requesting an asylum.

Almost the whole of Ireland remaining faithful to King James, he passed over to it in the month of March, 1689, and then ensued an unfortunate war, in which valour never failed, and conduct was always wanting. Of that war it may be said, that in London it was considered as the most important object of England, and, in France, as a war of private affection and civility. The English, unwilling to have a civil war amongst them, reduced Ireland. It even seems as if the French officers, employed on that occasion, considered it in the same light as those who sent them. There were only three things they thought of;—to go there—to fight—and then come home again. Time has shewn that the English thought better on this subject than we did.

The Duke of Berwick distinguished himself on some particular occasions, and was made Lieutenant-general.

Lord Tyrconnel having come over to France, in 1690, left the chief command of the kingdom to the Duke of Berwick. He was then no more than twenty years of age, and his conduct shewed him to be the man, in that age, on whom Heaven had bestowed the greatest share of prudence, at an early period. The loss of the battle of the Boyne had broken the Irish forces; King William had raised the siege of Limerick, and was returned to England; but this did not much mend the state of affairs in Ireland, where Lord Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough) suddenly landed with a body of eight thousand men. It was necessary, at the same time, to retard his progress, to restore the army, to dispel factions, to unite the minds of the Irish,—and all this the young Duke was enabled to accomplish.

In 1690, Lord Tyrconnel having returned to Ireland, the Duke of Berwick repassed into France, and followed Louis XIV. as a volunteer, to the siege of Mons. In the same capacity he served the campaign of 1692, under the Marshal de Luxembourg, and fought at the battle of Steinkerque. The following year he was appointed

a lieutenant-general in the French service, and gained great honour at the battle of Nerwinde, where he was made prisoner.

All that the world has said on the occasion of his being taken, could only be imagined by those who formed the highest opinion of his firmness and his courage. He continued to serve in Flanders, under Marshal Luxembourg, and afterwards under Marshal de Villeroy.

In 1696 he was sent secretly into England, for the purpose of conferring with those English Lords who had determined to restore the king. It was an awkward commission, to endeavour to prevail upon those lords to act against the dictates of good sense. He did not succeed, but hastened his return, on hearing that a conspiracy had been formed against the person of the king, because he would not incur the suspicion of being concerned in such an enterprise. I recollect to have heard him tell that a person recognised him by a certain family air, and particularly the length of his fingers. Fortunately for him, this man happened to be a Jacobite, and relieved him from his uneasiness by saying—"God bless you in all your undertakings!"

The Duke of Berwick lost his first wife in the month of June, 1698. She was the daughter of Lord Clanricard, and they were married in 1695. By her he had a son, born the 21st of October, 1696.

In 1699 he travelled into Italy, and on his return married Miss Bulkeley, niece to the lord of that name, and daughter to Mrs. Bulkeley, Lady of Honour to the Queen of England.

[To be continued.]

TINTERN ABBEY,

A WELCH TALE.

THE remote village of Tintern seemed the only spot to which persecuted innocence could resort from the hostile din of civil war; and hither, accompanied by her mother, did the beautiful and amiable Maria retire, with feelings agitated but too much for the loss of their most valuable and nearest relative.

Few vestiges of inhabitants could be traced in this sequestered retreat, and the tranquillity that reigned around was seldom interrupted by aught but the rollings of the Wye, or the distant chimings of the neighbouring abbey.

The austerity of virtue, which Maria imbibed with her earliest years, was chastened by a tender cast of thought, a bewitchedness of sentiment, which fashion or folly denominate romantic. She had resources within herself of which nothing could deprive her; the charms of nature struck the tender chord of sensibility, and wandering along the inaccessible windings of the woods, her heart would expand with rapture while casting her eyes over the grand and beautiful scenes that displayed themselves on every side.

In all her pursuits, studies, and inclinations, Maria was the counterpart of her mother when at the same period of life. The dangers of sensibility were consequently often a theme of instruction for the experienced matron, and while her lovely daughter reclined upon her bosom, in all the tender endearments of mutual confidence, she would warn her to beware of its fatal consequence.

"The time may come," she would say, "when you will be induced to leave this solitude and all its endearing charms, to mix in the gay circle of the world, where its inhabitants are alien to feeling and all the valuable qualities of the heart. Ah! then beware of its infatuating influence! The struggles which you may be doomed to encounter in your future intercourse with the world ought to call forth all your energies, in order to fortify your mind against unavoidable contingencies or unmerited misfortunes.

For know, dear girl——
That extreme feeling proves a foe,
For though it deals in promised joy
It pays, alas! in certain woe."

Such were the warnings of the mother—yet, when constitution, taste, and solitude conspire to lead the mind into a particular train of amusements, the sentiments arising from those amusements can never be eradicated.

The last rays of the sun were hovering in the horizon to the west, a mellow sombre hue had succeeded in uniting the various foliage of the trees into an embrowning shade, when, captivated by the tranquillity of the scene, Maria wandered from her cottage and ascended the mountain on the left, to catch the first tints of the rising moon. Scarce a breath of air agitated the "leafy honours" of the oak, and not the most distant sound disturbed the solemn silence that pervaded all the landscape. Maria, lost in silent meditation, appeared the only contemplator of the glorious scene; the power of the Creator is felt as much in an awful stillness as in the

most tremendous earthquake. The nightingale however was soon heard warbling her melancholy notes, and Maria seated herself upon the trunk of an oak covered with ivy, to listen more attentively.

Something of a sympathetic dread always pervades the heart in such eminently impressive scenes:—to overcome her sensations, at each pause of the nightingale, she tuned the following verse upon her guitar.

“Sad philomel! ah! quit thy haunt
Yon distant woods among,
Around my friendly grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly plaintive song.

“Wild are thy notes, sweet bird of sorrow! How many a time, from night to morn, hast thou told thine unfortunate tale: still thy grief admits of no solace; still dost thou love the silence and seclusion of the forest; and still, from age to age, have thy sorrows-soothed the heart of many a forlorn traveller in this world of misfortune! how sweet and soothing are thy notes to my heart; with what force do they touch the chords of feeling, and titillate each softer nerve!”

The mind of Maria was tinctured with early and rational piety: she looked up to the Author of nature with tears of gratitude at each enlivening scene: words, since embodied by the amiable Thompson, flowed spontaneous from her tongue.

Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.

With what *sublime* awe did she tread the path that led to the abbey; the chauntings of the monks were heard rolling in *sacred* volumes on the silence of night: now they were in full chorus, and gaining the highest pitch of altitude, sunk down in a rich and graceful piano. Now, as she turned with the path, the sound died away upon the ear, the nightingale was again heard, and she sat herself down upon a bank of green, overcome with the solemnity of the scene.

Every nerve thrilled with divine and tender rapture; her voice could no longer accompany the nightly cloister; she was overwhelmed with awe, pleasure, and surprise: she said, mentally, “surely no one would wish for a more delightful heaven than an enlarged faculty of receiving impressions from musical sounds.”

Withdrawing her eyes from the moon, they fell upon the countenance of a man half shaded by the partial gloom of the forest. Terror and surprise, like a basilisk, transfixed her to the seat : the intruder, habited in the cloak of a monk, rushed by her, exclaiming, " Ambrosio, thou art lost for ever."

At length, fear adding wings to her energies, she flew, like a deer transfixed by an arrow, to the cottage, and fainted in her mother's arms.

MEMNON.

[To be continued.]

OLLA PODRIDA.

NUMBER IV.

ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, as it depends so much upon idea and difference of taste, can never be defined in a manner truly satisfactory to all parties. While some insist that it depends not upon a certain set of features, however truly lined ; others declare that beauty is composed of true harmony and proportion. Beauty has been rendered intricate, whereas it is one of the most simple of all ideas : it is only keeping close to nature, and every difficulty in its composition will be lost. Hogarth's principles of beauty are, fitness, variety, uniformity, simplicity, intricacy, and quantity. Mr. Thompson, in his Elements, thinks it the result of six different accidents, each of which is a distinct beauty of itself, and consequently communicates that peculiar beauty to which it is joined.

Mr. Burke is of opinion that neither proportion, fitness, nor perfection, are real causes of beauty. According to him, its requisites are smallness, smoothness, variety in the direction of the parts, and melted in each other, delicacy without strength, and colours clear and bright.

Beauty may be divided into two departments ; the sublime, and what may be styled the harmonic : they are totally different from each other in effect, and are the peculiar distinctions of the two sexes. In proportion as the male partakes of the harmonic, so much does he lose in dignity ; and the more the female acquires of the sublime, the more she loses in sweetness and delicacy, and the chief characteristics of her order.

Strict proportion, the first principle of the sublime, is seldom seen, except in pictures and statues, and being the result more of reason than of nature, is more applicable to the reflective sex. Mr. Burke, in reasoning by analogy, led himself into a gross error in supposing that proportion was not a real cause of beauty, whereas, in the sublime order, it is the most distinguishing point. Beauty (says a Spanish Author, translated by Mr. Southey)

Rightly defined, is symmetry of parts,
And where that symmetry of parts exists,
There is the figure perfect.

Expression is likewise a grand assistant: it was the error of Guido to be so extremely solicitous in attiring his figures with beauty (cold and artificial) that he never consulted the temper or disposition of his subject, and thereby rendered most of his pieces insipid and unintelligible to the mind's eye, by their want of expression. The forehead is the seat of majesty; the eye and eyebrows those of expression. Without this distinguishing requisite, the most perfect symmetry loses its effect—

For what are all
The forms which brute unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.

Akenside, b. 1. l. 525.

Grace is analogous to elegance; it may be called elegance in grandeur, and consists in that certain fitness of doing things, so seldom acquired, and belongs to attitude and motion. In this, more than any other, the sublime connects itself with the harmonic, and, by blending the austere graces of Michael Angelo with the more soft and finished colouring of Titian, renders the possessor more agreeable to the delicate tastes of the softer sex.

The harmonic consists in shape, smoothness, and colour. The beauty of shape consists in its symmetry, the proper disposition of every part, and a judicious melting into an entire whole. The figure rather inclining to the diminutive, than height: the head small, the neck straight, flexible and rather long, increasing in size and whiteness towards the bosom: the bosom well divided, the breasts rising gently, round and firm, and its natural whiteness

heightened by a few blue swelling veins; the shoulders gently spread, with some appearance of strength; the sides long, and the hips rather wider than the shoulders, gradually rounding and tapering to the knee; the knee even, and the leg straight, yet varying with the just swelling of the calf, and descending with a quick turn towards the feet, the smallness of which is their greatest beauty.

Smoothness is particularly requisite in the harmonic, as it gives an air of delicacy to the most ill-made form.

The beauty of colour is so imposing, that colour, with some, is synonymous with beauty. The variety of colour is in the head and face; the beauty of the rest of the body is in its uniformity of white. To begin with the hair:—the colour of the hair is according to taste: the Romans were particularly partial to red—

Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis?

So were the Greeks; but Anacreon appears to have preferred black, as in his 28th ode.

The length of the hair, too, is subject to the same ordeal. The ancients were so sensible of the beauty which it gives to the countenance, that they seldom adorned it, unless upon particular political occasions. Although a black-coloured hair is particularly calculated to set off the whiteness of the skin, I do not hesitate to give the preference to a light brown, full, and waving carelessly in unpremeditated ringlets.

The forehead, being the largest part of the face, should be small, smooth, and open, with a gentle rising eminence, and the eye-brows, formed by nature to protect the eye, well divided, broad, and freely, not stiffly, arched.

The eyes, speaking a language more delicate than the tongue, should be full of expressive eloquence, and either blue, hazel, or black: its beauty consists chiefly in its languor or briskness. In the first there is more sweetness and delicacy; in the latter more vivacity and expression. When once the languid eye makes itself understood, its expressions are deep and lasting; the other, surprising by its splendour, and dazzling by its vivacity, loses the effect by the quickness of the cause.

The cheeks require to be soft and plump, with an air of delicate health richly tinted with a vermillion colour.

The nose placed exactly in the centre of the face, mounting abruptly, with an imperceptible rising upon its top.

The beauty of the mouth are the teeth and lips. The teeth should be rather long, narrow, and highly polished : the lips pouting, with a living redness. 'Tis in the lips, as Ariosto says,

That those soft words are form'd, whose power detains
Th' obdurate soul in Love's alluring chains.

'Tis here the smiles receive their infant birth,
Whose sweets reveal a paradise on earth.

Orlando Furioso, b. 7, l. 89.

The chin small, white, soft, and decorated with *dimples.

MORTIMER.

SELECT SENTENCES.

EVERY single instance of the insincerity of a friend, increases dependance on the efficacy of money. It makes one covet what produces an *external* respect—when one is disappointed of that which is *internal* and sincere. This, perhaps, contributes to render old age covetous.

HIGH spirit in a man is like a sword ; which, though worn to annoy his enemies, is often troublesome, in a less degree, to his friends. He can hardly wear it so inoffensively, but it is apt to incommode one or other of the company.

WHEN a person for a splendid servitude foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an *advancement*—but it appears to me to be an advancement from the pit to the gallery. Liberty is a more invigorating cordial than tokay.

THE skull of the pedant, vacant in other respects, generally furnishes out a throne and temple for vanity.

Q. Z.

* The poets have generally made the chin the seat of love;—as in Drummond of Hawthornden, sonnet 25, part 1.

“ Who gazeth on the dimple of that chin,

“ And finds not Venus' son entrench'd therein?”

And in the Shepherd's Tales, by Richard Brathwaite :

“ —————A dimpled chin,

“ Made for Love to lodge him in.

And Matthew Prior :

“ In her forehead's fair half round

“ Love sits in open triumph crown'd :

“ He, in the dimples of her chin,

“ In private state by friends is seen.”

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

QUO MONET QUASI ADJUVAT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Clifton Grove, or a Sketch in Verse, with other Poems, by Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham. Dedicated to the Duchess of Devonshire. Verner and Hood. 3s. 6d. 1803.

WHEN Mr. Shandy was told of a poetical production of a very early period of life, he made an observation too gross for us to repeat, but well-remembered, probably, by most of our readers, which, though justly satirical on most of the youthful compositions that have been presented to the world, could not be applied to these before us, without a greater desire in the observer to be witty, than to shew his judgment in appreciating merit, or his capability of feeling the genuine inspiration of the Muse. From Mr. White's preface, we learn, that, self-taught, and devoted to traffic, he has but just attained his seventeenth year, and that the leading piece in this collection was written when he was sixteen, and some of the other verses at the age of thirteen. We, who have read these extraordinary performances, cannot refrain from exclaiming, with Shakespeare's Jew,

"How much more elder art thou than thy looks!"

If Mr. W.'s preface is enough to disarm criticism of its rod, his work is assuredly equal to the task of smoothing the front of the most rigid of just critics into a placid smile of agreeable surprise and cheering approbation. In the interesting Ode to his Lyre, he expresses a wish in which we most heartily concur, and from the gratification of which we might have every thing to expect.

"O! if yet 'twere mine to dwell
Where Cam or Isis winds along,
Perchance, inspir'd with ardour chaste,
yet might call the ear of Taste
To listen to my song.

"O! then, my little friend, thy style
I'd change to happier lays,
Oh! then, the cloister'd glooms should smile,
And thro' the long, the fretted aisle
Should swell the note of praise."

We now come to a *Sketch in Verse*, as the author modestly terms it, which gives the first title to this little work; and the best com-

ment, as well as recommendation, we can bestow on *Clifton Grove*, will be to quote from it as largely as we are able. Dwelling on the delights of rural scenery, he exclaims,

"Fair Nature! thee, in all thy varied charms,
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms:
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate,
Thine still remain, thro' all the storms of Fate.
Tho' not for me 'twas Heaven's divine command
To roll in acres of paternal land,
Yet, still, my lot is blest, while I enjoy
Thine opening beauties with a lover's eye."

"Happy is he, who tho' the cup of bliss
Has ever shunn'd him when he thought to kiss;
Who still, in abject poverty, or pain,
Can count with pleasure what small joys remain;
Tho', were his sight convey'd from zone to zone,
He would not find one spot of ground his own,
Yet, as he looks around, he cries, with glee,
These bounding prospects all were made for me;
For me, yon waving fields their burthen bear,
For me, yon lab'rer guides the shining share,
While happy I, in idle ease recline,
And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold.
Content can soothe, where'er by Fortune plac'd,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste. p. 10—12.

The length of the "tragic legend," is the only obstacle that deters us from gratifying the reader with an episode so beautifully simple and pathetic. A hundred years since, Margaret, "the far-fam'd Clifton maid," became enamoured of Batenman, who returned her love. The swain is compelled to leave his native land for three years, and expressing his fears, as they part, with regard to her constancy, she vows eternal truth to him, wishing, if she breaks her word, that *fends of hell may hurl her headlong down the deeps of Clifton*. Then dividing a ring, she parts "the mystic charm" between them. "Two years glided on, in silent grief," but on the third, "absence had cooled her love," and "the weak maid became another's wife!" The youth returns, and, becoming frantic at hearing the fatal news, seeks the banks of the Trent—

"Death in his mien, and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by."

He by degrees succeeds in tranquillizing his ruffled spirit—

"When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the Grove—in fancy, saw *her* lie,
His Marg'ret, lull'd in *Germain's** arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clenched his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring, he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank."

Margaret, just about to become a mother, is seized with remorse, and being delivered of her child, expires. Her body is missing, and the rustics tell and believe that it was conveyed away by fiends, and plunged, for her falsehood, into the deeps of Clifton.

After describing the beauties of Clifton, and wishing, though he should visit other climes, to

"Trace once again Old Trent's romantic shore,
And tir'd with worlds, and all their busy ways,
There waste the little remnant of *his* days—"

he continues ;

"But, if the Fates should this last wish deny,
And doom me on some foreign shore to die ;
Oh ! should it please the world's supernal king
That weltering waves my funeral dirge shall sing ;
Or, that my corse should on some desert strand
Lie stretch'd beneath the Simoom's blasting hand ;
Still tho' unwept I find a stranger tomb,
My sprite shall wander thro' this fav'rite gloom,
Ride on the wind that sweeps the leafless grove,
Sigh on the wood-blast of the dark alcove,
Sit, a lorn spectre, on yon well-known grave,
And mix its moanings with the desert wave."

And here terminates a poem of very uncommon attraction, and by no means deserving of the poet's censure, in *his fear that it is deficient in numbers*, (pref, p. ix.) which is so far from being the case, that the verse is remarkable for its easy, smooth, harmonious flow, and is in this, and in every other respect, full of the most flattering prognostication of rare and superior excellence in the future and more mature exertions of our author's poetical genius.

Having devoted so much space to the principal object in this bouquet of blossoms of poetry, we must be brief in our remarks on the smaller, but not less ingenious and graceful, effusions that succeed.

* Germain is the traditional name of her husband.

Gondoline, which occupies four and twenty pages, is a ballad in the style of the ancient reliques, and is executed with great success, exhibiting, in no trifling degree, the brilliant fancy and bold invention of a true poet.

Mr. White appears to be a master of every "tuneful measure," and, like Timotheus of old, can with equal skill *choose any Muse* he pleases. Heroic or ballad rhymes, blank or Hudibrastic verse, the musical numbers of an ode, or the Petrarchian laws of a sonnet, are alike subject to his will, and are, in his hands, (with some unimportant exceptions, which it would be ungrateful hypercriticism to particularise) constantly the source of all the varying pleasure, designed to be excited by the changeful moods of the poet's lyre.—This will be severally experienced by the perusal of *Clifton Grove*; the *Ballad* in the style of the ancient reliques; *Lines* written on a survey of the Heavens; *my Study*; *Ode to the morning*; and *Sonnet VII.* which is composed "in reply to an elegant admonition," in a sonnet addressed to our author, and inserted in this work by the permission of the poet, Mr. Capel Lofft, whose name, as a steady patron of genius, and a warm promoter of every good and virtuous action, can never be mentioned without esteem and reverence.

It would be very unlike critics to dismiss a publication without finding some fault, therefore, as we cannot discover any worthy of our animadversion in the English, we shall beg leave to impeach the Greek. We have before observed, and shall now repeat, that there is no necessity, in such works as the present, to quote Greek; but if it must be given, it should be given correctly. In the two passages here cited, there are as many errors; but it is very probable that these are to be ascribed exclusively to the printer, as well as the pointing, which is exceedingly negligent.

This thankless part of our office performed, it merely remains for us to express our firm conviction, that, if Mr. White's desire of knowledge, his ardour of mind, and strong impulse of genius, do not abate, but proceed, judging from the past, in any fair ratio with his coming years, he cannot fail to occupy a foremost stand on the immortal scroll of poetical fame:

Non te carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus: huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit;
Orphei Caliopea, Lino formosus Apollo!

Narrative Poems, by J. D'Israeli. 4s. pp. 55. 4to. Murray. 1803.

WE are indebted for this elegant production to the pen of Mr. D'Israeli, who has before so often, in the various literary shapes of

a gleaner of extensive and industrious reading, an essayist, a satyrist, and a writer of romance, contributed to the public stock of moral instruction and harmless amusement. As it would be difficult for a labour of considerable magnitude to add to Mr. D'I.'s reputation as an author of taste and ingenuity, we cannot promise him much increase, from this little work, to that which he has so deservedly acquired; but if it cannot be said to enter into, and augment the great bulk of his merit, we may safely venture to foretell, that it will hang on the more solid body of his fame, like one of those jewels, those *eximie*, which Nature so powerfully recommends by their excessive rarity.

The volume before us contains *An Ode to the Poet's favourite Critic*, and three narrative poems, *The Carder and the Carrier*, *Cominge*, and a *Tale addressed to a Sybarite*.

With respect to his *Ode*, we have no quarrel with Mr. D'I. though he does handle the critics of the "three kingdoms" rather severely; but we confess that, for the sake of the *revert*, we should have been pleased to have caught some one of the numerous race of *commamulators* in the fields of literature, who are continually thrusting themselves into our presence, with these words in his mouth:

"So grave, so gay, so sad, so sage,
I dose with him from page to page!"

The story of the *Carder and the Carrier*, like that of *Cominge*, is told in very easy verse, and is full of pleasing imagery, as well as graceful delicacy, and beauty of expression. But as we are informed by Mr. D'I. that the latter "may be found in a little novel, by Madame Tencin," we think he might also have added, that the former is simply a versification of *Novella VII. in the giornata quarta of the Decameron of Giovanni Boccaccio*. It is exceedingly well turned; and if we regret any omission, it is that Mr. D'I. has neglected to account clearly for the destruction of the two lovers, in consequence of having rubbed their teeth with sage leaves, which is not passed over in silence by the Italian novelist. *Era sotto il cesto di quella Salvia una Botta di maravigliosa grandezza, dal cui venenifero fiato avvisarono quella Salvia essere velenosa divenuta.*

Although there is much to praise and delight in each of these little performances, the palm is certainly due to *Cominge*, which is indeed a morceau of superior excellence. The story in some measure resembles the *Hermit* of Goldsmith, but differs in its catastrophe, and is more solemn in its action.

It is no easy task to select from this exquisite composition, but

as far as our limits will permit of gratification, we shall not deny it to the reader. Cominge having taken the cowl in the severe order of the monks of La Trappe, is discovered there by his mistress, who, after other explanation, thus proceeds :

" 'Twas then I vow'd, the impious deed forgive,
A woman vow'd beneath your roof to live;
From silence, and from solitude, I sought
Stillness of soul, and loneliness of thought.
But gives the holy spot a holy mind ?
A saint is oft a criminal confin'd.
The lifted torch that gilds the pomp of night;
The anthem swelling in the gorgeous rite;
Think ye such forms can wing the sinner's soul,
When passion burns beneath the saintly stole ?
These frightful shades some transient pleasures move :
How sweet to watch the motions of my love ;
O'er his still griefs in secrecy to melt,
And kneel on the same cushion where he knelt ;
Musing on him, to sit beneath the tree,
Where, a few minutes past, he mus'd on me !

p. 36—7.

The glowing language, and amorous expression of feeling, that pervade this poem, often reminded us of " the thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," which compose the *Eloisa and Abelard* of Pope.

" Me all ungracious, prayer nor penance mov'd,
My heart rebellious grasp'd the crime it lov'd.
What tho' I dropt a tear before the shrine ?
Thine was the image, and the tear was *thine* !"

p. 40.

But if this passage approaches these verses of Pope,

" I waste the malin lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me !"

the originality of the idea does not consequently belong to him, since we may surely, with justice, till some more ancient claimant appears, attribute it to Cowley :

" Thou ev'n my pray'rs dost steal from me,
And I, with wild idolatry,
Begin to God, but end them all with thee !"

The Mistress.

We now come to the last piece in this ingenious collection, *A Tale addressed to a Sybarite*, which is, in grace and elegance, every way worthy of its companions. The subject of this tale is a very happy variation of the story of Pygmalion, and Mr. D'I. has shewn his classical taste, by a felicitous adaptation of several thoughts in the eighth fable of the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

It is not improbable that our poet did not forget the *nymphs of Great Britain*, when he thus expressed himself with regard to the Nymphs of Sybaris. The friendly censure or wholesome satire here contained may perhaps be read with advantage by our fair countrywomen.

The boy no nymph of Sybaris could touch ;
In love they nothing give, who give too much,
Nor blame Anasillis, he griev'd to find
The private beauty with a public mind ;
And justly deem'd those graces not his own,
To stranger eyes solicitously shown." p. 45.

We have heard much of the *Loves of the Plants*, and their various sensations on this occasion, but must own that the following idea, which we could not read without a smile, appears to us entirely new, and would, we think, have cut no little figure in the verses of Dr. Darwin.

" Love gives a soul to plants, they bend to meet,
Their green blood dances, and their pulses beat."

At present but one thing remains for us to add, and that is the apprehension of a complaint, which does not often attend authors, especially the poets of the days we live in. It has been alledged, against several bards of distinguished talent of the old school, that they wrote too much, but we have strong reason to believe that the only complaint likely to be made against Mr. D'Israeli will place him in the singular and enviable situation of a poet who has written too little.

Sermons selected and abridged chiefly from Minor authors, adapted generally to the Epistle, or Gospel, or first Lessons, or to the several Seasons of the Year. By the Rev. S. Clapham, M. A. Vicar of Christ Church, Hants; and of Great Ouseburn, Yorkshire.—Vol. 1st. Large Octavo, 639 pp. Price 8s. Verner and Hood.

We lately recommended to our readers an abridgment of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln's *Elements of Christian Theology*, by Mr. Clapham: besides the intrinsic excellence of the book, which, as being originally the production of that learned prelate, it would necessarily possess, we could not but notice the very low price at which it is sold, in order that it might be within the purchase of all who are a degree above the lowest classes of the community. We have now to announce to our readers the first volume of a selection of sermons by the same zealous editor. Our first observation respecting the selection shall be, that there is more letter-press in this volume, than in most other works at three times the price—a circumstance which, if

we did not notice, we should do great injustice to both the work and the editor: to the editor, as it would defraud him of that praise to which he is justly entitled, for having obviously sacrificed his own advantage to the convenience of the purchasers; and to the work, as, if its cheapness as well as its merit were not known, many would be deprived of the possession of a very valuable book, which contains abundant matter both to inform the understanding, and to edify the heart. Mr. C. cannot be accused of having hastily put together a number of sermons for the sake of making a collection; but he has, with great industry and judgment, selected such as are adapted to the epistle or gospel, or first lessons of the day, or to the several seasons of the year; and, which enhances their value, from authors accessible to not many readers. These sermons he has with much care pruned of whatever would be tedious or uninteresting; by which means even the doctrinal discourses assume a popular cast; and the pious reader, who is not able to attend public worship, or who wishes to understand at home what he has heard in the church, is supplied with two sermons for one half of the year, upon such subjects as he feels a satisfaction in thoroughly comprehending. It being an objection made to sermons in general, that they are dry and uninteresting, the editor has been very careful to guard against this prevailing, and, in some measure, well-founded objection: he seems to have been influenced in his choice, by the consideration of what would be at once instructive and edifying.—Mr. C. has been exceedingly attentive in the selection of sermons upon speculative points, every discourse being strictly consonant to the acknowledged received doctrines of the established church.

As this volume possesses peculiar merit, we warmly recommend it to the perusal of our readers, and we earnestly hope that Mr. Clapham will be encouraged to publish a second volume, and thereby complete his excellent plan. To utility, combined with disinterestedness, we wish all possible success.

Croquet, illustrated by a Series of Views in 9; near the Park of Weston-Underwood, Bucks; accompanied with copious Descriptions, and a brief Sketch of the Poet's Life. By James Storey and John Crig, Engineers. 4to. 11. 1s. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. pp. 51. Boards. Vernor and Hood.

THE progress of the fine arts, in this country, has of late years been particularly rapid; and it might, perhaps, without any considerable infringement on classic dignity, be made a question, whether the boasted patronage of Augustus ever contributed to the produc-

tion of so many works of elegance and taste, as have appeared under the auspices of George the Third. Not that we imagine the approbation of the sovereign has that *direct* tendency to reward merit, which some writers have been willing to attribute to it; for, however liberal may be the purchases made by the monarch of a great nation, they must still bear but a very small proportion to the aggregate of the performances deserving praise. The chief good is remote; it results from the influence which the smiles of royalty has upon the possessors of rank and fortune. It *spreads the fashion*, if we may apply a vulgar phrase to an important subject, and buyers become numerous, because no man wishes to be thought possessed of less taste, or less judgment than his neighbour.

The fine arts and literature are intimately connected, and, in fact, may be regarded as sister sciences. They attract and are attracted; and, as if by mutual concurrence, deduce individual strength from reciprocal action. These truths are particularly apparent in the present day. Hardly a publication of any eminence appears, without deriving collateral advantages from the arts of painting and engraving; and embellishments are multiplied to keep pace with the increased demand. The work under review is a very elegant specimen of this mutual operation.

The eminence of Cowper, as a poet, is acknowledged by a very great number of persons; and however, in numerous instances, he may sink the dignity of language in colloquial familiarity, his general merit is incontestible. If he sometimes creeps with the pismire, he at others soars with the eagle, and lights his poetic reed at the fountain of day. It has been objected that his descriptions are local, and that he has neglected general beauty, for individual delineation: this may be true, but are the features he has described unworthy of the choice? We think not, and refer to the present work in support of our opinion. The views it contains were all drawn on the spot; and we can vouch for the resemblances being accurate.

"Our design in this undertaking," says the author, "was to rescue from obscurity, and preserve from the dilapidating hand of time, resemblances of every favoured subject which engaged the attention of Cowper in his rural walks." This they have endeavoured to effect by thirteen engravings, representing the following objects and places, most of which are described in the poem of the *The Task*: *Cowper's Summer-House, The Peasant's Nest, The Rustic Bridge, The Alcove, View from the Alcove, The Wilderness, The Temple in the Wilderness, Weston Lodge, Weston House, The Elms, The Shrub-*

bery, Olney Church, Olney Bridge. These prints are exceedingly well executed, and reflect considerable credit on the talents of the artists; though, in one or two instances, perhaps a more judicious choice of subject might have been made. The accompanying descriptions are correctly, and not inelegantly, written. That which delineates the Wilderness, we shall extract, as it contains two short pieces of Cowper, not inserted, we believe, in any edition of his works.

“ From the avenue we enter the wilderness by an elegant gate, constructed after the Chinese manner. On the left, is the statue of a lion, finely carved, in a recumbent posture: this is placed on a base-ment, at the end of a grassy walk, which is shaded by yews and elms, mingled with the drooping foliage of the laburnum, and adorned with wreaths of flaunting woodbine. The walk forms a border to the wilderness, on its northern side, and is ornamented with two handsome urns, one of which we have represented. On its base is engraved an epitaph to NEPTUNE, a favourite dog of Sir John Throckmorton's, written by Cowper, which we have transcribed:

“ Here lies one who never drew
Blood himself, yet many slew;
Gave the gun its aim, and figure
Made in field, yet ne'er pull'd trigger.
Armed men have gladly made
Him their guide, and him obey'd:
At his signify'd desire,
Would advance, present, and fire.
Stout he was, and large of limb;
Scores have fled at sight of him;
And to all this fame he rose,
By only following his nose.
Neptune was he call'd; not he,
Who controls the boist'rous sea,
But of happier command,
Neptune of the furrow'd land;
And your wonder, vain to shorten,
Painter to Sir John Throckmorton.

The other is inscribed to a Spaniel, as follows:

“ Though once a puppy, and, though *Fop* by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim:
No sycophant, although of spaniel race,
And, though no hound, a martyr to the chase.
Ye squirrels, rabbits, leverets, rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice.

This record of his fate, exulting view,
 He died, worn out with vain pursuit of you.
 'Yes,' the indignant shade of Fop replies,
 'And, worn with vain pursuits, man also dies.'"

A sketch of the poet's life is prefixed to the descriptions; and it displays the most interesting events that befel him, in perspicuous and nervous language. Every possessor of the works of Cowper will undoubtedly become a purchaser of this publication, as the former cannot be considered as complete, without having this illustration as an addendum.

Female Biography; or Memoirs of illustrious and celebrated Women, of all Ages and Countries, alphabetically arranged. By Mary Hays. In six Volumes. Small 8vo. Phillips. London. 1802.

MARY HAYS, (says a highly respectable writer) I believe, is little known; but, from her Letters and Essays, she is evidently a Wollstonecraftian! She predicts that the Rights of Woman, and the name of Mary Godwin, will go down to posterity with reverence; while she ridicules 'the good lady who studied her Bible, obliged her children to say their prayers, and go stately to church*.' Relying on the veracity of this report, since the letters and essays of Miss Hays form no part of our library, how lamentable is the reflection that such a contemner of all that is most estimable in the female character should become the biographer of the sex; that the Amazonian Esquire to our Donna Quixote, should appear as the chronicler of woman-kind! But hence it is, that, in the very preface to this work, we meet with sentiments inflated by the pompous phraseology of Gallic philosophism, which may be defined, in the language of Shakspeare, "sounds signifying nothing."

"I have at heart," says this literary heroine, "the happiness of my sex, and their advancement in the grand scale of rational and social existence."

All our modern Alexanders and Alexanderesses plan their intellectual operations on a "grand scale," the *scala perfectionis*, which points to the perfectibility of human reason, though they look not upwards to attain it:

'From instrumental causes proud to draw
 Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake;
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
 Illusive of Philosophy, so call'd,
 But falsely.'

* Polwhele's *Unsex'd Females*, p. 21.

In the life of Mary de Agreda, vol. i. p. 9. we were interrupted by the following characteristic touches of our peripatetic in petticoats.

"While the philosopher regards with contempt this solemn trifling, let it not be forgotten, that to the subtleties of theological controversy the human-mind owes much of its acuteness: in the wrangling and disensions of the schools, a foundation was laid for that critical sagacity, discrimination, and research, to which we are indebted for the overthrow of authority in matters of speculation, and for the emancipation of our reasoning powers."

All hail, thou worthy disciple of the Cosmopolitan school! With such principles and propensities, Miss Hays has given full scope to her wishes for their propagation, though she has shewn little respect for those dull unilluminated mortals, who prefer piety to profligacy, continency to libertinism, and virtue in sequesterment to vice in an imperial robe. Hence the life of Catharine, late empress of Russia, extends to more than four hundred pages, because she was "the Semiramis of the north;" while the life of Mrs. Rowe is compressed into fourteen pages, that of Lucretia into four, and Lady Fanshaw, who has been so amiably and interestingly depicted by Mr. Seward, does not appear at all. The obvious reason is, that those females are most accredited, whose characters were most masculine, and who "in emulation of the severer virtues of *one sex*, lost sight (like Christina of Sweden) of the delicacy and decorums of the *other*."

Bibliographia Poetica: a Catalogue of English Poets, of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth Centuries, with a SHORT Account of their Works. 8vo. London. Nicol. 1802.

"THE history of men who have *done nothing* cannot be TOO SHORT, as it can neither be made profitable nor pleasant." Burney.

Most of these metrical nothing-doers will never have been heard of before, nor are likely to be enquired after again. Requiescant in pace. Horace sufficiently designates such verse-mongers, when he says—

'————— pedibus quid claudere senis
Hoc tantum contentus.'

Elegant Extracts, in Prose and Verse, abridged: with additional modern Pieces of Celebrity. 8vo. London. Lackington. 1802.

THE utility of similar compilations has long been acknowledged. The bulk, and the consequent expence attending several modern selections of this kind, are the only objections that we have heard in their disfavour. These are effectually obviated in the present in-

stance; the wish of the compiler having been, to furnish, on moderate terms, a miscellany of pieces, in prose and verse, from the most approved authors, which may be proper for the instruction of youth, and not undeserving the perusal of more mature age. We think he has succeeded.

The Economy of Human Life. By Robert Dodsley. With thirty two elegant Wood-cuts, by Austin and Hole, from Designs by Craig. 3vo. & 12mo. London. Verner and Hood. 1803.

ADVERTISEMENT.—“The universal esteem with which this little piece has been received by the public for a series of years—the spirit of virtue and morality which breathes through almost every sentence—its force and conscientiousness—and the hope it may do good—has induced the publishers to print another edition: and as it is now pretty generally known who was the *real* author, it would be an imposition on the good sense of the public, in the present day, to continue the mask of an oriental original, under which it was first ushered into the world.”

We are much pleased to see this valuable enchainment assume another new and attractive form. It cannot be too much diffused, or too frequently read. We also applaud the manly propriety of the publishers in removing that oriental veil which the British moralist had diffidently placed before his work, for temporary purposes; and this became an act of justice as well as judgment, since the late Lord Chesterfield has by some been erroneously spoken of as the concealed author. A good head of Mr. Robert Dodsley is prefixed.

An Address to the People of Great Britain; Observations on the late Negotiation between this Country and France; and an Account of Bonaparte's Project for the Invasion of England, in concert with a certain great Potentate. By John Carry. 12mo. 1s. London. Crosby, &c. 1803.

THIS spirited address proceeds from an author whose exertions in the cause of probity and virtue we have repeatedly had occasion to commend. His present effort is marked by a patriotic enthusiasm, which would seem to propagate the sentiment of our great dramatic bard, that

“Antipathy to France is here hereditary.”

But this is more than we desire to see inculcated among the rising generation of two states, which profess the religion of PEACE! We are again engaging in a war with France, not because it is inhabited by Frenchmen; but because those Frenchmen have become the vassals of an arbitrary ruler, who aims at universal subjugation, and

who is forging shackles for the free-born limbs of Englishmen.— The *diva necessitas* is the only justifiable plea for warfare. Under this view of the motive which impels us to take up arms, we join with our author in exclaiming :

“ Let us then be united, firm, and vigorous, in defence of all that we hold dear, while we look forward with the hope that the speedy termination of this war will be honourable and auspicious to our country, confiding as we do in the justice of our cause, in the resources of the state, and in the protection of OMNIPOTENCE.”

Many of the diplomatic documents imparted by Lord Whitworth, are here printed with occasional observations.

Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh through Parts of North Britain, &c. Concluded from p. 326.

IN passing onward along the winding of the Tummel, says Mr. C. we meet with several retirements pleasantly situated ; among which, that of Fascaily, near the confluence of the rivers Garry and Tummel, is the most favoured in this respect. The pass of Killcrankie is about a mile beyond Fascaily, and is one of those scenes which are calculated to inspire feelings of the sublime in nature, which, when associated with historical incident, becomes interesting in the highest degree. The pass of Killcrankie acquired this additional interest from a combat which took place in July, 1689, between a party of the prince of Orange's army, commanded by General Mackay, and a body of raw Irish recruits, combined with a handful of fierce Highlanders, headed by the undaunted Clavers, Lord Viscount Dundee, which terminated fatally to the cause of James, though victory remained on the side of the Irish and Scottish Highlanders. Mr. C. has given the relation in detail. Passing the village of Moulin, the united parishes are noticed of Blair-Athol and Strewan, or Struan ; and here the tourist pauses to remark, with a sentiment of becoming pride, that poets, philosophers, soldiers, and statesmen, have been furnished to the world from the mountains of Scotland ; that Struan has to boast of Robertson, a native, eminent as an accomplished gentleman, and a poet of considerable merit ; while the parish of Moulin gave birth to Dr. Adam Ferguson, professor of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, a name respectable for literary eminence, and the characteristics that best distinguish man. Mallet and Macpherson, as poets, and John Duke of Argyll, as a soldier and statesman, may likewise be mentioned with respect.

Some description of Athol-house, or Blair-castle, is given, with an

intermixture of historical anecdote, and health-restoring superstitions, which have been also descanted on by Martin and Pennant. The following traits of national character will perhaps apply to the inhabitants of other districts, in a rude and unpolished state of society, as well as the Highlanders of Scotland.

"The peculiarities of original habit and early association," says Mr. C. "are distinctly marked from the highest to the lowest. A natural warmth of temper, a strong tincture of family pride, a love of shew and of pleasure, and a thirst almost insatiable for distinction, seem in a particular manner to characterize the highlander. Inflexible, and ever in extremes, his soul glows fervently in friendship, or rages in unextinguishable hatred. A perfect savage in his desires and aversions, he knows no bounds to his resentment, no limits to his love; and he rarely turns his back either on a friend or a foe."

This report from Mr. C. who is himself a Highlander, very nearly accords with Dr. Beattie's poetic representation of a people

"Fam'd for song and beauty's charms—
Inflexible in faith;—invincible in arms."

Returning through the pass of Killicrankie, should the traveller have sufficient leisure to make an excursion into the district called Rannoch, he will be amply rewarded for his trouble,

"As we proceed westward," says Mr. C. "Loch Rannoch soon comes within view; nor is it easy to conceive a more beautiful sheet of water, with all the grandeur of mountain-perspective, bays, and promontories; leading the eye, till lost in the extreme distance, where the mountains of Braidalbanc and Argyle hide their aerial summits in the clouds that rise from the western ocean."

The wild irregularity of the mountain-heights is well conveyed in the view of Kinloch Rannoch, but the effect of the water is lost. Mr. C. now makes another circuit to Aberfeldie, and then proceeds toward Dunkeld, little more than eight miles distant; the scenery of which, he says, is highly picturesque, though it does not partake much of the sublime. Meandering by the north bank of the Tay, within five miles of Dunkeld, he passes through Dowally, a wretched group of huts; and he recommends, on surveying Dunkeld and its environs, that it may be better to dismiss any professed guide, than to be teased with unmeaning chit-chat. We are now introduced to the Brahan, to the rumbling bridge over its thundering cataract, and to Ossian's-hall, a building (which those who have not seen it represented in former tours) will be surprised to hear "is a pavilion of modern taste"; not constructed, as a stranger would naturally expect, in a style of rude magnificence, suitable to our idea of the zera of Ossian, but elegant in its exterior form, and finished within to a de-

gree of finical nicety. Can a greater solecism be committed against poetical costume? The views of the windings of the Tay, taken from the mountains of Athol, and the heights of Dunkeld, are highly rich and picturesque. Of Dunkeld, or Dunchalion, as the Highlanders are still said to call it, Mr. C. has given a copious and interesting account, nor has he neglected to record its literary boasts. One of his biographical notices we shall extract.

"Of the celebrated men of letters, the ornaments of Scottish literature, Gavin Douglas, the thirty-sixth bishop of Dunkeld, stands eminently distinguished. He ranks high as a scholar, as an antiquary, and as a poet. His well-known translation of the *Eneid* of Virgil, is a lasting monument of his talents. Considering the age in which it was produced, it is a work of uncommon merit. A vigorous display of imagination, together with a degree of taste and refinement *not even surpassed at this day*, characterize this masterly performance.* Other two poems, viz. *King Hart*,† and the *Palace of Honour*,‡ both allegorical poems, have also descended to our times: but these, in the estimation of our best critics, are inferior to his prologues to the books of the *Eneid*.

"Douglas was not more distinguished for his genius and learning, than for the higher characteristics of humanity. Prudence, moderation, generosity, constancy, magnanimity, and integrity, were ever present when required to be brought into action. Whether in the kindly intercourse of private friendship, or in the more important duties of public employment, his wisdom and benevolence beamed forth in full splendour, yet mild and serene. Our accomplished poet, on the death of George Brown, in 1514-5, was raised to the diocese of Dunkeld; and after some opposition, was left in quiet possession of that appointment. Amid the sequestered retirements which Dunkeld afforded, it is said he dedicated his leisure to the Muses. His translation of the *Eneid*, as he himself informs us, was "compilyt in auchtene monethis space;" a proof of what genius can achieve when in full vigour. He died at London in April 1522, in the 48th year of his age, and was buried by the side of Thomas Halsey, bishop of Loughlin in Ireland, in the hospital church of the Savoy."

On leaving Dunkeld, and keeping the heights of Birnam-wood on the left, and the Tay on the right, Mr. C. passes through the hamlet of Inch Eoen, which may be considered as the last group of highland huts that the traveller meets with, on coming out of the defiles of the Grampians. By Murthly castle (a seat of the Grantully family,) and Dunsinnan, one of the Sidlow hills, (made classic ground by the magic pen of Shakspeare,) our tourist passes on to

* He also translated Ovid's *Remedium Amoris*. See the Epilogue to his translation of Virgil's *Eneid*.

† Printed in Pinkerton's "Ancient Scottish Poems, never before in print," 1786.

‡ This piece is among the same compiler's "Scottish Poems, reprinted from scarce editions," 1792.

Strathmore, a vale extending in length to sixty miles, and connected with many particulars respecting the history and antiquities of North Britain. These, therefore, occupy deserved attention.—Scone-house, a seat of Lord Mansfield, is next noticed: but it remains a doubt whether this mansion is built on the site of the ancient palace of Scone, the residence of several Scottish kings. The ancient Bertha, by some writers supposed to be that where the town of Perth formerly stood, was situated near the conflux of the Tay and Almond. Hard by is a field called Cromwell Park, on which it is said the Protector had an advanced post stationed. Adjoining to Cromwell-park is Pitcairn-green, according to Mrs. Cowley, the future rival of Manchester*. The river Almond runs through a considerable part of the classic ground of Scotland.

"The scenery of Glen Almond," says Mr. C. "for sublimity and beauty, is celebrated by every traveller of taste and feeling. Its streams, cascades and caverns, craggy wilds and mountains, are viewed by strangers with admiration and delight. Above all, the antiquary, and the warm admirers of the poems of Ossian, must find objects to contemplate with veneration and regard: for many remains of Roman stations are still visible, and the grave of Ossian, which was discovered by General Wade's workmen, will continue to be visited with fond enthusiasm by the lovers of those admirable compositions ascribed to the first of our Celtic bards."

Perth is next visited and described, with the spirit of industry and speculation by which that city is distinguished; and which are directed chiefly to tanning, bleaching, cotton-works, printing-works, and paper-making.

"One of the first branches of untried manufactures, we are told, was that of paper; which was attempted by two very spirited citizens, Morison and Lindsay. The Morisons of Perth are well known printers and publishers. From 20 to 30,000 volumes are printed annually at Perth; the greater part of which comes from the press of the Morisons."

As friends to the prosperity of the press, we are not sorry to hear this wholesale report, for the sake of those who may hence obtain employ; but as admirers of typographical accuracy and elegance, we have frequently regretted the very slovenly manner in which the Morisons have ushered forth their publications, and which has necessarily retarded the circulation of them in England. Perth and its immediate neighbourhood was the scene of action where many exploits were performed by Wallace and his valorous compatriots†,

* See her "Scottish Village," a poem, p. 10.

† See the Metrical Life of Wallace, by Blind Harry, the minstrel.

and became the head-quarters of the Pretender's army, in 1715 and 1745. The improvement in agriculture along the whole course of the Tay, but especially round Perth, is said to be in a style of almost unrivalled excellence. From the summit of Moredun-hill, near Perth, Dunsinane (the proud eminence on which Macbeth bade defiance to fate) is distinctly seen; and gives occasion to an apposite citation from the statistical accounts published by Sir John Sinclair.

At a small distance from the ancient seat of the Grays of Lednoch, are the graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, two celebrated beauties of the 16th century, whose charms live in the well-known Scottish song.*

The next place deserving of a visit is Ruthven castle, or (as it is now called) Hunting tower, the residence of the family of Gowrie. Two passages of history are connected with Ruthven castle; the one traditional, called 'the Maiden's Leap;' the other well known by a transaction which took place in 1582, denominated by Scottish historians, 'the Raid of Ruthven.' For these passages we have not room.

About two miles below Perth, the ancient remains of Elcho castle are seen, and appear to much advantage; while the termination of the Ochil hills forms a bold feature in the distance, and produces, in the general effect, a degree of elevation and harmony that adds grace and dignity to the scene, which Mr. C. has managed to portray, with much clearness, tenderness, and force, in his view of the Carse of Gowrie.

"A few miles farther," says Mr. C. "we lose sight of the Tay, and pass on the left, the seats of Balthayock, Glendoe, Fingask, and Rossie; and on the right, a number of comfortable farm-houses, and a few family residences. Between the 12th and 13th mile stones are the ruins of Kinnaird Castle on the left; and on the right, two miles further on, are the remains of Moncreif Castle; but what will most arrest the traveller's attention is Castle Lion, formerly a seat of the earls of Strathmore."

The Abbey of Lindores, and of Balmerino, are noticed *en passant*, ere our tourist reaches Dundee, the most considerable town in the county of Angus, and which ranks after Perth, as third of the royal-burghs. Dundee is noted for its manufacture of threads, and carries on a considerable trade, but has few objects, we are told, in its immediate neighbourhood, that merit the employment of the

* Bessie Bell was daughter of Bell of Kinnaird; and Mary Gray was daughter of the Laird of Lednoch. See Cant's History of Perth, p. 19.

pencil. About three miles from Dundee waterside, the village of Leuchars occurs, with the old castle, formerly belonging to the earls of Southesk, but forfeited in 1715. A little farther, the river Eden is crossed, over a bridge of some antiquity; and about a mile beyond this, the ancient city of St. Andrews comes into the range of prospect. The gloom and silence of this depopulated city have been described by Dr. Johnson, and are not denied by the present writer. Its former wealth and consequence were owing, in a great degree, to religious establishments, which now have ceased; but its university continues to be respectable. Dr. Johnson has given the latter creditable praise.

From St. Andrews we are conducted through Kingsbarns, Crail, Kilrenny, Easter Anstruther, Pittenweem, and Monance, to the ample and finely-formed bay of Largo, of which a tranquil and characteristic view is given. From Largo our tourist passes through the villages called Lundin-mill, Leven, Easter and Wester Wemyss, on to Dysart, a royal burgh. The 'lang town o' Kirkcaldie' is next surveyed, whose public seminary opened the volume of science to Adam Smith, author of 'Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations,' and the 'Theory of moral Sentiments.' This was the birth-place also of Drysdale and Oswald, the former an ornament to the established church of Scotland, the latter a distinguished patriot and statesman. From Kirkcaldy Mr. C. pursues his course to Kingtown, another royal burgh, principally noted for spinning flax and knitting stockings. At this place we receive the following instructions.

"Should the traveller be disposed to go no farther up the shores of the Forth, the passage to Leith is safe and speedy. The distance is from 7 to 8 miles; and the time taken up in the passage is from forty minutes to an hour and a half: but should the traveller wish to cross the Forth at the Queen's Ferry, he may proceed along the sands to Bruntisland. The village of Aberdour is somewhat less than three miles distant from Bruntisland, and lies about a quarter of a mile from the sea-shore. Aberdour has seen better days. The old castle still preserves the gloomy aspect of its former grandeur: but what will more particularly attract the traveller's notice, is the island that lies within a short distance of the shore, called Inchcolm, on which appear the ruins of an abbey founded by Alexander I. in the year 1123, and dedicated to St. Columba, abbot of Icolmkill."

Dinnybirnie, the Earl of Murray's seat, Inverkiething, Queen's Ferry, Dalmeny, Barnbougle, Cramond bridge, Lauriston, Grantoun, Draylaw, Craigcrook, and Ravelstoun, are the remaining places

noticed in Mr. Campbell's return to Edinburgh, of which metropolis he takes a minute survey, and from which he has enriched his delineatory sketches by many well-selected scenes.

Much as we have trespassed upon the portion of our miscellany allotted to the Review of Literature, we have only been able to draw a descriptive chart of the track, which has been marked out by Mr. C. in his extensive circuit. Those who wish to fill up the outline of this plan with suitable embellishments, must have recourse to the work itself, where, independent of numerous engravings, executed in a very expressive and masterly style, they will meet with an assemblage of local information, literary anecdote, historical extract, and biographical narration, which cannot fail to amuse the intelligent, and instruct the uninformed. Mr. Campbell has spared no pains or trouble to entertain his readers by the alternate exertion of his pen and pencil, and we trust that his laudable exertions to gratify popular curiosity, will not have been employed in vain.

Something New, or Adventures at Campbell House. By Anne Plumtre. 3 Vols. 12mo. 15s. Longman and Rees.

Nothing new would have been a more appropriate title. The author treads a beaten path, and we have found it rather a wearisome task to follow her.

Proverbs, or the Manual of Wisdom; being an Alphabetical Arrangement of the best English, Spanish, French, Italian, and other Proverbs. To which are subjoined the wise Sayings, Precepts, &c. of the most illustrious Antients. 3s. Large 8vo. Kirby.

We have nothing farther to observe of this volume, than that the selections appear to have been diligently and judiciously made.

A Series of Novels. By Madame de Genlis. 12mo. 4 Vols. 18s. Longman and Rees. 1802.

Apostacy, or the Religious Fair. Mademoiselle de Clermont. The Herdsmen of the Pyrenees. The Reviewer. The Castle of Kolmeras. The Man of Worth. The Perplexed Lover. Destiny, or the Unfortunate. The Princess des Ursins. The Green Petticoat. The Husband turned Tutor. The Palace and the Cot. A Woman's Prejudices.—The novels contained in these volumes bear the abovementioned titles. They appeared originally in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, published at Paris, and, in point of fancy, interest, and moral tendency, are entitled to very high encomium.

THE BRITISH STAGE.

IMITATIO VITAE, SPECULUM CONSUETUDINIS, IMAGO VERITATIS. *Class.*
 The Imitation of LIFE---The Mirror of MANNERS---The Representation of TRUTH.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYIST.

[NO. I.]

[At the suggestion of an intelligent correspondent, we intend to collect, and re-publish, under this title, a few of the most ingenious and valuable essays, which have appeared at different times upon the subject of the Stage, and dramatic composition. We do not know that a portion of this department of our work can be better occupied. We begin with David Hume's Essay on Tragedy.]

ON TRAGEDY.

It seems an unaccountable pleasure which the spectators of a well-wrote tragedy receive from sorrow, terror, anxiety, and other passions, which are in themselves disagreeable and uneasy. The more they are touched and affected, the more are they delighted with the spectacle; and as soon as the uneasy passions cease to operate, the piece is at an end. One scene of full joy and contentment and security is the utmost that any composition of this kind can bear, and it is sure always to be the concluding one. If in the texture of the piece there be interwoven any scenes of satisfaction, they afford only faint gleams of pleasure, which are thrown in by way of variety, and in order to plunge the actors into deeper distress, by means of that contrast and disappointment. The whole art of the poet is employed, in rousing and supporting the compassion and indignation, the anxiety and resentment of his audience. They are pleased in proportion as they are afflicted, and never are so happy as when they employ tears, sobs, and cries, to give vent to their sorrow, and relieve their heart, swoln with the tenderest sympathy and compassion.

The few critics, who have had some tincture of philosophy, have remarked this singular phenomenon, and have endeavoured to account for it.

L'abbé Dubs, in his reflections on poetry and painting, asserts, that nothing is, in general, so disagreeable to the mind as the languid, listless state of indolence into which it falls, upon the removal of every passion and occupation. To get rid of this painful situation, it seeks every amusement and pursuit; business, gaming, shews, excursions; whatever will rouse the passions, and take its attention from

itself. No matter what the passion is. Let it be disagreeable, afflicting, melancholy, disordered, it is still better than that insipid languor which arises from perfect tranquillity and repose.

It is impossible not to admit this account, as being, at least, in part satisfactory. You may observe, when there are several tables of gaming, that all the company run to those where the deepest play is, even though they find not there the best players. The view, or at least imagination, of high passions, arising from great loss or gain, affects the spectators by sympathy, gives them some touches of the same passions, and serves them for a momentary entertainment. It makes the time pass the easier with them, and is some relief to that oppression under which men commonly labour, when left entirely to their own thoughts and meditations.

We find that common liars always magnify, in their narrations, all kinds of danger, pain, distress, sickness, deaths, murders, and cruelties; as well as joy, beauty, mirth, and magnificence. It is an absurd secret which they have for pleasing their company, fixing their attention, and attaching them to such marvellous relations, by the passions and emotions which they excite.

There is, however, a difficulty of applying to the present subject, in its full extent, this solution, however ingenious and satisfactory it may appear. It is certain, that the same object of distress which pleases in a tragedy, were it really set before us, would give the most unfeigned uneasiness; though it be then the most effectual cure of languor and indolence. Monsieur Fontenelle seems to have been sensible of this difficulty, and accordingly attempts another solution of the phenomenon; at least makes some addition to the theory above-mentioned*.

"Pleasure and pain," says he, "which are two sentiments so different in themselves, differ not so much in their cause. From the instance of tickling, it appears, that the movement of pleasure, pushed a little too far, becomes pain; and that the movement of pain, a little moderated, becomes pleasure. Hence it proceeds, that there is such a thing as a sorrow, soft and agreeable: it is a pain weakened and diminished. The heart likes naturally to be moved and affected. Melancholy objects suit it, and even disastrous and sorrowful, provided they are softened by some circumstance. It is certain, that, on the theatre, the representation has almost the effect of reality; but yet it has not altogether that effect. However we may be hurried away by the spectacle; whatever dominion the senses

* *Reflexions sur la poétique.*

and imagination may usurp over the reason, there still lurks at the bottom a certain idea of falshood in the whole of what we see.— This idea, though weak and disguised, suffices to diminish the pain which we suffer from the misfortunes of those we love, and to reduce that affliction to such a pitch as converts it into a pleasure.— We weep for the misfortune of a hero, to whom we are attached. In the same instant we comfort ourselves, by reflecting, that it is nothing but a fiction. And it is precisely that mixture of sentiments, which composes an agreeable sorrow, and tears that delight us. But as that affliction, which is caused by exterior and sensible objects, is stronger than the consolation which arises from an internal reflection, they are the effects and symptoms of sorrow, which ought to prevail in the composition.

This solution seems just and convincing ; but perhaps it wants still some addition, to make it answer fully the phenomenon which we here examine. All the passions, excited by eloquence, are agreeable in the highest degree, as well as those which are moved by painting and the theatre. The epilogues of Cicero are, on this account chiefly, the delight of every reader of taste ; and it is difficult to read some of them, without the deepest sympathy and sorrow. His merit as an orator, no doubt, depends much on his success in this particular. When he had raised tears in his judges, and all his audience, they were then the most highly delighted, and expressed the greatest satisfaction with the pleader. The pathetic description of the butchery made by *Ferres* of the *Sicilian* captains is a masterpiece of this kind. But I believe none will affirm, that the being present at a melancholy scene of that nature would afford any entertainment. Neither is the sorrow here softened by fiction : for the audience were convinced of the reality of every circumstance. What is it, then, which in this case raises a pleasure from the body of uneasiness, so to speak, and a pleasure, which still retains all the features and outward symptoms of distress and sorrow ?

I answer. This extraordinary effect proceeds from that very eloquence with which the melancholy scene is represented. The genius required to paint objects in a lively manner, the art employed in collecting all the pathetic circumstances, the judgment displayed in disposing them ; the exercise, I say, of these noble talents, together with the force of expression, and beauty of oratorical numbers, diffuse the highest satisfaction on the audience, and excite the most delightful movements. By this means, the uneasiness of the melancholy passions is not only overpowered and effaced by something stronger of an opposite kind ; but the whole movement of those passions is

converted into pleasure, and swells the delight which the eloquence raises in us. The same force of oratory, employed on an uninteresting subject, would not please half so much, or rather would appear altogether ridiculous; and the mind, being left in absolute calmness and indifference, would relish none of those beauties of imagination or expression, which, if joined to passion, give it such exquisite entertainment. The impulse or vehemence arising from sorrow, compassion, indignation, receives a new direction from the sentiments of beauty. The latter, being the predominant emotions, seize the whole mind, and convert the former into themselves, or at least tincture them so strongly, as totally to alter their nature: and the soul, being at the same time roused by passion, and charmed by eloquence, feels on the whole a strong movement, which is altogether delightful.

The same principle takes place in tragedy; with this addition, that tragedy is an imitation, and imitation is always of itself agreeable. This circumstance serves still further to smooth the motions of passion, and convert the whole feeling into one uniform and strong enjoyment. Objects of the greatest terror, and distress in painting, please more than the most beautiful objects, that appear calm and indifferent*. The affection rousing the mind, excites a large stock of spirit and vehemence, which is all transformed into pleasure by the force of the prevailing movement. It is thus the fiction of tragedy softens the passion, by an infusion of a new feeling, not merely by weakening or diminishing the sorrow. You may by degrees weaken a real sorrow, till it totally disappears; yet in none of its gradations will it ever give pleasure; except, perhaps, by accident, to a man sunk under lethargic indolence, whom it rouses from that languid state.

To confirm this theory, it will be sufficient to produce other instances, where the subordinate movement is converted into the predominant, and gives force to it, though of a different, and even, sometimes, though of a contrary nature.

Novelty naturally rouses the mind, and attracts our attention;

* Painters make no scruple of representing distress and sorrow as well as any other passion: but they seem not to dwell so much on these melancholy affections as the poets, who, though they copy every emotion of the human breast, yet pass very quickly over the agreeable sentiments. A painter represents only one instant; and if that be passionate enough, it is sure to affect and delight the spectator. But nothing can furnish to the poet a variety of scenes and incidents and sentiments, except distress, terror, or anxiety. Complete joy and satisfaction is attended with security, and leaves no farther room for action.

and the movements which it causes, are always converted into any passion belonging to the object, and join their force to it. Whether an event excites joy or sorrow, pride or shame, anger or good will, it is sure to produce a stronger affection, when new or unusual. And though novelty of itself be agreeable, it enforces the painful, as well as agreeable passions.

Had you any intention to move a person extremely by the narration of any event, the best method of increasing its effect would be artfully to delay informing him of it, and first excite his curiosity and impatience, before you let him into the secret. This is the artifice practised by *Iago* in the famous scene of *Shakespeare*; and every spectator is sensible, that *Othello's* jealousy acquires additional force from his preceding impatience, and that the subordinate passion is here readily transformed into the predominant.

[To be continued.]

SEYMOUR'S NOTES UPON SHAKSPEARE.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"Now I perceive that she hath made compare

"Between our statures," &c.

All this appears to be a very pointed reference to the jealous coquetry of Queen Elizabeth, displayed in her conversation with Sir John Melville, about Mary of Scotland; yet, surely, it must have been a very dangerous allusion.

—"overflow'n."

Mr. Malone observes, that this should be "overflow'd," and, doubtless, he is right; notwithstanding the authority which Mr. Stevens would bring from Johnson's dictionary, to support the text: "*flow'n*" is the participle passive of "to fly," "*flow'd*" of "to flow," and so, of the compounds, *overflowy*, *overflow*.

—"Hot ice, and wonderous strange snow."

Doctor Warburton calls this nonsense, and dictates

—"Hot ice, a wonderous strange shew;"

an expression, that, with much less injustice, I believe may be styled nonsensical; such a wonder being an object not of *sight* (or

show) but of *feeling*. Mr. Upton would read (and Dr. Johnson adds, "*not improbably*,")

"And wonderful black snow,"

but so, the wonder itself being only in the *blackness*, such wonderful tautology can hardly be admitted. Sir Thomas Hanmer, with similar pleonasm, proposes, "wonderous *scorching* snow;" and though Mr. Steevens had at length given the plain sense, which, indeed, one would think, could not readily be overlooked, Mr. Monk Mason steps forth, to purify and invigorate the text, with "wonderous *strong* snow," and this, as he tells us, because there is no antithesis between *strange* and *snow*; but what antithesis or what sense can be expressed by *strong*, any more than by *weak snow*? If the reference be to the chilling power of snow, all opposition is annihilated; whereas the epithet *strange* does evidently imply contrariety. By *strong*, however, it is possible that Mr. Monk Mason means *hard*, in allusion to the effect of frost upon a body of snow—but that being a natural, and no uncommon instance, it cannot well be associated with the prodigy "hot ice;" and from Mr. Malone, in this case, I should have expected some better recommendation of Mr. Mason's amendment, than that *strong* and *strange* have sometimes, by printers, been confounded. *Miraculous ice* and *miraculous snow* were to be expressed; the ice was described as *hot*, and an epithet different, yet suitable and strong enough, not being at hand, the quality of the snow came under a more general character:—it was *wonderous strange*.

"Unless you can find sport in their intents."

This Dr. Johnson remarks as being obscure, and he supposes that a line has been lost. Mr. Steevens, to clear up the difficulty, observes, that as *to attend* and *to intend* were formerly synonymous, "intents" here may have been put for "*the objects of attention*,"—but as the objects of attention or regard, in the present instance, can be no other than the duke and count, we are still unfurnished with the sense, which, after all, I suppose, is to be found in the word "intents,—unless you can be amused by the preposterousness of their *designs*, and the absurd pains they take to shew their duty.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXPERIENCE TO THE POET.

BY MISS HOLFORD.

WHY idly, shepherd, through the live-long day,
 In thriftless song thy youthful leisure waste?
 The busy world now beckons thee away;
 Oh! quit thy dream of solid joys to taste,
 Nor vainly liberal of life's golden prime,
 Give to the thankless Muse thy swiftly fleeting time!

Say, will thy Muse, 'mid Fancy's radiant beams,
 On age and want her airy favours shed,
 Lull thee with hopes, and flatter thee with dreams,
 And bind her laurels round thy drooping head,
 Bless with bright visions thy declining hour,
 And on thy closing ears her heavenly accents pour?

And will she, should neglect thy bosom rend,
 From thy dim eye forbid the tear to flow,
 Teach thee unmov'd to meet each alien friend,
 Or bid thee smile on memory's hoarded woe?
 Will air-built castles yield thy homeless form
 Rest from perturbing cares, and shelter from the storm?

How wilt thou bear, when Folly's ideot smile
 Shall coldly mark thee for the vulgar scorn,
 And sneering, thank indulgent heaven the while
 That genius beam'd not on his natal morn,
 But worldly thrift a glimmering light supplied,
 He hail'd the taper's gleam, and took it for his guide?

Whil'st thou, poor bard, the Muse's luckless child,
 In evil hour a dazling track pursu'd,
 Which steer'd thy wandering course thro' regions wild,
 Where never Prudence led her pigmy brood;
 Where never toil up tore the verdant sod,
 To seek man's golden prize—his earth-extracted god!

There, seldom fortune's summer-breathing gale
 Fans the young impulse with auspicious wing,
 But Poverty uprears her visage pale,
 And checks, with icy grasp, the bosom spring.

Blasts the fair promise of youth's vernal hour,
Arrests the vital sap, and nips each opening flower!

Ah! many a name does dark oblivion claim,
Once cherish'd names, to faithless Genius dear!
Ah! many a bard, too late the boast of fame,
Press'd with cold limbs an unattended bier,
And felt unmark'd, hope's treacherous hectic die,
And breath'd, where none could hear, his last unecho'd sigh!

Thus vainly, Otway, did thy numbers flow!
Thus idly swell'd thy unavailing song!
Ah! did thy Muse immortal aid bestow,
When Famine's fever parch'd thy tuneful tongue,
When man, thy brother, from thy suppliant eye,
Regardless turn'd away, and let a poet die?

Oh! why each throbbing sense to anguish wake!
Why on the bard fix Fate's tremendous seal,
And bid him suffer, for the Muse's sake,
Such pangs as common souls ne'er dar'd to feel!
Why must the touch of Sorrow's venom'd dart,
Thro' every fine-strung nerve run quivering to his heart?

Oh Chatterton! how gay thy morn arose!
Bright on thy youth celestial Genius smil'd,
But Poverty thy heart's warm current froze,
And Misery clasp'd thee, her devoted child;
Urg'd, while thy lips the poison'd chalice drain'd,
And on thy wasting form each lurid eye-ball strain'd:

Yet from thy breast tho' each fair form was fled,
Pride held her state in thy unconquer'd soul—
"What! shall I, bending low my laurel'd head,
From affluence beg a slowly yielded dole,
From pity's boon life's poor support obtain,
Or drag its weary load in flattery's helot train!"

Oh! ever following in the Muse's rear,
Of perish'd hopes a spectre band is seen!
There, Melancholy drops the frequent tear,
There, Memory raves of joys that once have been,
There, keen-ey'd Want assails with famish'd cry—
Who clanks the sounding chain? 'Tis wild Insanity
Chester.

QUATUORZAIN:

BY MR. GEORGE BLOOMFIELD;

To the new-born Daughter

OF

CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.,

SWEET opening BYD of Innocence;—how dear
 The infant smile that first imprints thy face !
 Whose Parents fondly every feature trace,
 Their minds alternate fill'd with hope and fear.

II.

Fer thee; to danger, ah ! how much expos'd !
 What ills unnumber'd compass thee around !
 Fate may their every fairest hope confound :
 By Death their blissful Prospects may be clos'd,

III.

O may benignant Providence preserve
 Thy tender frame from all impending harm :
 And add to personal each mental charm !
 Thy Great CREATOR may'st thou truly serve !
 May the whole tenour of thy Life set forth
 Thine high Descent for Genius and for Worth !
 15th June, 1803.

JOHANNIS SECUNDI BASIUM III

IMITATED.

I.

One kiss—dear Maria—one kiss and adieu—
 Thy lips sweet as nectar in amorous play,
 To mine with an ardour all graceful you drew—
 Then—snatch'd 'em with trembling impatience away.

II.

So the swain, when the sports of the village invite,
 With festivity crown'd and with innocence blest,
 As he trips o'er the meadows—aghast with affright,
 Recoils from the adder his footstep has prest.

III.

This was surely no kiss—it serv'd only, my fair !
 To leave to desire my fond bosom a prey,
 To add a new sting to the pangs of despair,
 And—the passion inflame it was meant to allay.

J. A.

THE EXCURSION,

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

Now the chill Winter's gloomy reign is o'er,
 And hence to climes remote withdraws the Spring;
 London! well pleas'd, I leave your busy shore,
 Where Toil and Commerce all their treasures bring.

Awhile your crowded streets I quit, to taste,
 In flower-camell'd meads, a purer air;
 To tread the polish'd lawn, or furze-clad waste,
 Or the green copse, whence starts the timid hare;

To view the hamlet near the villa gay;
 To hear responsive warblings fill the glade,
 The happy rustic greet the rising day,
 And sing the beauty of his cottage maid;

While she supine as yet in pleasing dream,
 Is with her favor'd swain at wake or fair,
 Attentive list'ning to his constant theme,
 Love, joy, and peace alone their mutual care,

But, oh! what tender recollections rise,
 In myriads twine quick round my throbbing brain,
 As on those spires I fix my longing eyes;—
 Heave the fond sigh, and heave, alas! in vain!

As thro' this avenue of lofty trees,
 Which skirts yon town, I bend my devious way,
 Spur on my steed, which, in the summer breeze,
 Scents the full fragrance of the new mown hay.

Ye Gothic towers which grace your Hanton's side,
 Presenting scenes that, ever pleasing, charm,
 Whence anxious Henry* first his fleet descried,
 And crush'd conspiracy with dauntless arm!

* Henry the Fifth waited, at Southampton, the arrival of the fleet which was to convey himself and troops to France, and, in the interim, discovered the plot against him by the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey, who soon after received the reward due to their treachery.

Whence the usurper William's woods* he saw,
 And sigh'd to think how thousands were oppress'd,
 Who groan'd submission to tyrannic law,
 In distant exile sought for peaceful rest.

Impatient must I quit your green retreats;
 Your walks umbrageous, whilst I've power to trace
 The lowly mansion where ('mid prouder seats)
 I first beheld my Laura's angel face.

Yes, near that spot the plant, sweet Friendship, grew,
 Tho' hard thy mists, malignant Envy! strove
 To blight its blossoms with their baneful dew—
 The fruit once set—soon ripened into love.

Yes—there—ere fled her cheeks' soft roseate hue;
 Ere they became the pallid lilly's throne;
 Ere Death, stern sovereign, snatch'd her from my view,
 My Laura's vows were mine—and justly mine alone.

What tho' my fragile bark, in life's rough sea,
 Long tempest-tost, may sink—though hard my lot;
 One balmy comfort softens his decree,
 Blest be the Deity, she shares it not.

Hence let me on—where Netley's sacred fane,
 High o'er the streamlet rears her ivied wall;
 Where frequent screech-owls to the moon complain,
 While pond'rous fragments from the fabric fall!

There, mid the solemn silence of the grove,
 Vent, freely vent the sorrows of the heart;
 Like Ezzelin† muse “upon my long lost love,”
 And with his anguish—feel a keener smart!

* The New Forest, to form which the Conqueror depopulated this country for upwards of thirty miles.

† Who has not seen with admiration this inimitable effort of Fuseli's pencil? Count Ezzelin Braconefeno, returned from a crusade, found, to his inexpressible concern, that he no longer possess the affection of his beloved mistress; his mind brooded upon the loss, till tenderness was supplanted by revenge, and madness the result; though the catastrophes certainly differ, the disappointment in each case was forcibly felt.

Ah ! now my steps profane this mossy grave,
 (Down whose slope side the deadly hemlock grows)
 The last kind boon his cloister'd brethren gave,*
 To one who, spurning life, sought here repose ;

Whose blood-stain'd feet these flinty paths hath trod,
 Whose sighs reecho'd thro' each long-drawn aile,
 Whose hopeless passion wean'd him from his God,
 His soul's best wish, his Eloisa's smile.

Yes thou art tranquil—Eloisa's smile,
 Or frown, is nothing now, alas ! to thee ;—
 The Circe hope no longer can beguile ;
 From sorrow, care, and trouble thou art free.

A little longer—my consuming heart,
 Like thine, incorporates with kindred earth :
 A little longer, and no more shall start
 The tear of anguish, or the smile of mirth.

Perhaps, while stretch'd upon this verdant plain,
 Beyond those elms I view the winding stream—
 The distant mast slow rising from the main,
 The sail new whiten'd by the solar beam.

On ebon wing the delegate of death,
 (My chequer'd leaf in Fate's vast book unfurl'd)
 Ecstatic thought, may win my fleeting breath,
 And lead to Laura, " in a better world."

Isle of Wight.

P—TA.

THE DIFFERENT TIMES OF THE DAY.

By the late William Beckford, Esq.

NO. II. NOON.

'Tis noon—the sun-beam gilds the sparkling tide,
 With dimpling lapse now murmur'ing on its way :
 With shining scales the sportive fishes glide,
 Reflecting back the summer's vertic ray.

* In several monastic institutions, it is customary, at the decease of an inmate, for each of the surviving Monks to dig up a spadeful or two of the mould, till the grave is completed, by way of a memento mori.

Beneath the grotto's cool recess, recline,
 Attentive to the tinkling rill that creeps,
 Or, under shelter of the blushing vine,
 Beneath whose gloom, enraptured silence sleeps,
 The village maiden, and the rural swain—
 Alike remov'd from jealousy and strife,
 This plies the distaff, that beats out the grain,
 And lead a harmless and contented life;
 And, care but little, if they see around,
 Or pride, or shew, or opulence abound.

MEMORANDA DRAMATICA, &c.

DRURY LANE.

MAY 27.—Mrs GLOVER's Night.—A new comedy, from the pen of Mr. Steffington, was performed this evening, under the title of the *High Road to Marriage*. Its merit will scarcely entitle it to a repetition.

JUNE 6.—The *Road to Ruin* was acted for the first time at this theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Russell, who performed *Goldfinch* with so much spirit and success, that we are surprised the managers do not call upon him more frequently for the exercise of his talents. Mrs. Jordan, in *Julia*, did not appear to her usual advantage. Dowton's *Old Dornon* was excellent, and Cherry is the best *Silly* we have seen since its original representative, Mr. Quick. The *Black Knight*, or *Pesfidy punished*, the ballet which was represented at Ranelagh at the Knight's ball, closed the entertainments of the evening. It is, upon the whole, a pleasing exhibition, and the audience seemed highly interested and delighted with the exertions of that astonishing infant, Master Byrne.

10.—Mr. COOPER's Night.—Othello.—Mr. Cooke, of Covent Garden, for this night, played *Iago*. Mrs. Pope was taken so ill in the midst of the performance, that Mrs. Ansell, the *Emilia* of the night, was under the necessity of performing the remainder of *Deidamia*, and Mrs. Sparks supplied Mrs. Ansell's place in *Emilia*. It is with much concern that we have to add, that, on Saturday the 18th, Mrs. Pope, who had been gradually recovering, fell suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy, and expired before any medical relief could be obtained. The stage has thus lost an invaluable actress, and society a most amiable and accomplished woman. She has been buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, in the same tomb with the former Mrs. Pope.

14.—The theatre closed, after a season which we fear has not been very profitable, with the usual address of thanks from the acting manager.

15.—The house again opened its doors for the annual benefit of Mr. Lacy.

COVENT GARDEN.

JUNE 1.—Mr. CARLES' BENEFIT.—*Alexander the Great*.—Mr. Carles in the Macedonian hero, evinced good sense and sufficient spirit; but his powers are not quite adequate to some of the impassioned passages of the character.

Mrs. Litchfield, who acted *Statira* when the tragedy was last performed, resigned it for this night only, to accommodate the theatre by appearing in *Roxana*, which she played with great effect. Mrs. H. Siddons being taken suddenly ill, *Statira* was undertaken by Mrs. Beverley, a very serviceable actress, who acquitted herself very creditably on this occasion.

3.—Dr. Valpy's alteration of *King John* was again performed, with additional effect if possible. The theatre rang with repeated plaudits at the new loyal speech which the editor has put into the mouth of Falconbridge. It surpasses even Rolla's celebrated address to the Peruvians.

15.—Mrs. Smith's night.—Mr. Winston, a gentleman whom we have frequently noticed in our provincial register, made his first appearance in *Ollapod*. He was most warmly applauded by the audience, and played the part with considerable address and effect, notwithstanding a hoarseness which seized him toward the middle of the play. He introduced the *Cosmatic Song* from the *Blind Girl*, which was rapturously encored. Mrs. Smith (late Miss Dixon) appeared for the first time in *Emily Worthington*, and made a respectable stand in the character. The *Poor Gentleman* was attempted to be read, on account of the illness of Mr. Murray; a circumstance which greatly injured the effect of the comedy. A young lady afterwards made her appearance in *Roxana*, and sang the airs with some taste.

23.—The theatre closed, after a season of unexampled prosperity, with the following address of thanks from Mr. Lewis.

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have often had the honour to address you at the close of our winter campaign, but never at the termination of one so successful as the present. We would wish our acknowledgments to be proportioned to your kindness and protection, but I cannot find words sufficiently powerful to convey the thanks of the proprietors and performers for the unexampled favours which you have conferred. We must therefore respectfully take leave, in the hope of meeting you all, after a short recess, with hearts as completely happy as our own, which, be assured, you have filled with the deepest gratitude."

24.—Mr. Lee Lewes had a benefit, and performed *Lisardo* in the Wonder. We never before saw this gentleman, once one of the most distinguished favourites with the town. From the specimen of this evening, we can well believe that he deserved all the reputation he acquired. Mrs. Jordan performed *Violante*; Mrs. Litchfield recited *Alexander's Feast*; and Mr. Townsend gave his imitations. Mr. Lewes delivered the following address, written by Mr. T. Dibdin, between the play and farce.

Ye liberal friends to the Arts and the Muses,
Whose sanction prosperity's sun-shine diffuses;
Whose fiat, by every party respected,
Adds *fame* to *known* merit and *cheers* the *neglected*!
Ye patrons of one, who, in times scarcely ended,
Has oft by your plaudits and smiles been befriended;
For past favours bestow'd, and for present bestowing,
The tribute accept of a *heart* that's o'erflowing.
Accept his best thanks, and believe them sincere,
Tho' in *language* far short of his gratitude *here*.

Since here in my duty I nightly was found,
 And nightly my efforts with kindness were crown'd,
 Some years have elaps'd—yet amid all the changes
 Which whirling fashion effects where she ranges;
 One French mode remains—I have scarcely occasion
 To say 'tis their fashion to *talk* of invasion,
 They say they *will* come, and so long they have said it,
 We might almost afford the assertion some credit,
 If it were not, the picture they draw of our fear,
 Would lose all its colour in coming too near,
 And their boasted attempt to be barely effective,
 Must be kept, as it always has been, *in perspective*.
 And, as France minds no promise, we all must allow
 'Twould be breaking a custom to keep her word now;
 Or suppose she did come and attack us, why then
 Their leader may boast of a troop of *wise men*;
 For he owns, when at Folly's main-top he has got 'em,
 'Tis a hundred to one but they all find—the bottom,
 Then he tells ye, to make with more ease his way over,
 He'll build Lodi's bridge between Calais and Dover:
 That our ships he'll destroy, and moreover, folks say,
 He means to accomplish his plan in this way:
 With potent steam-engines the ocean he'll drain,
 And leave all our ships on a dry sandy plain,
 And he'll do this, in hopes those French kaisers to find
 Where Britannia has plung'd them down time out of mind.
 But, whatever he says, or whatever he may do,
 We may equally scorn, to ourselves while we're true;
 And our quarrels with France, let foes how they will state 'em,
 Can only produce this most sure *stimulum*;
 That as we have prov'd, so we *will* prove again,
 The right of Britannia to govern the main:
 And Britons are ever resolv'd, to a man,
 To let France take it from us, *whenever she can*.

THE MAYMARKET THEATRE

Goes on prosperously with the new company, though it is but an indifferent one upon the whole; and the new study which is and must for some time be unavoidable, occasions some of the plays to be acted in a very slovenly and imperfect manner. We repeat our opinion that a company thus collected is entitled to every indulgence; but the consideration that weighs with the public now, must not be admitted in another season. Some of the performers are very inadequate to the situations they hold, and are so feeble to encounter the most candid criticism. Of those who are new to the London stage, we must single out Mr. Matthews, as a most rare and admirable comic genius. His versatility is truly surprising, and we will venture to predict that he will become one of the most popular actors which the town has ever countenanced. Mr. Blisset also is a per-

former of sterling merit, as his *St. Robert Bramble* will testify. Mr. Hatton, though he colours rather coarsely, is a serviceable and meritorious actor. These gentlemen, with the addition of Mr. Chapman, are the only strangers whom we can venture to compliment. Mr. Seymour does not appear to be a regular member of this little community. There have been a few new appearances since the opening. Mr. Holliday, in *Lepo Teco* and *Will. Steady*, was not very successful. A Miss Davis, the lady who performed *Floranthe* last season, for Miss Dixon's Benefit, was introduced in the part of Phoebe, in *Rosina*, and promises to be an acquisition of importance. Miss Grimani, from Bath, who was very favourably received in the *Child of Nature*, is a young lady of merit. She has a pleasing countenance, person, and voice, and her acting evinces intelligence and sensibility. There is however a defect in her articulation, which we fear cannot be surmounted. Mr. Grove, a gentleman who has often appeared on a private stage, and before the public on some charitable occasions, made a most successful debut in *Robin Ragsdale*. Why the bills were silent respecting his performance, it is not easy to imagine; it could not be, we presume, because, Mr. Mathews excepted, he is the best comedian in the theatre!

Mrs. Wiggins, a farce by Mr. Allingham, is the only new piece which has yet appeared. The idea upon which it is built is truly farcical. The hero, a remarkably fat man, "aye as fat as butter," as Shakspeare has it, comes up from the country to avoid his wife, whose economical turn is little relished by this "huge feeder." His son, *Tom Wiggins*, who has chambers in the Temple, is married, without his father's knowledge, to a woman who has a former husband living, and has an intrigue with another woman who assumes his name; at every turn the poor fat man is haunted by a *Mrs. Wiggins*, and supposing it to be his wife, who has followed him to London, the name is no sooner announced than he makes his escape as fast as his belly will let him. In the end the mistake is cleared up by the appearance of the *real Mrs. Wiggins*. The character of Wiggins is sustained with infinite humour, and if, to maintain the plot, it had not been necessary to recur to characters of a description too uniformly low, the piece would have been successful in an extraordinary degree. Mathews was irresistible in *Old Wiggins*, and looked and dressed the character most admirably.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

We have just room to notice two or three events which have taken place in consequence of the late theatrical revolution. Mr. Johnstone, the inimitable Dennis Brulgruddery, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Johnston, go from Covent Garden, upon better terms, to Drury Lane. Mrs. Glover and Mr. Charles Kemble come over to Covent Garden. Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Billington, and Braham and Storace are all expected at the latter theatre next season.

The alterations which are to take place in the architectural department of Covent Garden theatre, for next season, are already decided, and will be carried into immediate effect. The frontispiece, upon a grander scale, and lighter and more elegant in its effect than the present one, is to be decorated with appropriate embellishments. The ceiling is to be changed from a sweep, into a perfect flat, so as to give to the audience in the one shilling gallery, a complete view of the stage. The slips of the two shilling gallery will be converted into private boxes, and the whole of the third tier of boxes, is to have an additional seat,

The new painting of the audience part of the house will possess more variety and brilliancy of colouring, and the boxes are to be lighted up on a system similar to that adopted at the opera at Vienna.

NEW ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE new divertisement exhibits, to peculiar advantage, the exquisite vocal talents of Miss Howels, who, though little in person, is gigantic in power of voice, blended at the same time with the utmost delicacy and sweetness.

The Installation of the *Knights of the Bath* is a splendid spectacle, and almost equals, in effect and grandeur, the original installation at the Abbey.

The Duke and Duchess of York were recently at the Circus, and expressed their admiration of the performances in terms of the highest panegyric: indeed, the overflowing houses night after night evince the popularity of the Circus.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.

The Silver Star hath produced a golden mine to the manager. *St. Pierre's* new ballet, called the *Two Prisoners*, is nightly received with approbation. The *Castle of Otranto*, as we predicted, possesses the attraction consequent on a variety of exquisite scenery and music. We are informed that, on the eve of the publication of the present number, a new comic pantomime will be produced, called the *Genii's Tomb*, or *Harlequin Robber*, in which the pleasing Wybrow, and the laughable and eccentric Laurent and Johannot, will exhibit their various talents.

SADLER'S WELLS.

Unusual novelty hath been produced at the Wells since our last, and very successfully indeed. *Little Red Riding Hood*; *Philip Quarll*; an admirable witty and comic song, called *Mammoth and Bonaparte*; the harlequinade of *Wizard's Wake* revived; a new Scotch dance, called *Hey for the Higblands*; Bickerstaff's burletta of the *Recruiting Sergeant*, with the original music by the elder Dibdin; *Ko and Zoa*; a new pantomime, founded on the story of *Goody Two Shoes*, or *Harlequin Alabaster*, in which Bologna, jun. is the successful hero. The scenery in the pantomime is beautiful: St. Alban's Cathedral, St. Michael's Mount, Druid's Temple at Park Place, Northforeland, and light-house, changing to a fairy pavillion, have a good effect; Mall in St. James's Park, with the great gun, changing into a crocodile, and the sentry box into mummies, are very ingenious.

A new grand military pantomime, and other entertainments, are in preparation.

Townsend is very successful in all his songs, and Mrs. C. Dibdin is a most pleasing Burletta singer.

The Wells, notwithstanding the rather unfavourable weather, in general overflows with very fashionable company.

VAUXHALL.

THE recent fine evenings have occasioned this rural scene of mirth and festivity to resume all its attractions. The band this season seems augmented, and the songs are, if possible, more various than usual. Upton hath been very happy in many of the words, and Hook in the music.

RANELAGH.

The ball given by the New Knights gave the ton to Ranelagh. The subsequent masquerades and concerts have been numerous and fashionably attended.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

RUSSIA.—Duval, who has been mentioned in the papers, as having received from the Emperor of Russia a present of 2000 rubles, for a play, was formerly an actor at the theatre of the French Republic, and has written several popular dramas and comedies. In January 1809, one of his productions, called *Edward in Scotland*, was represented at the theatre de la Republique, and received with great applause; but applications being made in several passages to the *French Pretender*, and often *encored by the spectators*, it was, by the orders of Bonaparte, stopped, after a second representation. The author was arrested, and sent to Brest for transportation, but by the intercession of Mademoiselle Beauharnois with her Corsican father-in-law, the order of transportation to Cayenne was changed into banishment to Russia for five years, and Duval now enjoys at St. Petersburg, not only protection, but that liberty which his countrymen at Paris, and in free France, only know by name.

PARIS.—By a new regulation in the theatre Francois, every performer who retires after having been thirty years on that establishment, is to have an extraordinary representation, by way of benefit.

The *Journal de Paris* of the 28th May, says, "Wednesday last the First Consul went to the theatre Francois, and was so long, so repeatedly, so unanimously, and so strongly applauded, that never were the sentiments of attachment which the French people feel for their first magistrate, displayed more manifestly."

PROVINCIAL DRAMA, &c.

Theatre Royal LIVERPOOL.—The liberal proprietors and managers of this delightful theatre are reaping a golden harvest. Knight has been very successful during the absence of his friend and partner Lewis, who is just arrived, and the town seems so much delighted with the whole company, and the various bills of fare, that no doubt seems to be entertained as to the ultimate success and eminent advantage of the concern. The new theatre is considerably larger than the old one, and is of a circular form, having three heights of boxes at the sides, and two in front; the pannels all round are beautifully painted, and the decorations of the frontispiece rich and elegant. The chandeliers are the most splendid we have seen in any theatre, and the furniture throughout is very handsome. The scenery in general is extremely good, and gives a very different appearance to what it has had for many seasons past. The drop curtain by Walmsey is admirably painted.

The following advertisement was addressed to the inhabitants previous to the opening.

"Messrs. Lewis and Knight most respectfully submit to the liberality and candour of the public, the justice of a small addition to the prices of admission; the considerable increase of weekly disbursements, in consequence of rebuilding the theatre; the great expence of new scenery, decorations, wardrobe, furniture, additions to the band, and the general establishment (so effectually necessary to render it worthy the opulence and spirit of the second town in England) encourage the managers to rely with confidence on the support of a generous public; and while they presume that, for elegance and accommodation, and for the *true purposes* of a theatre, that of *Liverpool* is not surpassed by any in the kingdom, they have the honour to assure the town that, in the *DIRECTION* of it, no exertion shall be wanting to support its consequence, and to give general satisfaction. Boxes 4s. 6d. Upper Boxes 4s. Pit 3s. Gallery 1s. 6d."

The old prices are to be restored in the winter, when the London performers are not employed.

Among the company are Messrs. Young, Carter, Emery, Simmons, Penley (from Manchester) Lewis, the son of the manager, a very promising young comedian; Banks, Murray; Mrs. Chapman, Miss Edmead, Miss Sims, Mrs. Glover, Miss Biggs, &c. Mrs. Mountain is performing for a stated period, and Fawcett and Munden are expected in the course of the season. The following address (written by Mr. T. Dibdin) was spoken, on the night of opening, by Mr. Knight, in the character of a *sailor*.

Well—our tackle's all ready—our hands are all staunch,
And a glorious sight of ye come to the launch!
We've built, as you see, a snug, tight pleasure boat,
And we hope that your honours will keep it afloat.
Each *cabin*'s convenient, at least so we plan'd,
We've snug births *below*, and our *tops* are well mann'd;
Our timbers are taught—all our canvass is new,
From London *first rates* we've selected our crew.
And each on *this deck* comes with free inclination,
To rise in the service by your approbation,
At least we'll endeavour, in good or bad weather,
To keep all our passengers happy together;
Tho' with other provisions you find your own table,
We'll keep you in *spirits*, as long as we're able.
We've *artillery* too, care and folly to shoot,
And are arm'd, as these gentlemen tell ye, *en suite*, (*The Orchestra*).
We've great guns of tragedy, loaded so well,
If they do but go off, they'll be certain to tell;
While with small shot of farce, and low comedy swivels,
We've sworn to burn, sink, and destroy the blue devils;
But aim where we will, we shall ever desire,
From your hands a broadside to second our fire.
Should you ask with what freightage our vessel is stor'd,
What cargo, what riches, we carry on board,

Look round, you'll see all Briton's value on earth,
 True freedom, good nature, wit, beauty, and worth;
 With such lading as this, while our voyage we measure,
 Our anchor is Hope, and our compass—your pleasure: (*Going, returns.*)
 Yet hold—ere I go, you may think it but right,
 To know under what sort of colours we fight,
 Our vessel is royal—the standard you view,
 Which can ne'er be pull'd down—while supported by you.

DOMESTIC EVENTS.

FETE AT RANELAGH.

Wednesday night, the 1st of June, a most magnificent Fete and Ball were given at Ranelagh, in commemoration of the Installation of the Knights of the Bath, which took place the 19th of May last. A superb temporary building was erected on the right of the Rotunda, under the direction of Mr. Marks, one of the most complete and extensive structures ever exhibited on a similar occasion. Its size 160 feet by 80, and its height 35 feet, covered with floor-cloths.

The principal entrance was under a beautiful arch of variegated lamps, supported by two columns, representing the entrance to London by Hyde Park corner. Within the building were two rows of sycamore-trees, twelve in each, completely covered in. The trunks of the trees were covered with green baize, as were also the seats and floor, except the part appropriated for dancing on the left-hand side.

At the upper end stood the orchestra, and on the right near the centre was an elevated stage where a ballet was exhibited, got up by Byrne, in a most ingenious manner, consisting of four acts. It commenced at eleven o'clock, and the Ballet was introduced by the following Address or Proclamation, written by T. Dibdin, and recited by Fawcett, as a Crier, in a kind of chaunt.

O yes, O yes, O yes! God save the King and People!
 And like my bell, let all the bells ring out from ev'ry steeple.
 While, as my office bids me, I proclaim the merry warning,
 That every Knight that's here to-day, must keep it up till morning.
 Each laughing face is welcome here, while those who're fond of sorrow
 Have leave to go, indulge their woe, and call again to-morrow.
 Those who love feasting and good cheer, as long as they are able,
 May claim a seat, as it is meet, like Knights of the Round-table.
 At supper each may have a treat, for well we know the trade is,
 Of every Knight, to take delight, in helping all the Ladies.
 Those who, on light fantastic toe, would dance away the vapours,
 While other folks are cutting jokes, are welcome to cut capers:
 Those who prefer the sparkling glass, in merry moderation;
 The toast may pass, to some sweet lass, the King, and British Nation.
 Or who the noise of sing-song verse prefer to pipes and tabors,
 Like jocular elves, may sing themselves, then call upon their neighbours.
 Each errant Knight may seek adventures here, while he is walking,
 'Midst singing, dancing, eating, drinking, laughing, sporting, talking,

'Midst Music, Painting, Science, Art, Grace, Beauty, Wit, and Glee;
And lastly, those who nonsense love, may come and list to me.

The first act was over in three quarters of an hour, when Mr. Johnstone, of Covent Garden Theatre, sung *Paddy's Description of Pizarro*. After the second act, Mr. Fawcett sung a mock Italian song. After the third act, Mr. Incedon sung a new loyal song. Mr. Fawcett closed the fourth act with his favourite song in *Lock and Key*. The above performance was conducted with much judgment, taste, and professional merit, and highly gratified the admiring spectators. The Company now adjourned into the Supper-room, upon the left of the Saloon. In the centre was a magnificent Temple, adorned with stars of variegated lamps; at the lower end stood an Orchestra, concealed by a curtain, which, soon after the company were seated, suddenly drew up and presented a military band. Supper was provided for upwards of 2000 persons, who could not all be accommodated in the grand room, where places were provided for eighteen hundred persons, allowing a space of two feet for each person. Nine hundred hot dishes were served up in a splendid style; two hundred quarts of pease were provided, together with every delicacy which nature and art could afford. While the company were gratifying their palates with the most delicious viands and fruits, their ears were penetrated with the melodious harmony of vocal and instrumental music. Among the vocal performers were Incedon, Denmin, Miss Howells, and many others, who added greatly to the hilarity of the evening. In short, the whole entertainment was conducted in a manner highly creditable to those who had the management of it. Mr. Byrne's little boy attracted much notice, as did the Miss Adams, whose light and graceful manner of dancing was greatly admired. Miss Adams's dress displayed much taste and elegance.

The rooms were brilliantly illuminated with many thousand lamps, and decorated in the highest style imaginable. The utmost conviviality prevailed during the whole of the entertainment. Pleasure and satisfaction were the order of the night, and shone on the countenances of both sexes. Perhaps such an assemblage of beauty and elegance has been rarely witnessed on any public occasion before.

DREADFUL FIRE — Friday morning, about two o'clock, a fire broke out at the house of Mr. Williams, the sign of the Three Cranes, Mile end Old Town; the fire was first perceived at the back part of the house, and in less than twenty minutes the whole was burnt down; and the entire family, with the exception of one child which was from home, perished in the ruins. It consisted of the landlord, his wife, her mother, and three children: a lodger, named Andrews, a drover, who jumped from the garret into the road, was taken to the hospital without hopes of recovery. The maid-servant was found naked at the back part of the house, in the garden, with her foot broken, and was taken into the house of J. Liptrap, Esq. About twelve o'clock the firemen dug out the bodies, limb by limb, of Williams and his wife, and one child, with the tester-boards of the beds bent round them.

As we have now commenced another war with the French Republic, for the information of our readers we insert the following list of the wars between this country and France, with the terms of their duration, since the one which commenced in 1116, and continued two years;—1141, lasted twenty-five years;—1164, one year;—1201, fifteen years;—1224, nineteen years;—1294, five years;—1309, twenty-one years;—1368, fifty-two years;—1422, forty-nine years;—1492, one month;—1512, two years;—1521, six years;—1549, one year;—1557, two years;—1562, two years;—1627, two years;—1666, one year;—1669, ten years;—1702, eleven years;—1744, four years;—1756, seven years;—1776, five years;—and lastly, 1793, which continued until the 29th of April, 1802.

A singular discovery has been made in the neighbourhood of Nice. It is a vast cavern, the entrance to which is very narrow. The inside of this cavern, the whole extent of which has not yet been explored, contains several vast apartments, which resemble temples, ornamented with columns formed by chrysalized water. One of the apartments is capable of holding four hundred persons. From the reflection of the chrysal, very little light is necessary to illuminate the inside in the most magnificent manner.

The lowest window tax in the new regulation is 6s. where there are only six windows, and the highest £.83 per ann. except the number of windows exceeds 180. For one carriage £.10, for nine and upwards £.15 each. For all small chaises, drawn by one horse, five guineas each; drawn by two horses, seven guineas; every post-chaise left to hire, eight guineas. Coachmakers to pay a licence of 5s. a year, and 10s. for every two-wheeled, and £.1 for every four-wheeled carriage built by them. For one horse, £.2 per annum; for 19, four guineas each. Horses belonging to farmers paying a rack-rent of less than £.20 a year, 6d. each. For one dog 6s. per annum, for two and upwards 10s. Every horse-dealer in the metropolis £.20 per annum, in the country £.10. The hair powder and armorial bearing duties remain unaltered.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.—The annual examination of the Students for the prize medals was held on Wednesday. About eleven o'clock in the morning the theatre was filled by visitors of the first rank and respectability. The ceremony commenced by the admission of Lord Francis Spencer, son of the Duke of Marlborough, to the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Eight gentlemen of the different colleges were next admitted to the degree of Masters of Arts. Mr. Crowe, the public Orator, next delivered a most eloquent Latin oration on the occasion of the meeting, particularly on the dignity, importance, and utility of these public examinations. Mr. Shuttleworth, of New College, then delivered an excellent Latin Poem, the subject, "Byzantium." A Member of Christ Church read an "Essay on Common Sense," which was generally admired. The last composition, and certainly the most admired, was a Poem in English, by Mr. Heber, of Brazen Nose College, the subject, "Palestine." To these gentlemen the prizes were awarded.

An American printer has advertised an edition of the Common Prayer Book, with this N. B.—"*the matrimonial article in large type, for the use of Ladies advanced in years, who may be tempted to enter into that holy state!*"

The curious conversation which passed between our Ambassador and the First Consul, at the Thuilleries, is thus described by Lord Whitworth:—"At the Court which was held at the Thuilleries, he accosted me evidently under very considerable agitation. He began by asking me if I had any news from England. I told him that I had received letters from your Lordship (Lord Hawkesbury) two days ago. He immediately said, and so you are determined to go to war. No! I replied, we are too sensible of the advantages of peace. Nous avons, said he, déjà fait la guerre pendant quinze ans. As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed only, C'en est déjà trop.—Mais, said he, vous voulez la faire encore quinze années, et vous m'y forcez.—I told him, that was very far from his Majesty's intentions.—He then proceeded to Count Marquis and the Chevalier Azara, who were standing together at a little distance from me, and said to them, Les Anglois veulent la guerre, mais s'ils sont les premiers à tirer l'épée, je ferai la dernière à la remettre. Ils ne respectent pas les Traites. Il faut dorenavant les couvrir de crepe noir.—He then went his round. In a few minutes he came back to me, and resumed the conversation, if such it can be called, by something personally civil to me. He began again. Pourquoi des armemens? Contre qui des mesures de precaution? Je n'ai pas un seul vaisseau de ligne dans les ports de France; mais si vous voulez armer, j'armerai aussi; si vous vous les voulez battre, je me battrai aussi. Vous pourriez peut-être tuer la France, mais jamais l'intimider.—On ne voudroit, said I, ni l'un ni l'autre. On voudroit vivre en bonne intelligence avec elle.—Il faut donc respecter les Traites, replied he; malheur à ceux qui ne respectant pas les Traites; ils en seront responsable à toute l'Europe.—He was too much agitated to make it advisable for me to prolong the conversation; I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment, repeating the last phrase. It is to be remarked that all this passed loud enough to be overheard by two hundred people, who were present, and I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the impropriety of his conduct, and the total want of dignity as well as of decency on the occasion.

BIRTHS.

Sunday 12th June, at Troston Hall, Suffolk, the Lady of Capel Loft, Esq. of a daughter. Mrs. H. Siddons, of Covent Garden theatre, of a daughter.

MARRIED,

March 22nd, at Ipswich, Searles Wade, Esq. of that place, to Miss Laura Carthew, daughter of the late Rev. T. Carthew, of Woodbridge, Suffolk. 12th March, Mr. Taylor, of Ludgate Street, to Miss Charlotte Losson. At St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, Lieut. Col. Maitland, of the 1st Regiment of Guards, to the Hon. Louisa Crofton, second daughter to the Right Hon. Lady Crofton. The Right Hon. Lord Redesdale, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, to the Right Hon. Lady Frances Percival. At Gloucester, Captain Weller, to Miss Caroline Raikes, daughter of Robert Raikes, Esq. of that city. Colonel W. B. Davis, of the India Company's service, to Miss Maria Blair. D. Gould, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy, to Miss Willes, daughter of the Archdeacon of Wells. At Rome, on the 16th of

April, Lord Cloncurry, to Miss Eliza Morgan. Henry Cadwallader Adams, Esq. of Ansty Hall, in the county of Warwick, to Miss Curtis, eldest daughter of Sir William Curtis, Bart. of Cullands Grove, Southgate, in the county of Middlesex. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Langford, of the Navy, to Miss Ramsbottom, of Windsor. At St. Martin's, near Canterbury, Capt. Chesyre, R. N. to Miss Sandys, of St. Martin's. At St. James's Church, J. S. Hage, Esq. Commissioner General from his Danish Majesty in the Island of Santa Cruz, to Miss Maria Ruspini, daughter of the Chevalier Ruspini, of Pall-mall. The Rev. William Ambrosius, Rector of Acton, to Miss Bowles. Lord Viscount Glerawley, to Lady Is. St. Lawrence, daughter to the Earl of Howth.

DIED.

On the 4th June, at Forglen, Scotland, the Right Hon. William Lord Banff. At Lydiard-Tregotoze, the Hon. Mr. St. John, eldest son of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. At Euston-hall, Suffolk, aged 22, Lady Caroline Fitzroy, sixth daughter of the Duke of Grafton. The Rev. Mr. Porteus, nephew of the Bishop of London. It is remarkable, that Mr. P.'s Lady died suddenly, at her father's house at Cambridge, within a few hours after the dissolution of her husband. After a few days illness, at his apartments in Cavendish-square, in the 43d year of his age, the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Father in God, Lord George Murray, D. D. and Lord Bishop of St. David's. His Lordship was the second son of John, late Duke of Athol, and brother to the present Duke. He married Ann, daughter of the late General Grant, by whom he has left ten children all under age. He was promoted to the See of St. David's in October, 1800. On Thursday, the 8th June, Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. for Newport, in Cornwall, and one of the Proprietors of Drury-Lane theatre. He was at an inn in the neighbourhood of Bagshot Heath, and was suddenly taken ill on the Wednesday night. Medical assistance was soon procured, but in vain—he died on Thursday afternoon. Mr. Richardson was in the forty-seventh year of his age. He had, within the last three or four years, suffered severe shocks by the rupture of a blood vessel, but it was hoped that the natural vigour of his constitution would have triumphed. See the *Biographical Sketch of this Gentleman*, in our Number for November, 1800. The Right Rev. H. R. Courtney, Lord Bishop of Exeter, at his house in Lower Grosvenor-street. After a short illness, at the Earl of Derby's, in Grosvenor-square, Mrs. Farren, mother to the Countess of Derby. At Bridgend, in Glamorganshire, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs. Morgan, a sister of the late Dr. Price. At Dublin, Robert Jephson, Esq. a gentleman of high literary character, author of *Braganza*, the Count of Narbonne, and other dramatic works. Lately, at Trinidad, in the service of his Majesty, Henry Swinburne Esq. father-in-law to Mr. Paul Benfield. At the Bull and Punch Bowl inn, Liverpool, Mr. Philip Breslaw, aged 77 years, well known for his celebrated deceptions, &c. He was born near Berlin, in Prussia, and has been 44 years in England.—Mrs. Pope, of Drury-Lane theatre.

INDEX

TO

THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

Prose.

Anecdotes,	236	Men of Business,	79
Atmosphere, its Influence on		Montesquieu, Extracts from,	241
Literary Genius,	234	Musical Biography,	
Berwick, Duke of, Historical		Mozart,	130, 203
Eulogium on him, ...	376	Carolan,	272, 349
Biographical Sketch of James		Observations on Sterne, Man-	
Cobb, Esq.	5, 81	deville, Madan, and Lord	
—Samuel Paterson, the		Chesterfield,	291
Bibliologist,	9	Olla Podrida,	
—John Adolphus, Esq. ..	75	No. III. Drummmond of	
—Dr. Arnold,	147, 225	Hawthornden,	17
—Mr. Roger Kemble, ...	219	No. IV. On Beauty, ...	381
—Mr. Pratt,	363	Pedantry not confined to Men	
—Mr. Emery,	367	of Letters,	167
Century, the,	78	Petrarch,	231
Chatterton—Coincidences in		Picture from Nature,	152
his Poems,	14	Places of Residence, on, ...	238
—Anecdotes of him, ...	80	Plagiarism detected,	230
Christianity reversed,	162	Portrait of a great Character,	
Correspondence, 74, 146, 218		by D. Hume,	163
290, 362		Preface,	4
Cowper, original Letters from		Prisoner, the,	160
him to Mr. Park, 298, 369		Richardson, the Novelist, ...	95
Despard, Col. his Execu-		Select Sentences, 87, 156, 232	
tion,	137	314, 384	
—his Funeral,	211	Series of Select Poems by	
Domestic Events, 67, 136, 210		Ladies.	
277, 353, 424		No. XX. Anne Dow-	
Duels, a Method of prevent-		riche,	13
ing them,	224	No. XXI. Rachel Speght	155
—Between Col. Montgo-		Specimen of modern Biogra-	
mery and Captain Mac-		phy,	153
namara,	282, 353	Sun's Heat, Observations on	
Echo, Discourse on its		it,	308
Cause,	300	Tasso and Boileau,	12
Electors, the, Fragment of		Tell-Tale, the,	94
an ancient Prophecy, ...	83	Temper, Thoughts on bad,	374
Gustavus Adolphus, K. of		Tintern Abbey, a Welch	
Sweden,	295	Tale,	378
Hindoo Manual and Creed, 297		Truth, an Indian Tale,	30
370			
Homer, his first Translator, 24		Vernon William, the Shrop-	
Idle Hours,	84, 221 310	shire Poet, .. 222, 310, 378	
Imperial Parliament,	210	Wooden Leg, the, an Hel-	
Impress of Seamen, on the, . 229		vetic Tale,	164
Indian Savage,	77	Yorick and Eliza,	224
Literary Forgeries,	294		

Reviews.

- Beauties of England and Wales, vol. 2, 103
 Bibliographia Poetica, 396
 Blagdon's Modern Discoveries, 114, 251, 328
 — Mooriana, 329
 Blegborough, Dr. on the Air-pump Vapour-Bath, 112
 Bowles on the late General Election, 178
 Campbell's Journey from Edinburgh, through Parts of North Briton, 25, 243
 —————, 322, 398
 Church of England vindicated from Misrepresentation, 176
 Clapham's Abridgement of Bishop Prettyman's Elements, 175
 Corry's Alfred Berkeley, ... 38
 — Satirical View of London, 2nd Edit. 39
 — Address to the People, 37
 Complaynt of Scotland, 28
 Cowper illustrated, 392
 Cumberland's few plain Reasons why we should believe in Christ, 250
 De Stael's (Mad.) Delphine, 169
 Dimond's Hero of the North 254
 D'Israeli's Narrative Poems, 388
 Δωδεκαεδρον, 34
 Economy of Human Life, .. 397
 Edridge's Lapse of Time, .. 180
 Elegant Extracts, 396
 Genlis (Mad. de) Novels, .. 404
 Gradus ad Cantabrigiam, . 130
 Green-Room Memoirs for 1803, 255
 Green's Plans of Economy, 278
 Gunning's (Mrs.) Heir apparent, 179
 Harrison on the Education of Quakers, 329
 Hay's (Mary) Female Biography, 395
 Holcroft's Tale of Mystery, 41
 Holloway's Peasant's Fate, 2nd edit, 113
 Hook's (S. A.) Widowed Bride, 115
 Hooper (Dr.) on the prevalent Epidemic Diseases .. 251
 Jerningham's mild Tenour of Christianity, 321
 Latham's Wife of a Million, 255
 Mackie's (Mr.) Letters from Mad. de Seveigné, 173
 Mason's Life of Lord Howe, 180
 Marthew's (the late Mrs. C.) Volume of Poems, 252
 Minor's Magazine, Vol. I. 180
 Mitchell's Plans in Perspective, 99
 Moir's Parish Church, a Discourse, 39
 Museum of Wit, 40
 Nottingham Election, ten Letters thereon, 178
 Letter to the Burgesses, 179
 — to John Bowles, Esq. 259
 — to Mr. Rob. Arnold, ib.
 — to the Electors, by J. Cartwright, Esq. 251
 Old Nick, 2nd Edit. 177
 Owen's Cambrian Biography, 40
 Pilkington's (Mrs.) Abridgement of Goldsmith's Natural History, 180
 Pindar's (Peter) Horrors of Bribery, 179
 Plumptre's Something New, 404
 Praise of Paris, 329
 Prospectus of Sharpe's Edit. of the British Classics, 178
 Reynolds's Delays and Blunders, 115
 Scottish Descriptive Poems, 247
 Sheridan's (Mrs.) Nourjahad, with an Account of the Author, 40
 Simons's Moral Education, . 41
 Spirit of the Public Journals 113
 Stewart's Life of Dr. Robertson, 97
 St. John's (Rev. J.) Practical Sermons, 321
 Summerson's Martyr of Fenrose, 329
 Tales of Superstition and Chivalry, 102
 Vale of Conway, 40
 Valpy's (Dr.) Anniversary Sermon of the Royal Humane Society, 254
 Wallace, or the Vale of Eilerslie, 35
 Warner's Walk through some of the Western Counties, 98
 White's Bellgrove Castle, .. 177
 — (H. K.) Clifton Grove, 385

Wilde's Reservoir of Wit and Fancy, 254	Wolff's Sketches, 326
Wilson's, Sir R. T. Hist. of the Expedition to Egypt, 105	Younge's (the late Rev. H.) Select Odes of Anacreon, 376

British Stage.

Aickin, Mr. J. his death, .. 268	Berlin, 269
All's fair in love, 346	Russia, 269, 422
Alhingham's Marriage Pro- mise, 261	Gibbs, Mrs. 191, 332
Bannister, Mr. J. 53, 127	Grove, Mr. 198
Bartley, Mr. first appearance, 53	Harlequin's Habeas, 56
Barrymore, Mr. 54	Harper's Daughter, 346
Biggs, Miss. first appearance, 346	Hear both Sides, .. 126
Billington, Mrs. 57	Hero of the North, 127
Blisset, Mr. 331, 419	Highland Lassie, 345
Bolla, Madame, 345	Hints for Painters, 347
Captive, the, a Monodrame, written by M. G. Lewis, Esq. and performed by Mrs. Litchfield, 266	History of the Stage. Way to keep him, enlarged in- to five acts, 61. Dr. Hawkes- worth's Edgar and Emmeline, 62. Account of the Author, ib. Macklin's married Liber- tine, 133. Colman's Jealous Wife, 202. Island of Slaves, 205. Sheridan's Othello, ib. Dr. Hiffernan's New Hippo- crates, 270. The Comedy of Taste, with an additional Act, 271
Cartes, Mr. first appearance, 128	Johnson, Mrs. (<i>America</i>), 129
Cato, on the pronunciation of the name on the stage, 46	Johnstone, Mr. 190
Caulfield, Captain, first ap- pearance, 128	Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. H. 346
Chapman, Mr. 331, 420	348
Colman's John Bull, 186	Jordan, Mrs. 52, 127
—New-Company of the Haymarket, 330	Kemble's (Mr.) Spanish Tour, 192
Cooke, Mr. 53. <i>Cato</i> , 56, 190 129, 267
346, 347	—Mr. S. <i>Shylock</i> , .. 33
Cursory Rem. on Shakspeare, No. IX. 22	—Mr. C. 54, 127, 345
No. X. 122	Lewis, Mr. 129, 191
De Camp, Miss, 57, 266	Litchfield, Mrs. ... 56, 266, 347
Dramatic Essayist. No I. Hume's Essay on Tragedy, 405	348, 349
Dumesnil, Mad. the French Actress; Portrait of her by Madame Clairon, 184	Love and Magic, New Pant. 53
Ellis, Miss, first appearance, 345	Mathews, Mr. . 331, 420, 421
Elliston, Mr. 330	—Mrs. 332
Esten, Mrs. 275	Merry, Mrs. 129
Every Man in his Humour, <i>revived</i> at Drury Lane, 53	Minister (the) and Mana- ger, or the Politician and Player, 256
Fair Fugitives, 347	Murphy, Mr. 199
Falstaff's Wedding, in two Acts, 315	Memoranda Dramatica. Drury Lane, 52, 125, 266
Family Quarrels, 54	345, 417
Fawcett, Mr. 190	Covent Garden, 54, 128, 266
Fearon, Mr. first app. 54 127	316, 417
Foot, Mr. <i>Hamlet</i> , 52	King's Theatre, 57, 129, 268
Foreign Theatricals, Paris, 59, 134, 422	Oratorios, 129, 197
Italy, 134	Haymarket, 419

Royal Circus, 199, 268, 349, 421	Hull, 206
Astley's, 199, 269, 349, 421	Newcastle upon Tyne, 206
Sadler's Wells, 200, 269, 349, 421	Manchester, 273, 274
Vauxhall, 349, 421	Liverpool, 352, 422
Memoranda Musica, with a Review of new Musical Publications, 58	Rem. on the Dramatic Poets. Beaumont and Fletcher, 118
Portuguese Stage; its pre- sent State, 121	Retrospect of new Performers. Mr. Cooper from the American Stage, 191
Palmer, Mr. R. 125	Russell, Mr. 125
Private and Bon Ton Thea- tricals.	Seymour's Notes on Shaks- pere, 183, 258; 333, 409
Dalby House, Leicester, 66	Siddons, Mrs. 57
Crewe Hall, 67	Tale of Terror, 347
Lady Corke's, 200	Theatrical Schools; on, by Madame Clairon, 23
Brandenburg House, 201	— Scale of Merit, 116
Wurtemberg, 352	— Chit Chat, 57, 129, 198, 420
Provincial Drama, &c.	Townsend, Mr. 129
Wolverhampton, 64, 135	Valpy's (Dr.) Alteration of King John, 347
Hitchin, 65	Woodfall, Miss, first appear- ance, 274
Plymouth, 65, 66	
Birmingham, 136	
Edinburgh, 206, 274	

Poetry.

Address for the Opening of the Ipswich Theatre, 337	Prologue to Dr. Valpy's Al- teration of King John, as acted at Covent Gar- den Theatre, 335
Eclogue, in the Yorkshire Dialect, 47	Quatuorain, by G. Bloom- field, 413
Epilogue to Dr. Valpy's Al- teration of King John, as acted at Covent Gar- den Theatre, written by Maurice James, Esq.— spoken by Mrs. Litch- field, 336	Serenata; by Capel Lofft, Esq. 193
Excursion, the, 414	Short Sketch of a long- known Friend, 344
Experience to the Poet, 411	Sonnets, by a Lady, Author of the preceding Series, XXV. On the View of a Prospect from her Win- dow, 193
Genius, an Ode, 194	— by Mr. Park, 47
Inscription for a Pillar at Carthage, 343	— by Mr. H. K. White, 52
Imitation of an Ode, by Monsieur Menage, 342	— on the different Times of the Day.
Lines to a young Woman, by G. Bloomfield, 50	Morning, 344
— to Miss Walstein, 124	Noon, 416
— by T. Gent, 339	— on the Seasons.
— by W. Holloway, in- tended as a Substitute for the Epilogue Song in the Irish Widow, 343	Summer, 123
Ode to Time, inscribed to Miss Seward, 264	Autumn, 266
— Concluding Stanza to the Ode to Time, 340	Winter, 338
— Supposed as from Simo- nides to Anacreon, 341	Stanzas by W. Toone, 197
	— by Octavius Gilchrist, Esq. F. A. S. 340
	Verses, supposed to be writ- ten by the unfortunate Poet Dermody, in a Storm, 125
	Wye, the, 123